

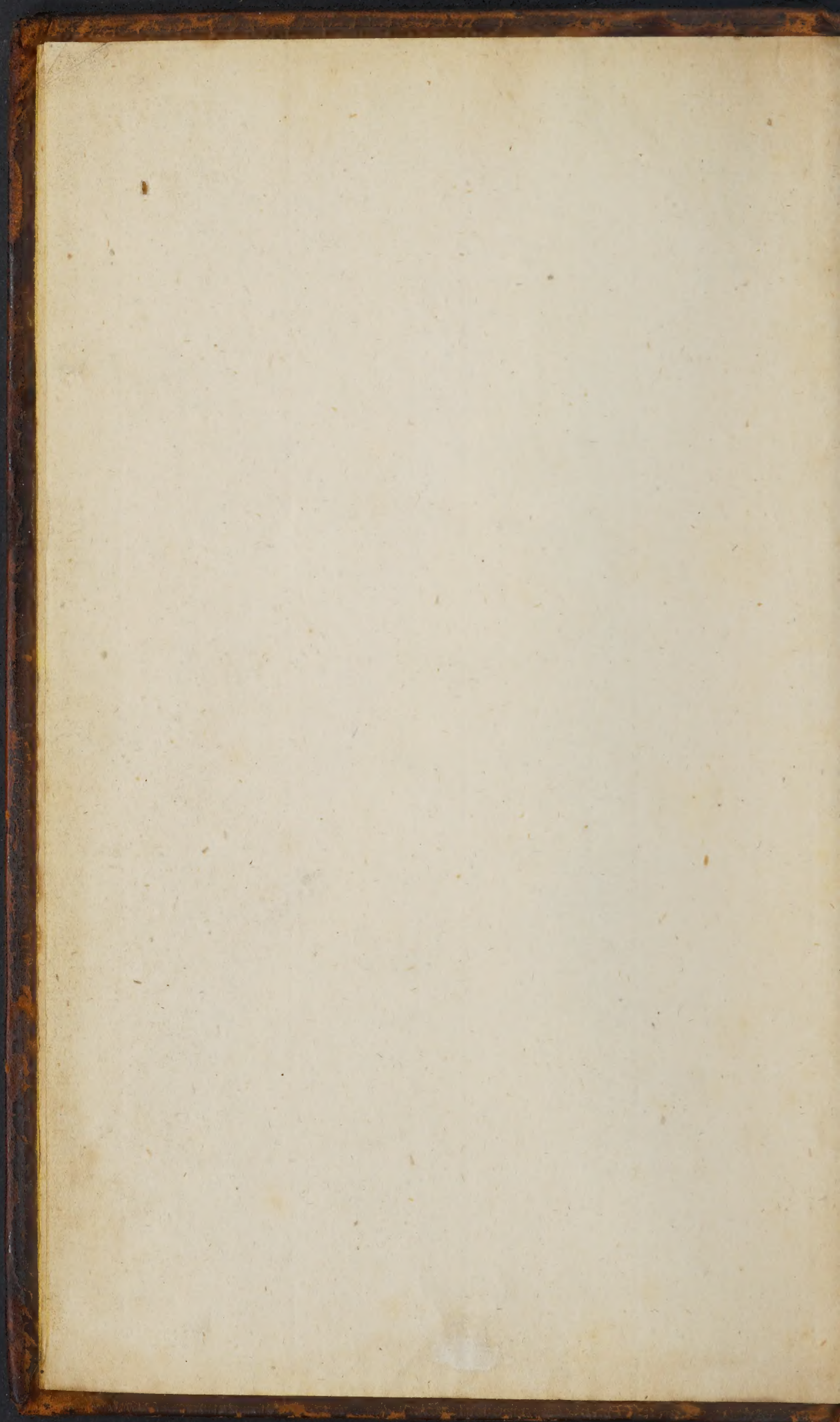


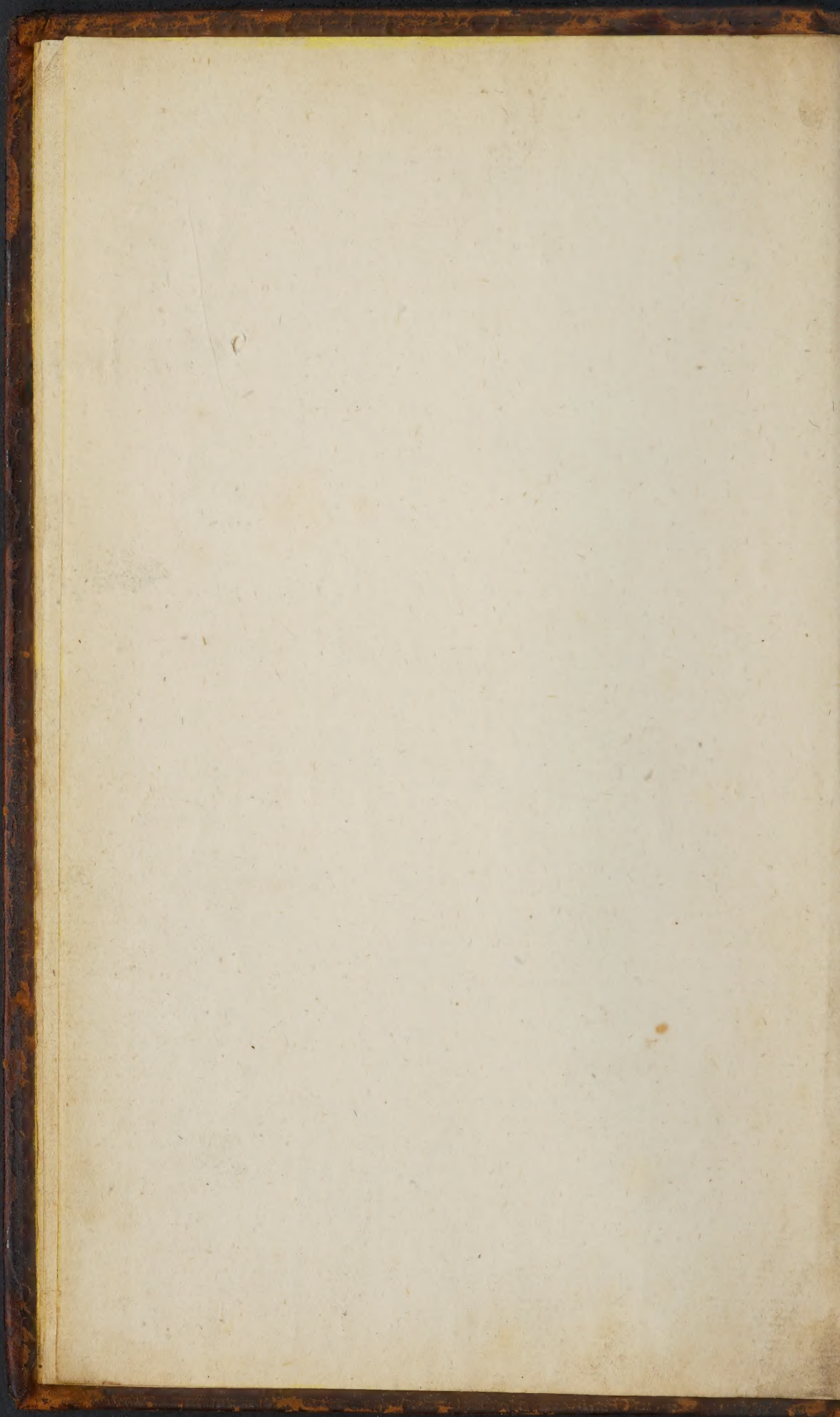
CHATTERTON
LIFE &
POEMS











THE
L I F E
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON,
WITH
CRITICISMS
ON HIS
GENIUS AND WRITINGS,
AND
A CONCISE VIEW
OF THE
CONTROVERSY
CONCERNING
ROWLEY'S POEMS.

By G. GREGORY, D.D. F.A.S.
AUTHOR OF ESSAYS HISTORICAL AND MORAL, &c.

Agora com pobreza aborrecida,
Por hospícios alheos degradado;
Agora da esperança já adquirida,
De novo mais que nunca derribado.

CAMOËNS.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, FLEET STREET.

1789.

[Price Five Shillings sewed.]

THE
LIBRARY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

ESTABLISHED

1753

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1753

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were composed at the request of the respectable Editor of the Biographia Britannica, in order to be inserted in that valuable work. The author, however, requested leave to print off a small edition, in a separate state, for the accommodation and satisfaction of a few friends, to whom he was indebted on the occasion for some valuable communications.

Perhaps the admirers of CHATTERTON, and those in particular who have interested themselves in the controversy relating to Rowley's Poems, will not be displeased at seeing collected in one view all the particulars which are known concerning that extraordinary character.

The only claim to the public approbation, which the author presumes to assert in favour of this little volume, is that of authenticity, as the public may rest assured that no fact has been admitted but upon the most unexceptionable testimony. He is not at liberty to publish all his authorities, but whenever they are known he is confident in the assertion, that they will be found highly respectable. The notes marked O. were added by a most learned and intelligent friend, who honoured the manuscript with his perusal.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE
MARQUIS of LANSDOWN.

MY LORD,

PERMIT me to introduce the unpatronised CHATTERTON to the only statesman of our time who has manifested a genuine zeal for the promotion of literature and science. Had the unfortunate subject of these pages but known, or had he made himself known to your Lordship, there is much probability that the world would at this day have continued to enjoy the increasing fruits of his uncommon talents.

It would, however, be the extreme of injustice to confine your Lordship's commendation to the exercise of private munificence, or the admiration of learning. As one of that public, therefore, who are probably indebted for every thing which they possess or enjoy, to the
wisdom

wisdom and virtue of your Lordship's administration, allow me to unite with all the honest and discerning part of the community, in expressing my gratitude for the most honourable and advantageous Peace which was ever atchieved by this nation. When the little contentions of Party are no more, and the clouds of Faction are dissipated, the Friend of Mankind and his Country will stand consecrated to the veneration of posterity; and it will appear greater to have performed much within a short period, than to have enjoyed the emoluments of office for an age of inactivity.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

With great respect,

Your Lordship's obliged

And faithful Servant,

*Winkworth Buildings,
May 20, 1789.*

The Author.

And in the hope of the world's peace

And in the hope of the world's peace

And in the hope of the world's peace

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*An extract from KEW GARDENS, an unpublished MS of
CHATTERTON being a fac simile of his hand writing.*

What are the Wages of the tuncful Nine,
What are their pleasures when compar'd to mine.
Happy Teat and toll my numerous Pence,
Free from the Servitude of Rhime & Sense;
Tho' sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year,
With Joy to Britain's King and Sovereign dear:
And in compliance to an ancient Mode,
Measures his Syllables into an Ode;
Yet such the scurvy Merit of his Muse,
He bows to Deans and licks his Lordship's Shoes
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhime,
Fly far from Poverty, be wise in time;
Regard the Office ^{more,} Parnassus less,
Put your religion in a decent dress;
Then may your Interest in the Town advance,
Above the reach of Muses or Romance.

THE
L I F E
O F
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE ancestry of men of genius is seldom of much importance to the public or their biographers; the commonwealth of literature is almost a perfect democracy, in which the rise or promotion of individuals is generally the consequence of their respective merits. The family of Chatterton, however, though in no respect illustrious, is more nearly connected with some of the circumstances of his literary history than that of most other votaries of the Muses.—It appears that the office of sexton of St. Mary

B Redcliffe

Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of this family for more than one hundred and fifty years; and that John Chatterton, the last of the name who enjoyed that office, was elected in March 1725, and continued sexton till his death, which happened in the year 1748*. Thomas Chatterton, the nephew of the preceding, and father to the extraordinary person who is the subject of these memoirs, had, we are informed, been in the early part of life in the station of a writing usher to a classical school†, was afterwards engaged as a singing man of the Cathedral of Bristol, and latterly was master of the free school in Pyle-street in the same city‡. He died in August 1752||, leaving

* Dr. Milles's Preliminary Dissertation to Rowley's Poems, page 6.

† Ibid.

‡ Ib. Mr. Bryant's Obs. p. 514.

|| Ibid.

leaving his wife then pregnant of a son, who was born on the 20th of November, and baptized the 1st of January following, by the name of THOMAS, at St. Mary Redcliffe, by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, vicar of that church.

The life of Chatterton, though short, was eventful; it commenced as it ended, in indigence and misfortune. By the premature loss of his father he was deprived of that careful attention which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties that circumstances or disposition might oppose to the attainment of knowledge; and by the unpromising aspect of his infant faculties he was excluded a seminary, which might have afforded advantages superior to those he afterwards enjoyed. His father had been succeeded in the school at Pyle-street by a Mr. Love, and to his care Chatterton was committed at the age

of five years ; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardness of genius, which will pursue only such objects as are self-approved, incapacitated him from receiving instruction in the ordinary methods ; and he was remanded to his mother as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement *. Nothing is more fallacious than the judgments which are formed during infancy of the future abilities of youth. Mrs. Chatterton was rendered extremely unhappy by the apparently tardy understanding of her son, till *he fell in love*, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, in French, which enabled her, by taking advantage of the momentary passion, to initiate him in the alphabet †. She taught him afterwards to read from an old black-lettered Testament, or Bible ‡.

Perhaps

* Bryant's Observations, p. 519.

† Ib. Milles's Prelim. Diff. p. 5.

‡ Milles's Prelim. Diff. p. 5.

Perhaps the bent of most men's studies may, in some measure, be determined by accident, and frequently in very early life; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that his peculiar attachment to antiquities may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this little circumstance.

We are not informed by what means or by what recommendation he gained admission into Colston's charity-school; but doubtless, in the situation of his mother at the time, it must have been a most desirable event; however unsuitable such a course of discipline might be to the improvement of Chatterton's peculiar talents. Most of those prodigies of genius, who had hitherto astonished mankind, by the early display of abilities and learning, had been aided by the advantage of able instructors, or had at least been left at liberty to pursue the impulse of their superior understandings; it was the lot of Chatter-

ton to be confined to the mechanical drudgery of a charity-school; and the little ordinary portions of leisure, with which boys in his situation are indulged, was the only time allowed him to lay the foundation of that extensive and abstruse erudition which decorated even his early years. This seminary, founded by Edward Colston, Esq. is situate at St. Augustine's Back in Bristol, and is much upon the same plan with Christ's Hospital in London, (the only plan perhaps on which a charity-school can be generally useful,) the boys being *boarded* in the house, clothed, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Chatterton, at this period, wanted a few months of eight years of age, being admitted on the 3d of August 1760*.

The

* On the authority of a letter signed G. B. dated Bristol, August 30, 1778, printed in the St. James's Chronicle. In Dr. Milles's Prelim. Diss. it is 1761; but this must be a misprint, as all agree that he was between seven and eight years old when admitted.

The rules of this institution are strict. The school hours in summer are from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon ; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and Saints days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon till between seven and eight in the evening. The detail of these apparently trivial particulars may at present favour of a culpable minuteness ; but their importance will be experienced before I have concluded.

The first years of his residence at this seminary passed without notice, and perhaps without effort. His sister, indeed, in her letter to Mr. Croft, remarks, that he very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence, and that even before he was

five years old he was accustomed to preside over his play-mates *. There is a curious letter from Mr. Thistlethwaite of Bristol, published by Dr. Milles in his edition of Rowley's Poems, which contains many interesting particulars concerning Chatterton. In the summer of 1763, Mr. Thistlethwaite, who was then very young, contracted an intimacy with one Thomas Philips †, an usher or assistant-master at Colston's school. Though the education of Philips had not been the most liberal, he

* Love and Madness, p. 161. There is an anecdote of Chatterton (it is given, however, only on a vague and indistinct report) partly to the same purpose. When very young, a manufacturer promised to make Mrs. Chatterton's children a present of some earthen-ware; on asking the boy what device he would have painted on his—"Paint me (said he) an angel, with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."

† In all probability the person on whose death Chatterton composed an Elegy. I wish we were possessed of more perfect memoirs of Philips. His taste for poetry excited a similar flame in several young men, who made no mean figure in the periodical publications of that day, in Chatterton, Thistlethwaite, Cary, Fowler, and others.

he yet possessed a taste for history and poetry; and by his attempts in verse, excited a degree of literary emulation among the elder boys. It is very remarkable, that Chatterton is said to have appeared altogether as an idle spectator of these poetical contests; he simply contented himself with the sports and pastimes which appeared more immediately adapted to his age; he apparently possessed neither inclination nor ability for literary pursuits, nor does Mr. Thistlethwaite believe that he attempted a single couplet during the first three years of his acquaintance with him*. Whatever grounds Mr. Thistlethwaite might have for this opinion, it, however, only serves to furnish an additional proof of the deceitfulness of those conjectures which are formed concerning the abilities of youth. The pert and forward boy, of active, but
superficial

* Milles's Rowley, p. 454.

superficial talents, generally bears away the palm from the modesty and pensiveness of genius. Such a disposition, which is in reality the result of insensibility, too frequently meets with encouragement, which produces indolence, impudence, and dissipation ; while the less showy, but more excellent understandings, are depressed by neglect, or disheartened by discouragement. Chatterton, doubtless, at that very period, was possessed of a vigour of understanding, of a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, far superior to the talents of his companions. But that penetration itself led him, perhaps, to feel more strongly his own deficiencies ; those delicate, yet vivid feelings which usually accompany real abilities, induced him to decline a contest, in which there was a danger of experiencing the mortification of being inferior. If he produced any compositions, his exquisite
taste

taste led him to suppress them. In the mean time he was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment. About his tenth year he acquired a taste for reading; and out of the trifle, which was allowed him by his mother for pocket-money, he began to hire books from a circulating library. As his taste was different from children of his age, his dispositions were also different. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he possessed the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. His spirits were uneven; he was frequently so lost in contemplation, that for many days together he would say very little, and apparently by constraint. His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a Catalogue of the Books he had read, to the number of seventy. It is rather unfortunate

fortunate that this Catalogue was not preserved; his sister only informs us that they principally consisted of history and divinity *. At the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read, and he was particularly solicitous to borrow books †. Though he does not appear to have manifested any violent inclination to display his abilities, yet we have undoubted proofs that very early in life, he did not fail to exercise himself in composition. His sister having made him a present of a pocket-book as a New-Year's gift, he returned it to her at the end of the year filled with writing, chiefly poetry ‡. It was probably from the remains of this pocket-book, that the author of *Love and Madness* transcribed a poem, which appears by the date (April 14th, 1764) to have

* Mrs. Newton's Letter in *Love and Madness*.

† Dr. Milles's Prelim. Diff. page 5.

‡ Mrs. Newton's Letter.

have been written at the age of eleven years and a half*. This fact is certainly
a strong

* It may not be improper to produce this poem, not only as it is the earliest existing specimen of Chatterton's compositions, but also for the sake of some remarks, which will probably throw some light on the genius and character of its author.

APOSTATE WILL, by T. C.

In days of old, when Wesley's pow'r
Gather'd new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will just sunk in trade,
Resolv'd his bargain should be made;
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs,
Then thus the pious man address'd,
Good Sir, I think your doctrine best,
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then instructions gave,
How he in this world should behave,
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God.
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
How blessed is the sect he cries,
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet
Shall make me from this sect retreat.
He then his circumstance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next meeting for to make
A small collection for his sake;

The

a strong contradiction to Mr. Thistle-
thwaite's assertion, yet perhaps it is not
on

The preacher said, do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his business strait he goes ;
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodist appear'd in him ;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an Apostate's still ;
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name ;
He was a preacher and what not,
As long as money could be got ;
He'd oft profess with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view,
Then——to the Methodists, adieu ;
A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for *he* ;
Then to the curate strait he ran,
And thus address'd the rev'rend man ;
I was a Methodist, 'tis true,
With penitence I turn to you ;
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill !
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.

The .

on the whole so difficult to be reconciled
as may at first be suspected. In the registers
of

The curate straitway gave consent——
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April 14, 1764.

In the first place; this poem shews the early turn and bent of his genius to satire, which predominated throughout his short life, and with which he began and ended his literary career. Not only his school-fellows and his instructors became the subjects of it at this early period, but his acquaintance and his friends felt its force.

In the next place, it appears that he was then no stranger to the works of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, which were probably among the books of divinity that composed the list of those he had read or consulted, as mentioned in Mrs. Newton's Letter.

Lastly, let it be observed, that the person he satirizes is supposed to have turned methodist for mercenary motives, and to have preached the gospel merely to put money in his purse.—Now Mr. Thistlethwaite, in his letter to Dean Milles, after mentioning Chatterton's intentions of leaving his master's service and going to London, says—"I interrogated him as to the objects of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to pursue on his arrival at London. The answer I received was a memorable one: My first attempt, said he, shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations,
find

of the memory, a few months is but a trifling anachronism; besides, tho' Chatterton might compose at that time, it does not follow that he was under any necessity of imparting his compositions to Mr. Thistlethwaite or Mr. Philips; indeed, he was the less likely to make them public, as they were of the satirical kind, and consequently, if discovered, the boy might

find myself deceived, I will in that case turn Methodist preacher: Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised," &c.—*Miles's Rowley*, page 459.

Chatterton might in some measure have in view the character which he had before so successfully depicted, when he thus expressed himself to Mr. Thistlethwaite. As his genius was versatile, and his reading extensive, it is possible this profession might not be without some serious foundation; indeed, if we are to believe that the fragment of a sermon, which he produced as Rowley's, was really his own composition, certainly many a quack preacher sets out upon a much slenderer stock of divinity than Chatterton was master of at that time. The imagination, however, forms many schemes which the heart wants fortitude to reduce to action; and perhaps, after all, his declaration to Mr. T. might be no more than a temporary piece of gaiety, and that he might still, though released from religious scruples, abhor the dishonourable character of a hypocrite.

might be apprehensive of exposing himself to punishment.

At twelve years old he was confirmed by the Bishop: His sister adds, that he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it*. Happy had it been for him if these sentiments, so congenial to the amiable dispositions of youth, had continued to influence his conduct during his maturer years. He soon after, during the week in which he was door-keeper, made some verses on the last day, paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job, and some chapters of Isaiah. The bent of his genius, however, more strongly inclined him to satire, of which he was tolerably lavish on his school-fellows, nor did the upper-master, Mr. Warner, escape the rod of his reprehension. The first

C

poetical

* Mrs. Newton's Letter.

poetical essays of most young authors are in the pastoral style, when the imagination is luxuriant, the hopes and contemplations romantic, and when the mind is better acquainted with the objects of nature and of the sight than with any other; but Chatterton, without the advantages of education or encouragement, and, on these accounts, diffident perhaps of his own powers, wanted the stimulative of indignation to prompt him to action; and a quickness of resentment appears through life to have been one of his most distinguishing characteristics *. From what has been related, it is probable that Chatterton was no great favourite with Mr. Warner; he, however, found a friend in the under-

* A late French writer, in his Memoirs of the poet De la Harpe, who had manifested a like turn for satire in his early years, says—"La satire est la premiere qualité qui se developpe ordinairement dans un jeune poete. Celui se l'exerce d'une façon ridicule envers ses maitres & meme envers M. Aftalin."

under-master, Mr. Haynes, who conceived for him, I have been informed, a strong and affectionate attachment.

A very remarkable fact is recorded by Mr. Thistlethwaite in the letter already quoted. "Going down Horse-street, near the school, one day," says he, "I accidentally met with Chatterton. Entering into conversation with him, the subject of which I do not now recollect, he informed me that he was in the possession of certain old manuscripts, which had been found deposited in a chest in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent some or one of them to Philips. Within a day or two after this I saw Philips, and repeated to him the information I had received from Chatterton. Philips produced a manuscript on parchment or vellum, which I am confident was Elenoure and Juga*,

C 2

a kind

* See Rowley's Poems, p. 19, third edition.

a kind of pastoral eclogue, afterwards published in the **T**own and Country Magazine for May 1769. The parchment or velum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin; for what purpose, or by what accident, I know not, but the words were evidently entire and unmutilated. As the writing was yellow and pale, manifestly (as I conceive) occasioned by age, and consequently difficult to decypher, Philips had with his pen traced and gone over several of the lines, (which, as far as my recollection serves, were written in the manner of prose, and without any regard to punctuation,) and by that means laboured to attain the object of his pursuit, an investigation of their meaning. I endeavoured to assist him; but from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography of the age in which the lines were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted;

exerted; and though we arrived at the explanation of, and connected many of the words, still the sense was notoriously deficient *.” If this narrative may be depended on, Chatterton had discovered these manuscripts before he was twelve years of age. It is, however, scarcely consistent with other accounts, since both Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter seem to be of opinion, that he knew nothing of the parchments brought from Redcliffe church, which were supposed to contain Rowley’s poems, till after he had left school †.

Under all the disadvantages of education, the acquisitions of Chatterton were surprising. Besides the variety of reading which he had gone through, the author of *Love and Madness* remarks, he had some

C 3 knowledge

* Milles’s Rowley.

† Milles’s Prelim. Diss. p. 5. There appears good reason for suspecting some mistake in Mr. Thistlethwaite’s narrative, either as to the date, or some other circumstance.

knowledge of music *.—Is it not probable that a few of the rudiments of vocal music made a part of the education of a charity boy? He had also acquired a taste for drawing, which afterwards he greatly improved; and the usher of the school asserted he had made a rapid progress in arithmetic †. Soon after he left school, he corresponded with a boy, who had been his bed-fellow while at Colston's, and was bound apprentice to a merchant at New-York ‡. Mrs. Newton says, he read a letter at home, which he wrote to this friend; it consisted of a collection of all the hard words in the English language, and he requested his friend to answer it in
the

* Love and Madness, p. 167.

† Ibid, p. 161.

‡ At the desire of this friend, he wrote love verses to be transmitted to him, and exhibited as his own. It is remarkable, that when first questioned concerning the old poems, he said he was engaged to transcribe them for a gentleman, who also employed him to write verses on a lady with whom he was in love.

the same style. An extraordinary effect of his discovering an employment adapted to his genius is remarked in the same letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but it was observed that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry *.

On the 1st of July 1767, he left the charity-school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, of Bristol, for seven years, to learn the art and mystery of a scrivener. The apprentice fee was ten pounds ; the master was to find him in meat, drink, lodging, and clothes ; the mother in washing and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot-boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at some distance, and, except the usual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night,

C 4

after

† Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5.

after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home. Mr. Lambert affords the most honourable testimony in Chatterton's favour, with respect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends*. His hours of leisure also Mr. Lambert had no reason to suspect were spent in improper company, but generally with his mother, Mr. Clayfield, Mr. Barrett, or Mr. Catcott. He never had occasion to charge him with neglect of business, or any ill behaviour whatever. Once, and but once, he thought himself under the necessity of correcting him, and that was the pure effect of his disposition for satire. A short time after he was bound to Mr. Lambert, his old schoolmaster received a
very

* Mrs. Newton's Letter above quoted.

very abusive anonymous letter, which he suspected came from Chatterton, and he complained of it to his master, who was soon convinced of the justice of the complaint, not only from the hand-writing, which was ill-disguised *, but from the letter being written on the same paper with that which was used in the office. On this occasion Mr. Lambert corrected the boy with a blow or two. He, however, accuses him of a sullen and gloomy temper, which particularly displayed itself among the servants †. Chatterton's superior abilities, and superior information, with the pride which usually accompanies these qualities, doubtless rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the kitchen, where his ignorant

* This circumstance is not unworthy of notice. If Chatterton was really the forger of the MSS. attributed to Rowley, how came he in this instance to be unable to disguise his own hand-writing?

† From the information of Mr. Lambert to a friend of the author.

ignorant associates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to despise those accomplishments, which he held in the highest estimation ; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate persons, must undoubtedly be rather disgusting than agreeable to a mind like his.

Mr. Lambert's was a situation not unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leisure. His master's business consumed a very small portion of his time ; frequently, his sister says, it did not engage him above two hours in a day *. While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular business interfered, his stated employment was to copy precedents ; a book of which, containing 344 large folio pages, closely written by Chatterton while he remained in the office, is, I believe, still in the possession of Mr. Lambert, as well

* Mrs. Newton's Letter above quoted.

well as another of about 30 pages. The office library contained nothing but law books; except an old edition of Cambden's Britannia. There is no doubt, however, but Chatterton took care amply to supply his mental wants from his old acquaintance at the circulating libraries.

He had continued this course of life for upwards of a year; not, however, without some symptoms of an aversion for his profession, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world. In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished; at that time there appeared, in Farley's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that "The following description of *the Fryars first passing over the old bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuscript," and signed "Dunhelmus Bristolien-

tolienfis *.” The paper, if it be allowed to be the fabrication of modern times, demonstrates strong powers of invention, and an uncommon knowledge of ancient customs.

* “ Description of the Fryars passing over the Old Bridge,
“ taken from an ancient manuscript.

“ On Fridaie was the time fixed for passing the new-
“ brydge. Aboute the time of tollynge the tenth clocke,
“ Master Greggoire Dalbenye mounted on a fergreyne
“ horse, informed Master Maier all thynges were pre-
“ pared, when two Beadils went first streying stre. Next
“ came a manne dressed up as follows, hose of gootskyne
“ crinepart outwards, doublette & waifcot, also over which
“ a white robe without sleeves, much like an albe but not
“ so long, reachinge but to his hands. A girdle of azure
“ over his left shoulder, rechede also to his hands on the
“ right & doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden
“ buckle dangled to his knee, thereby representinge a Saxon
“ earlderman.

“ In his hands he bare a shield, the maistre of Gille a
“ Brogton, who painted the same, representing Sainte
“ Warburgh, crossing the foorde ; then a mickle strong man
“ in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came six
“ claryons & six minstrels, who song the song of Sainte
“ Warburgh. Then came Master Maier mounted on a
“ white horse dight with fable trappyngs wrought about by
“ the Nunnes of Saint Kenna, with gould and Silver, his
“ hayre braded with ribbons & a chaperon with the auntient
“ armes of Bristowe fastened on his forehead. Master Maier
“ bare in his hande a goulden rodde, & a congean squire
“ bare

toms. So singular a memoir could not fail to excite curiosity, and many persons became anxious to see the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of

“ bare in his hande, his helmet waulkinge by the fyde of
 “ the horse. Then came the earlderman & city broders,
 “ mounted on sabyell horses dyght with white trappyns &
 “ plumes & scarlet caps & chaperons having thereon sable
 “ plumes; after them, the preefts & frears, parish mendicant
 “ & secular, some syngynge Sainte Warburghs songe,
 “ others foundynge clarions thereto & others some citri-
 “ alles.

“ In thilke manner reachynge the brydge the manne
 “ with the anlace stode on the fyrst top of a mounde, yreed
 “ in the midst of the brydge, than went up the manne
 “ with the sheelde, after him the minstrels & clarions;
 “ and then the preestes & freeres all in white albes,
 “ making a most goodly shewe, the maier & earldermen
 “ standinge rounde, they songe with the sound of claryons,
 “ the songe of Sainte Baldwyne, which being done, the
 “ manne on the top threw with great myght his anlace into
 “ the sea & the clarions founded an auncient charge &
 “ forloyne. Then theie song again the song of Sainte
 “ Warburge, & proceeded up Xts hill to the crosse,
 “ where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blun-
 “ derville, & with sound of clarion theye againe went to the
 “ brydge and there dined, spendynge the rest of the daye
 “ in sports and plaies, the freers of Sainte Augustyne doing
 “ the play of the knights of Bristow meekynge a great fire
 “ at night on Kynslate hill.”

of it, nor of the person who brought the copy ; but after much inquiry, it was discovered that the manuscript was brought by a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, of the name of Thomas Chatterton *.

“ To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account †.”

By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power. He at first alleged, that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who also had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. On being further pressed, he at last informed the inquirers, that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his

father,

* Preface to Rowley's Poems.

† Croft's Love and Madness, p. 145.

father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church*. But a still more circumstantial account of the discovery of these manuscripts, is preserved in Mr. Bryant's Observations on Rowley's Poems. Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol in the 15th century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth,) there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called *Mr. Canynge's cofre*†; this chest, it is said, was secured by six keys,

* See Mr. Catcott's account in the preface to Rowley's poems.

† When rents were received and kept in specie, it was usual for corporate bodies to keep the writings and rents of estates left for particular purposes, in chests appropriated to each particular benefaction, and called by the benefactor's name; several old chests of this kind are still existing in the University of Cambridge. O.

keys, two of which were entrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the church-wardens. In process of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost; and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title deeds, and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre. In consequence of this opinion, an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney; and that those writings which appeared of consequence, should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time
to

to time, been committed upon them, by different persons ; but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and one time alone, with the assistance of his boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them. They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy books, &c.; in particular, Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow being under a necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her own habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton,

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the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted. “ When young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon farther enquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments

ments which remained * ;” the bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. Such, at least, appears to be the account which Chatterton thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed. It is, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of his mother and sister. Mrs. Chatterton informed a friend of the Dean of Exeter, that on her removal from Pyle-street, she emptied the cupboard of its contents, partly into a large long deal box, where her husband used to keep his clothes, and partly into a square oak box of a smaller size ; carrying both with their contents to her lodgings, where, according to her account, they continued neglected

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and

* Bryant's Observations, p. 511—529.

and undisturbed, till her son first discovered their value; who having examined their contents, told his mother, ‘that he had found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.’ That he then removed all these parchments out of the large long deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box: That he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found by pockets full: That one day happening to see Clarke’s History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, put the cover into his pocket, and carried it away; at the same time stripping a common little Bible, but finding no writing upon the cover, replaced it again very leisurely*.

“ Upon

* Milles’s Prelim. Diff. p. 7. It does not appear that any of the parchments exhibited to Mr. Barrett, or Mr. Catcott,

“ Upon being informed of the manner in which his father had procured the parchments, he went himself to the place, and picked up four more, which, if Mrs. Chatterton rightly remembers, Mr. Barrett has at this time in his possession *.”

“ Mrs. Newton, his sister, being asked, if she remembers his having mentioned Rowley’s poems, after the discovery of the parchments ; says, that he was perpetually talking on that subject, and once in particular, (about two years before he left Bristol) when a relation, one Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, made them a visit, he talked of nothing else †.”

Nearly about the time when the paper in Farley’s Journal, concerning the old bridge, became the subject of conversation,

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as

Catcott, were of a size sufficient for a covering for an octavo book, much less for a quarto or folio. O.

* Milles’s Prelim. Diss. p. 7.

† Ibid.

as Mr. Catcott of Bristol, a gentleman of an inquisitive turn, and fond of reading, was walking with a friend in Redcliffe church, he was informed by him of several ancient pieces of poetry, which had been found there, and which were in the possession of a young person with whom he was acquainted. This person proved to be Chatterton, to whom Mr. Catcott desired to be introduced. He accordingly had an interview ; and soon after obtained from him, very readily, without any reward, the Bristow Tragedy *, Rowley's Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's ancestor †, with some other smaller pieces. In a few days he brought some more, among which was *the Yellow Roll*. About this period, Mr. Barrett, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, and a man of letters, had projected a history of his native city, and was anxiously

* See Rowley's Poems, p. 44.

† Ibid. p. 277.

ously collecting materials for that work. Such a discovery, therefore, as that of Chatterton, could scarcely escape the vigilance of Mr. Barrett's friends. The pieces in Mr. Catcott's possession, of which some were copies and some originals, were immediately communicated to Mr. Barrett, whose friendship and patronage by these means our young literary adventurer was fortunate enough to secure. During the first conversations which Mr. Catcott had with him, he heard him mention the names of most of the poems since printed, as being in his possession. He afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved; and it was but rarely, and with difficulty, that any more originals could be obtained from him. He confessed to Mr. Catcott that he had destroyed several; and some which he owned to have been in his possession, were never afterwards seen. One of these was the tragedy of the Apostate,

of which a small part only has been preserved by Mr. Barrett. The subject of it was the apostatizing of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith *. Mr. Barrett, however, obtained from him at different times several fragments, some of them of a considerable length; they are all written upon vellum, and he asserted them to be a part of the original manuscripts, which he had obtained in the manner which has been already related. A *fac simile* of one of these fragments is published in Mr. Tyrwhitt's and Dr. Milles's editions of Rowley's Poems; and the fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, we are taught to expect in Mr. Barrett's History of Bristol. In the same work we are also promised “ *A Discorse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered.

* Bryant's Observations, p. 517.

livered out, as copied from Rowley's manuscripts *."

The friendship of Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott was of considerable advantage to Chatterton. They supplied him occasionally with money, as a compensation for some of the fragments of Rowley, with which he gratified them †. He spent many agreeable hours in their company; and their acquaintance introduced him into a more respectable line than he could easily have attained without it. His sister remarks, that after he was introduced to these gentlemen, his ambition daily and perceptibly encreased; and he would frequently

* Preface to Rowley's Poems, p. 11. It is now said that Mr. B. does not mean to insert any of these pieces in his History.

† Some of his later compositions, however, demonstrate, that he was not thoroughly satisfied with his Bristol patrons; and Mr. Thistlethwaite does not hesitate to assert, that he felt himself greatly disappointed in his expectations of pecuniary rewards for his communications, K.

quently speak in raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. “When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame, and, confident of advancement, he would promise his mother and I should be partakers of his success*.” Both these gentlemen also lent him books; Mr. Barrett lent him several medical authors†, and, at his request, gave him some instructions in surgery. His taste was versatile, and his studies various. In the course of the years 1768 and 1769, Mr. Thistlethwaite frequently saw him, and describes in a lively manner the employment of his leisure hours. “One day,” says Mr. T. “he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits;

* Mrs. Newton’s letter before quoted.

† Ibid.

pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded and perplexed amidst the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empirick *.” It may naturally be supposed, that his acquaintance with most of these sciences was very superficial; but his knowledge of antiquities was extensive, and we might perhaps say profound. With a view of perfecting himself in these favourite studies, he borrowed Skinner’s Etymologicon

* Milles’s Rowley, p. 456.

Etymologicon of Mr. Barrett, but returned it in a few days as useless, most of the interpretations being in Latin. He also borrowed Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, but returned it immediately on the same account *. His disappointment was partly compensated by the acquisition of Kersey's Dictionary, and Speght's Chaucer, (the Glossary to which he carefully transcribed †.) With these books he was furnished by Mr. Green, a bookseller in Bristol. Probably the mortification he received at not being able to make that use which he desired of Skinner and of Benson, might be an additional stimulative to the great inclination which he manifested to acquaint himself with Latin, and his design to attempt it without a master. From this project his friend, Mr. Smith, took great pains to dissuade him,

* Bryant's Observ. p. 532.

† Milles's Prelim. Diff. p. 5, and 17.

him, and advised him rather to apply to French, a competent knowledge of which might be sooner attained, and which promised to be of more essential service*. Whatever plan he adopted, he entered upon it with an earnestness and fervour almost unexampled. Indeed, the poetic enthusiasm was never more strongly exhibited than in Chatterton. Like Milton, he fancied he was more capable of writing well at some particular times than at others, and the full of the moon was the season when he imagined his genius to be in perfection; at which period, as if the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration, he frequently devoted a considerable portion of the night to composition†.—“He was always,” says Mr. Smith, “extremely fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows, and of talking about these
(Row-

* Bryant's Observ. p. 532.

† Mrs. Newton's letter to Mr. C.

(Rowley's) manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. "Come (he would say) you and I will take a walk in the meadow. I have got the cleverest thing for you imaginable. It is worth half-a-crown merely to have a sight of it, and to hear me read it to you." When we arrived at the place proposed, he would produce his parchment, shew it and read it to me. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take a peculiar delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then, on a sudden and abruptly, he would tell me, "that steeple was burnt down by lightning: that was the place where they formerly acted plays*." His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, as far as the duration

* Bryant's Observ: p. 530.

duration of day-light would allow; and from these excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of some other objects, which had impressed his romantic imagination *.

His attention, while at Bristol, was not confined to Rowley; his pen was exercised in a variety of pieces, chiefly satirical, and several essays, both in prose and verse, which he sent to the Magazines. I have not been able to trace any thing of Chatterton's in the Town and Country Magazine (with which he appears to have first corresponded) before February 1769; but in the acknowledgments to correspondents for November 1768, we find "D. B. of Bristol's favour will be gladly received."

Dunbelmus

* Love and Madness, p. 159. The Dean of Exeter mentions drawings by Rowley of Bristol Castle, which he supposes genuine, but which Mr. Warton reprobates as fictions of Chatterton, the representations of a building which never existed, in a capricious, affected style of Gothic architecture, reducible to no system. O.

Dunhelmus Bristolensis was the signature he generally employed. In the course of the year 1769, he was a considerable contributor to that publication. One of the first of his pieces which appeared was a letter on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds, dated Bristol, February 4; and in the same Magazine a poem was inserted on Mr. Alcock, of Bristol, an excellent miniature painter, signed *Asaphides* *. In the same Magazine for March are some extracts from Rowley's manuscripts; and in different numbers for the succeeding months, some pieces called Saxon poems, written in the style of Ossian.

The whole of Chatterton's life presents a fund of useful instruction to young persons of brilliant and lively talents, and affords a strong dissuasive against that impetuosity

* This piece, with two or three others in Chatterton's Miscellanies, was claimed by John Lockstone, a linen-draper in Bristol, a great friend of Chatterton; by his confession, however, it was corrected by the latter.

petuosity of expectation, and those delusive hopes of success, founded upon the consciousness of genius and merit, which lead them to neglect the ordinary means of acquiring competence and independence. The early disgust which Chatterton conceived for his profession, may be accounted one of the prime sources of his misfortunes. Among the efforts which he made to extricate himself from this irksome situation, the most remarkable is his application to the Hon. Horace Walpole, in March 1769* ; the ground of which was an offer to furnish him with some accounts of a series of great painters, who had flourished at Bristol, which Chatterton said had been lately discovered, with some old poems, in that city. The packet sent by Chatterton was left at Bathurst's, Mr. Walpole's bookseller, and contained, beside

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* Two Letters by the Honourable Horace Walpole,
P. 55.

this letter, an ode or little poem, of two or three stanzas in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard I. as a specimen of the poems which were found. Mr. Walpole had but just before been made the instrument of introducing into the world Mr. M'Pherson's forgeries; a similar application, therefore, served at once to awaken his suspicion. He, however, answered Chatterton's letter, desiring further information; and in reply, was informed, that "he (Chatterton) was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies." The letter hinted a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull a profession, by procuring some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him the specimens

men already transmitted, as well as a pastoral (Elinoure and Juga) which accompanied this second letter. Mr. Walpole wrote to a friend, a noble lady at Bath, to enquire after the author of these letters, who found his account of himself verified in every particular. In the mean time the specimens were communicated to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, and those gentlemen, at first sight, pronounced them forgeries. Mr. Walpole, though convinced of the author's intention to impose upon him, could not, as he himself confesses, help admiring the spirit of poetry which animated these compositions. The testimonies of his approbation, however, were too cold to produce in Chatterton any thing but lasting disgust. Mr. Walpole's reply was indeed (according to his own account) rather too much in the common-place style of Court replies; though some allowance is to be made for

his peculiar situation, and for his just apprehension of a new imposition to be practised on him. He complained in general terms of his want of power to be a patron, and advised the young man to apply himself to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous. This frigid reception extracted immediately from Chatterton, "a peevish letter," desiring the manuscripts back, as they were the property of another; and Mr. Walpole, either offended at the warm and independent spirit which was manifested by the boy, or pleased to be disengaged from the business in so easy a manner, proceeded on a journey to Paris, without taking any further notice of him. On his return, which was not for some time, he found another epistle from Chatterton, in a style (as he terms it) "singularly impertinent;" expressive of much resentment

ment on account of the detention of his poems, roughly demanding them back, and adding, "that Mr. Walpole would not have *dared* to use him so ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." The consequence was, therefore, such as might be expected. Mr. Walpole returned his poems and his letters in a blank cover, and never afterwards heard from him or of him during his life *. The affront was never forgiven by the disappointed poet, though it is perhaps more than repaid by the ridiculous portrait which he has exhibited of Mr. W——, in the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, under the character of "the redoubted Baron Otranto †, who has spent his whole life in conjectures."

On the score of these transactions, Mr. Walpole has incurred more censure than

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* *Ib.* passim.

† *Chat. Miscel.* p. 184.

he really deserved. In an age when literature is so little patronized by those who wield all the powers of the state, and have in trust for the public the distribution of its emoluments; when men of the first abilities, actually engaged in the learned professions, are permitted to languish in obscurity and poverty, without any of those rewards, which are *appropriated* to the professions they exercise, and are compelled to depend for a precarious subsistence on the scanty pittance, which they derive from diurnal drudgery in the service of bookfellers, it can scarcely be deemed an instance of extraordinary illiberality that a private man, though a man of fortune, should be inattentive to the petition of a perfect stranger, a young man, whose birth or education entitled him to no high pretensions, and who had only conceived an unreasonable dislike to a profession both lucrative and respectable. If Chatterton

had actually avowed the poems, perhaps a very generous and feeling heart, such as rarely exists at present, and least of all in the higher circles of life, might have been more strongly affected with their beauties, and might probably have extended some small degree of encouragement. But considering things as they are, and not as they ought to be, it was a degree of unusual condescension to take any notice whatever of the application ; and when Chatterton felt so poignantly his disappointment, he only demonstrated his ignorance of the state of patronage in this country, and acted like a young and ingenuous person, who judged of the feelings of courtiers by the generous emotions of his own breast, or the practice of times, which exist now only in the records of romance. Mr. Walpole afterwards regretted, and I believe sincerely, that he had not seen this extraordinary youth, and that he did not pay a

more favourable attention to his correspondence; but, to be neglected in life, and regretted and admired when these passions can be no longer of service, has been the usual fate of learning and genius. Mr. Walpole was certainly under no obligation of patronizing Chatterton. To have encouraged and befriended him, would have been an exertion of liberality and munificence uncommon in the present day; but to ascribe to Mr. Walpole's neglect (if it can even merit so harsh an appellation) the dreadful catastrophe, which happened at the distance of nearly two years after, would be the highest degree of injustice and absurdity *.

The

* A learned and respectable friend, on reading these memoirs in manuscript, favoured me with the following able vindication of Mr. W. which, for the satisfaction of those who wish for the fullest information on the subject, I insert entire.

It has already been stated, that, in March 1769, Chatterton, not long after his acquaintance with Mr. Barrett
and

The reader has hitherto contemplated Chatterton in the pleasing light of an ingenious

and Mr. Catcott, to whom he had communicated some originals and some transcripts of Rowley's Poems, wrote a letter to Mr. H. Walpole, inclosing also a specimen of the poems, and soliciting his patronage. Let the reader take the account in Mr. Walpole's own words, from an extract of a letter to Mr. W. B. added to another letter to the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies, and printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779.

“ I am far from determined to publish any thing about
“ Chatterton. It would almost look like making myself a
“ party. I do not love controversy ; if I print, my chief
“ reason would be, that both in the account of the poems,
“ and in Mr. Warton's last volume, my name has been
“ brought in with so little circumspection and accuracy,
“ that it looks as if my rejection of Chatterton had driven
“ him to despair ; whereas I was the first person on whom
“ he essayed his art and ambition, instead of being the
“ last. I never saw him ; there was an interval of near two
“ years between his application to me and his dismal end ;
“ nor had he quitted his master, nor was necessitous, nor
“ otherwise poor than attornies clerks usually are ; nor had
“ he come to London, nor launched into dissipation, when
“ his correspondence with me stopped. As faithfully as I
“ can recollect the circumstances, without dates, and
“ without searching for what few memorandums I pre-
“ served relative to him, I will recapitulate his history
“ with me. Bathurst, my bookseller, brought me a
“ packet left with him ; it contained an ode, or little
“ poem,

nious and virtuous youth. I reluctantly proceed to develope the only circumstance which

“ poem, of two or three stanzas in alternate rhyme, on the
 “ death of Richard the First, and I was told, in very few
 “ lines, that it had been found at Bristol, with many other
 “ old poems, and that the possessor could furnish me with
 “ accounts of a series of great painters, who had flourished
 “ at Bristol.

“ Here I must pause, to mention my own reflections.
 “ At first I concluded that somebody having met with my
 “ Anecdotes of Painting, had a mind to laugh at me ; I
 “ thought not very ingenuously, as I was not likely to
 “ swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol. The
 “ ode, or sonnet*, as I think it was called, was too pretty
 “ to be part of the plan ; and, as is easy with all the other
 “ supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it
 “ modern by changing the old words for new, though yet
 “ more difficult than with most of them. You see I tell you
 “ fairly the case.

“ I wrote, according to the inclosed direction, for farther
 “ particulars. Chatterton, in answer, informed me that
 “ he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with
 “ great difficulty ; that he was clerk or apprentice to an at-
 “ torney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies ;
 “ and hinted a wish that I would assist him with my interest
 “ in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring
 “ him some place, in which he could pursue his natural
 “ bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry
 “ had

* “ Richard of Lyon’s Heart to fight is gone.”

which has involved his name and character in disgrace, and which certainly deprived

“ had been discovered in his native city, and were in the
“ hands of a *person*, who had lent him those he had transmitted to me ; for he now sent me others, amongst which
“ was an absolute modern pastoral in dialogue, thinly
“ sprinkled with old words *. Pray observe, Sir, that he
“ affirmed having received the poems from another person ;
“ whereas it is ascertained that the gentleman at Bristol,
“ who possesses the fund of Rowley’s poems, received them
“ from Chatterton.

“ I wrote to a relation of mine at Bath, to enquire into
“ the situation and character of Chatterton, according to
“ his own account of himself ; nothing was returned about
“ his character, but his story was verified.

“ In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr.
“ Gray and Mr. Mason, who at once pronounced them
“ forgeries, and declared there was no symptom in them of
“ their being the productions of near so distant an age ; the
“ language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient.

“ Well, Sir, being satisfied with my intelligence about
“ Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness
“ and tenderness as if I had been his guardian ; for though
“ I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry
“ breathed in his coinage, as interested me for him ; nor
“ was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false
“ notes of hand, that were to pass current only in the parish
“ of

* Elinoure and Jugæ.

prived the world prematurely of his excellent abilities. When or how he was unfortunate

“ of Parnassus. I undecived him about my being a person
“ of any interest; and urged, that in duty and gratitude to
“ his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to
“ a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age
“ he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him, that
“ when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend
“ himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations. I
“ told him also, that I had communicated his transcripts to
“ better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied
“ with the authenticity of his supposed MSS. He wrote
“ me rather a peevish answer, said he could not contest with
“ a person of my learning, (a compliment by no means due
“ to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having
“ mentioned my having consulted abler judges,) maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to
“ have them returned, *as they were the property of another*
“ gentleman. Remember this.

“ When I received this letter, I was going to Paris in a
“ day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems,
“ or perhaps not having time to have them copied,
“ deferred complying till my return, which was to be in
“ six weeks. I protest I do not remember which was the
“ case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance,
“ I will not utter a syllable of which I am not positively
“ certain, nor will not charge my memory with a tittle beyond what it retains. Soon after my return from France,
“ I received another letter from Chatterton, the style of
“ which was singularly impertinent. He demanded his
“ poems

fortunate enough to receive a tincture of infidelity, we are not informed. Early in the

“ poems roughly ; and added, that I should not have dared
 “ to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted me with the
 “ narrowness of his circumstances. My heart did not accuse
 “ me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer to him, ex-
 “ postulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good
 “ advice ; but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so
 “ wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing,
 “ and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to
 “ print my letter, I flung it into the fire ; and wrapping up
 “ both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of
 “ either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him,
 “ and thought no more about him or them, till about a year
 “ and a half after, when dining at the Royal Academy,
 “ Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with
 “ an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems
 “ lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic be-
 “ lief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. John-
 “ son, who was present. I soon found this was the trou-
 “ vaille of my friend Chatterton ; and I told Dr. Goldsmith
 “ that this novelty was none to me, who might, if I had
 “ pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great dis-
 “ covery to the learned world. You may imagine, Sir,
 “ we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith ; but
 “ though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon
 “ dashed ; for on asking about Chatterton, he told me he
 “ had been in London, and had destroyed himself. I
 “ heartily wished then that I had been the dupe of all the
 “ poor young man had written to me ; for who would not
 “ have

the year 1769, it appears from a poem on Happiness, addressed to Mr. Catcott, that
 he

“ have his understanding imposed upon to save a fellow
 “ being from the utmost wretchedness, despair, and suicide !
 “ and a poor young man, not eighteen, and of such miracu-
 “ lous talents ; for, dear Sir, if I wanted credulity on
 “ one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the
 “ improbabilities you please on the head of Chatterton, the
 “ impossibility on Rowley’s side will remain. An amazing
 “ genius for poetry, which one of them possessed, might
 “ flash out in the darkest age ; but could Rowley anticipate
 “ the phraseology of the eighteenth century ? His poetic
 “ fire might burst through the obstacles of the times ; like
 “ Homer, or other original bards, he might have formed
 “ a poetical style ; but would it have been precisely that
 “ of an age subsequent to him by some hundred years ?
 “ Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in question
 “ more than I do, but except being better than most mo-
 “ dern verses, in what do they differ in the construction ?
 “ The words are old, the construction evidently of yester-
 “ day ; and, by substituting modern words, aye, single
 “ words, to the old, or to those invented by Chatterton,
 “ in what do they differ ? Try that method with any com-
 “ position, even in prose, of the reign of Henry VI. and
 “ see if the consequence will be the same. But I am get-
 “ ting into the controversy, instead of concluding my nar-
 “ rative, which indeed is ended.”

Whatever imputation might have lain on Mr. Walpole with regard to the treatment of Chatterton, before these particulars were known, and this narrative appeared, surely
 there

he had drank deeply of the poisoned spring: And in the conclusion of a letter
to

there can be no impartial reader of it who will not acquit him of any ill treatment of a person who appeared to him in so questionable a shape; and allow that in Mr. Walpole's situation, he could scarcely have acted otherwise than he did. For what was the case? A youth of sixteen years of age, clerk to an attorney at Bristol, totally unknown to Mr. Walpole, sends him a letter, acquainting him that the writer, though bred to the law, had a taste for politer studies, particularly poetry, and wished to be drawn out of his present situation, and placed in one more at his ease, where he might pursue the studies more congenial to his taste and genius; but of this taste and genius he produces no other proof than transcripts of some old poems, said to have been found at Bristol, and to be *the property of another person*. These poems being exhibited by Mr. Walpole to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, these excellent and impartial judges agreed in opinion that they must be modern productions, disguised in antiquated phrases; and, with regard to a long list of Bristol artists, carvers and painters, announced also as part of this treasure, Mr. Walpole was as confident that none such ever had any existence, and therefore he could not help concluding that the whole was a fiction, contrived by some one or more literary wags, who wished to impose on his credulity, and to laugh at him if they succeeded, and that Chatterton was only the instrument employed to introduce and recommend these old writings. His youth and situation could not lead Mr. Walpole to suppose he was himself the author and contriver, more especially as he had
asserted

to the same gentleman, after he left Bristol, he expresses himself: “ Heaven send
you

asserted them to be the property of a person at Bristol then alive. He had indeed represented himself as a lover of the muses, but had given no specimens of his *own* compositions: The kindest thing therefore Mr. Walpole could do for a young man in this situation, was, after a gentle hint of his suspicions of the authenticity of the poems, to recommend to his correspondent to pursue the line of business in which he was placed, as most likely to secure a decent maintenance for himself, and enable him to assist his mother. However disappointed Chatterton might have been at the time; and angry with Mr. Walpole for this rebuff, it should seem as if he had not harboured any long or strong resentment against that gentleman; for in a copy of verses addressed to Miss M. R. and sent by him to the Town and Country Magazine, and printed in the Number for January 1770, is the following stanza:

“ Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
“ In silver’d reverence shall expire,
“ Aged, wrinkled, and defac’d,
“ To keep one lover’s flame alive
“ Requires the genius of a *Clive*,
“ With WALPOLE’s mental taste.

See Chatterton’s Miscellanies, p. 88.

It should seem also, that Chatterton had in part adopted Mr. Walpole’s advice, by continuing with his master a full twelvemonth after his application to that gentleman. Then
he

you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian."

Infidelity,

he got dismissed from his master and went to London, in full confidence that his literary talents would find ample employment and encouragement from the London booksellers; but being disappointed in his expectation, the fatal conclusion which has just been mentioned took place. Had this been the case immediately on his receipt of Mr. Walpole's last letter, some shadow of foundation might have appeared for the harsh censures passed on Mr. Walpole's treatment of this ill-fated youth; though even then, no real one, all circumstances considered.

From the spirited reply of Mr. Walpole to one of these censurers, (the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies,) and printed in the same pamphlet as the letter to W. B. the following extract is given, as equally applicable to all objectors.

" Was it the part of a just man to couple Chatterton's
 " first unsuccessful application with his fatal exit, and load
 " me with both? Does your enthusiastic admiration of
 " his abilities, or your regrets for the honour of England's
 " poetry, warrant such a concatenation of ideas? Was
 " poor Chatterton so modest, or so desponding, as to abandon his enterprizes on their being damped by me? Did
 " he not continue to pursue them? Is this country so destitute of patrons of genius, or do I move in so eminent and
 " distinguished a sphere, that a repulse from me is a dagger
 " to talents? Did not Chatterton come to London after
 " that miscarriage? Did he relinquish his counterfeiting
 " propensity on its being lost on me? Was he an inoffen-

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" five

Infidelity, or scepticism at least, may be termed the disease of young, lively, and half-informed minds. There is something like

“ five ingenuous youth, smit with the love of the muses,
“ and soaring above a sordid and servile profession, whose
“ early blossoms being blighted by my insolence, withered
“ in mortified obscurity, and on seeing his hopes of fame
“ blasted, sunk beneath the frowns of ignorant and insolent
“ wealth? or did he, after launching into all the excesses
“ you describe, and vainly hoping to gratify his ambition
“ by adulation to, or satires on all ranks and parties of
“ men, fall a victim to his own ungovernable spirit, and to
“ the deplorable straits to which he had reduced himself?
“ The interval was short, I own; but as every moment of
“ so extraordinary a life was crowded with efforts of his enterprising genius, allow me to say with truth, that there
“ was a large chasm between his application to me and his
“ miserable conclusion. You know there was; and though
“ my falling into his snare might have varied the æra of
“ his exploits, it is more likely that that success would
“ rather have encouraged than checked his enterprises.
“ When he pursued his turn for fabricating ancient writings,
“ in spite of the mortification he received from me, it is
“ not probable that he would have been corrected by success; such is not the nature of success, when it is the
“ reward of artifice. I should be more justly reproachable
“ for having contributed to cherish an impostor, than I am
“ for having accelerated his fate. I cannot repeat the
“ words without emotions of indignation on my own account, and of compassion on his.” O.

like discovery in the rejection of truths to which they have been from infancy in trammels. A little learning, too, misleads the understanding, in an opinion of its own powers. When we have acquired the outlines of science, we are apt to suppose that every thing is within our comprehension. Much study and much information are required to discover the difficulties in which the systems of infidels are involved. There are profound, as well as popular arguments, in favour of revealed religion ; but when the flippancy of Voltaire or Hume has taught young persons to suppose that they have defeated the former, their understandings seldom recover sufficient vigour to pursue the latter with the ability and perseverance of a Newton or a Bryant.

The evil effect of these principles upon the morals of youth, is often found to survive the speculative impressions which they

have made on the intellect. Wretched is that person, who, in the ardour and impetuosity of youth, finds himself released from all the salutary restraints of duty and religion; wretched is he, who, deprived of all the comforting hopes of another state, is reduced to seek for happiness in the vicious gratifications of this life; who, under such delusions, acquires habits of profligacy or discontent! The progress, however, from speculative to practical irreligion, is not so rapid as is commonly supposed. The greatest advantage of a strict and orderly education is the resistance which virtuous habits, early acquired, oppose to the allurements of vice. Those who have sullied the youth of Chatterton with the imputation of extraordinary vices or irregularities, and have asserted, that "his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities*," have, I conceive, rather grounded these assertions

on

* Preface to Chatterton's Miscellanies, p. 18.

on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions, than on personal knowledge or a correct review of his conduct. During his residence at Bristol, we have the most respectable evidence in favour of the regularity of his conduct, namely, that of his master, Mr. Lambert. Of few young men in his situation it can be said, that during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master could never accuse him of improper behaviour, and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied he never spent his hours of leisure in any but respectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected simplicity which so eminently characterises her letter, most powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory. She says, that while he was at Mr. Lambert's, he visited

his mother regularly most evenings before nine o'clock, and they were seldom two evenings together without seeing him. He was for a considerable time remarkably indifferent to females. He declared to his sister, that he had always seen the whole sex with perfect indifference, except those whom nature had rendered dear. He remarked, at the same time, the tendency of severe study to sour the temper, and indicated his inclination to form an acquaintance with a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might soften that austerity of temper which had resulted from solitary study. The juvenile Petrarch wanted a Laura, to polish his manners and exercise his fancy. He addressed a poem to Miss Rumsey; and they commenced, Mrs. Newton adds, a corresponding acquaintance. "He would also frequently," she says, "walk the College Green with the young girls that stately paraded there to shew their finery;"

finery * ;” but she is persuaded that the reports which charge him with libertinism are ill-founded †. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to associate with modest women. The testimony of Mr. Thistlethwaite is not less explicit or less honourable to Chatterton. “ The opportunities,” says he, “ which a long acquaintance with him

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afforded

* In a letter from London to his sister, he particularizes ten Bristol females of his acquaintance, and adds, “ I promised to write to some hundreds, I believe ; but what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as my food, I find but little time to write to you.” O.

† Mrs. Newton’s letter. I cannot help remarking a pleasant mistake of the Dean of Exeter : The orthography of Mrs. N. in the letter printed in *Love and Madness*, is not the most correct. Her words are, “ I really believe he was no debauchee (though some have reported it) ; the dear unhappy boy had faults enough, I saw with concern ; he was proud and exceedingly imperious, but that of *venality* he could not be justly accused with.” It is easy to see that Mrs. N. by *venality* means libertinism ; but the Dean taking the word in the usual sense, makes use of it to disprove, what is seldom suspected of a poet, and least of all of Chatterton, that he was avaricious.

afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersions. I admit that amongst his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written, but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example*.”

But

* Milles's Rowley, p. 461. Whether the following passage from Chatterton's Kew Gardens (a poem not published in any of the collections of his works) be received as a confirmation of his friend's testimony in his favour, or the contrary,

But though it may not always be the effect of infidel principles, to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they seldom

trary, it is, however, worth preserving. An officious friend is introduced accosting him in the following lines :

- “ Is there a street within this spacious place,
- “ That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
- “ Whose conversation does not turn on you ?
- “ Blaming your wild amours, and morals too.
- “ Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths you swear,
- “ Oaths which might shock a L——’s soul to hear ;
- “ Whilst the too tender and believing maid,
- “ Remember pretty —— is betray’d.
- “ Then your religion !—oh, beware ! beware !
- “ Although a Deist is no monster here,
- “ Think not the merit of a jingling song
- “ Can countenance the author’s acting wrong.
- “ Reform your manners, and with solemn air,
- “ Hear Catcott bray, and Robins squeak in prayer.
- “ Damn’d narrow notions, notions which disgrace
- “ The boasted freedom of the human race ;
- “ Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
- “ I scorn her prudence, and I ever will.
- “ Since all my vices magnified are here,
- “ She cannot paint me worse than I appear.
- “ When raving in the lunacy of ink,
- “ I catch the pen, and publish what I think.” O.

dom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the sport of some passion, unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity. One of their first effects in Chatterton was to render the idea of suicide familiar, and to dispose him to think lightly of the most sacred deposit with which man is entrusted by his Creator. It has been supposed that his violent death in London, was the sudden or almost instant effect of extreme poverty and disappointment. It appears, however, that long before he left Bristol, he had repeatedly intimated to the servants of Mr. Lambert, his intention of putting an end to his existence. Mr. Lambert's mother was particularly terrified, but she was unable to persuade her son of the reality of his threats, till he found by accident upon his desk a paper, entitled, the "Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton *," in which he seriously indicated

* See the Will in the Appendix to Chatterton's Misc.

cated his design of committing suicide on the following day, namely, Easter Sunday, April 15th, 1770. The paper was probably rather the result of temporary uneasiness *, than of that fixed aversion to his situation which he constantly manifested; but with principles and passions such as Chatterton displayed, Mr. Lambert considered it as no longer prudent, after so decisive a proof, to continue him in the house; he accordingly dismissed him immediately from his service, in which he had continued two years, nine months, and thirteen days.

If there was any sincerity in the intentions of committing suicide, which he expressed in the paper above alluded to, he was diverted from it for the present by the golden prospects with which he flattered himself from a new plan of life, on which he entered

* I have been informed from good authority, that it was occasioned by the refusal of a gentleman, whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, to accommodate him with a supply of money.

entered with his usual enthusiasm. A few months before he left Bristol, he had written letters to several booksellers in London*, “who,” Mr. Thistlethwaite says, “finding him of advantage to them in their publications, were by no means sparing of their praises and compliments; adding the most liberal promises of assistance and employment, should he choose to make London the place of his residence†.” To the interrogatories of this gentleman concerning the plan of life which he intended to pursue on his arrival at London, his answer was remarkable, and corresponds with what has been just related. “My first attempt,” said he, “shall be in the literary way: The promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn Methodist preacher: Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a

new

* Mrs. Newton’s Letter.

† Milles’s Rowley, p. 460.

new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

Before he quitted Bristol, he had entered deeply into politics, and had embraced what was termed the patriotic party. In March 1770, he wrote a satirical poem, called "Kew Gardens," consisting of above 1300 lines. This he transmitted, in different packets, to Mr. George William Edmunds, No. 73, Shoe-lane, Printer of a patriotic newspaper. At the bottom of the first packet, which contained about 300 lines, written in Chatterton's own hand, is this postscript. "Mr. Edmunds will send the author, Thomas Chatterton, twenty of the Journals, in which the above poem (which I shall continue) shall appear, by the machine, if he thinks proper to put it in; the money shall be paid to his orders." The poem is a satire on the Princess Dowager of Wales,

Lord

Lord Bute, and their Friends in London and Bristol, but particularly on those in Bristol, who had distinguished themselves in favour of the Ministry. His signature on this occasion was DECIMUS ; but whether the poem was ever printed or not, I have not been able to ascertain. I have been also informed of another political satire of near 600 lines, the manuscript of which, in Chatterton's hand-writing, is in the possession of a friend of Mr. Catcott. It is called "The Whore of Babylon." The satire of this poem is also directed against the Ministry, and, like the former, it includes several of the Bristol people, not excepting Mr. George Catcott, and his brother the clergyman. But his party efforts were not confined altogether to poetry ; he wrote an invective in prose against Bishop Newton, also signed Decimus, which, I believe, appeared in some of the periodical publications of the times.

The

The manuscript of this letter is in Mr. Catcott's possession ; but the style appears much inferior to that of his prose publications posterior to his arrival in London. To write well in prose is perhaps more the effect of art, of study, and of habit, than of natural genius. The rules of metrical composition are fewer, more simple, and require a less constant exercise of the judgment. In the infancy of societies, as well as of individuals, therefore, the art of poetry is antecedent to those of rhetoric and criticism, and arrives at perfection long before the language of prose attains that degree of strength, conciseness, and harmony, which is requisite to satisfy a delicate ear. Chatterton wrote also an indecent satirical poem, called " The Exhibition," occasioned by the improper behaviour of a person in Bristol. The satire of this poem is chiefly local, and the characters of most of the surgeons in Bristol

are delineated in it. Some descriptive passages in this poem have great merit. Thus, speaking of a favourite organist, probably Mr. Allen, he says :

“ He keeps the passions with the sound in play,

“ And the soul trembles with the trembling key *.”

There are a number of other unpublished works of his dispersed in the hands of different persons. The activity of his mind is indeed almost unparalleled. But our surprise must decrease, when we consider that he slept but little ; and that his whole attention was directed to literary pursuits ; for he declares himself so ignorant of his profession, that he was unable to draw out a clearance from his apprenticeship, which Mr. Lambert demanded †. He was also unfettered by the study of the dead languages, which usually absorb much of

* Love and Madness, p. 167.

† See the third letter of Chatterton, published in Love and Madness, p. 198.

of the time and attention of young persons ; and though they may be useful to the attainment of correctness, perhaps they do not much contribute to fluency in writing. Mr. Catcott declared, that when he first knew Chatterton, he was ignorant even of Grammar*.

There are three great æras in the life of Chatterton, his admission into Colston's school, his being put apprentice to Mr. Lambert, and his expedition to London. In the latter end of April, 1770, he bade his native city (from which he had never previously been absent further than he could walk in half a Sunday) *a final adieu* †. In a letter to his mother, dated April 26th, he describes in a lively style the little adventures of his journey, and his reception from his patrons, the book-fellers and printers with whom he had

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* From the information of Mr. Seward.

† Love and Madness, p. 191.

corresponded ; these were Mr. Edmunds, whom I lately had occasion to mention as a noted patriotic printer at that period ; Mr. Fell, publisher of the Freeholder's Magazine ; Mr. Hamilton, proprietor of the Town and Country ; and Mr. Doddsley, of Pall-Mall. From all of them he professes to have received great encouragement, adding, that all approved of his design, and that he should probably be soon settled. In the same letter, he desires his mother to call upon Mr. Lambert. " Shew him this," says he, with uncommon dignity and spirit, " or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me*."

His first habitation after his arrival in London was at Mr. Walmisley's, a plaisterer in Shoreditch, to whom he was introduced by a relation of his, a Mrs. Ballance, who

* Love and Madness, p. 192.

who resided in the same house. Of his first establishment, his report is favourable. "I am settled," says he, in a letter to his mother, dated May 6th, "and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine; shall engage to write a history of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect *!" In consequence of his engagements with the different magazines, we find him, about the same time, soliciting communications from his poetical and literary friends at Bristol, and desiring them to read the Freeholder's Magazine. In a letter dated the 14th of the same month, he writes in the same high flow of spirits: He speaks of the great encouragement which genius meets with in London; adding, with exultation,

G 2

" If

* Love and Madness, p. 197.

“ If Rowley had been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I might have lived by copying his works. *” He exhorts his sister to “ improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius ;” observing that although, “ in Bristol’s mercantile style, those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her ; *here* they are very profitable †.” His engagements at that period indeed appear to have been numerous ; for besides his employment in the magazines, he speaks of a connection which he had formed with a doctor in music, to write songs for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c. ; and in a letter of the 30th to his sister, he mentions another with a Scottish bookseller, to compile a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers, for which he was to have

* Yet it does not appear that any of Rowley’s pieces were exhibited after C. left Bristol. O.

† Love and Madness, p. 201.

have his board at the bookseller's house, and a handsome premium*.

Party writing, however, seems to have been one of his favourite employments. It was agreeable to the satirical turn of his disposition, and it gratified his vanity, by the prospect of elevating him into immediate notice. When his relation, Mrs. Ballance, recommended it to him to endeavour to get into some office, he stormed like a madman, and alarmed the good old lady in no inconsiderable degree, by telling her, "he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune." In his second letter to his mother from London, he says, "Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings, since I first

G 3

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* Love and Madness, p. 202. The Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies confounds this with Northook's History of London; but that gentleman, in a letter printed in the St. James's Chronicle, denies having ever had the least knowledge of C. Indeed the scheme above alluded to appears not to have been proceeded in.

corresponded with the booksellers here, I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth, and expressed a desire to know the author. By means of another bookseller, I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniusses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen*." He informs his sister that, if money flowed as fast upon him as honours, he would give her a portion of five thousand pounds. This extraordinary elevation of spirits arose from an introduction to the celebrated patriotic Lord Mayor, W. Beckford. Chatterton had, it seems, addressed an essay to him, which was so well received, that it encouraged him to wait

* Love and Madness, p. 194.

upon his Lordship, in order to obtain his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the city remonstrance, and its reception. "His Lordship (adds he) received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret." His inclination doubtless led him to espouse the party of opposition; but he complains, that "no money is to be got on that side the question; interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party*." When Beckford died, he is said to have been almost frantic†, and to have exclaimed, that he was ruined. The elegy, however, in which he has celebrated him‡,

G 4 contains

* Love and Madness, p. 203.

† Ibid. p. 214.

‡ Chat. Miscel. p. 76.

contains more of frigid praise, than of ardent feeling; nor is there in it a single line which appears to flow from the heart. Indeed, that he was serious in his intention of writing on both sides, is evident from a list of pieces written by Chatterton, but never published, which Mr. Walpole has preserved. No. V. of these pieces is a letter to Lord North, dated May 26th, 1770, signed *Moderator*, and beginning, "My Lord, It gives me a painful pleasure, &c." It contains, as Mr. Walpole informs us, an encomium on Administration for rejecting the City Remonstrance. On the other hand, No. VI. is a letter to the Lord Mayor, Beckford, (probably that which he desired his permission to address to him). It is also dated May 26, signed *Probus*, and contains a virulent invective against Government for rejecting the Remonstrance, beginning, "When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves

selves from insupportable slavery, &c.” On the back of this essay, which is directed to Mr. Cary, a particular friend of Chatterton in Bristol, is this indorsement: “Accepted by Bingley—set for, and thrown out of the North Briton, 21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor’s death.

Lost by his death on this Essay,	£. 1 11 6
Gained in Elegies,	£. 2 2 0
——— In Essays,	3 3 0
	————— 5 5 0
Am glad he is dead by	— £. 3 13 6*

“Essays,” again says he to his sister, “on the patriotic side, fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed;

* Two letters printed at Strawberry-hill.

printed; but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it*." Either Chatterton, on this occasion, spoke from hear-say, or there is reason to believe that the ministerial arrangements are greatly altered in this respect, and that most of the late administrations have found a more effectual, if a more expensive support, from a venal majority in the House, than from a venal phalanx of mendicant authors in the daily papers.

On this sandy foundation of party writing Chatterton erected a visionary fabric of future greatness; and, in the waking dreams of a poetical imagination, he was already a man of considerable public importance. It was a common assertion with him, "that he would settle the nation before he had

* Love and Madness, p. 204.

had done*.” In a letter to his sister of the 20th July, he tells her, “ My company is courted every where ; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now ; but I must be among the great ; state matters suit me better than commercial†.” In a former letter he intimates, that he “ might have had a recommendation to Sir George Colebrooke, an East-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable, but,” he adds, “ I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land‡.” His taste for dissipation seems to have kept pace with the increase of his vanity. To frequent places of public amusement, he accounts as necessary to him as food. “ I employ my money,” says he, “ now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into

* Love and Madness, p. 214.

† Ibid. p. 210.

‡ Ibid. p. 203.

|| Ibid. p. 200.

into good company; this last article always brings me in interest*."

While engaged in the examination of these curious letters, it is impossible not to be attracted by a remarkable passage. Chatterton informs his mother in the letter of May 14th, "A gentleman, who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour; but, alas! I speak no tongue but my own†." It is not very credible, that any of the constant frequenters of the Chapter Coffee-house should be possessed of influence sufficient to recommend a person to the Duke of Northumberland, to so important an office as that of the care of his son; much less credible is it, that such a person would recommend a young literary adventurer, whose

* Love and Madness, p. 202.

† Ibid. p. 198.

whose character was only known by an accidental meeting at a coffee-house; and least credible of all it is, that such a person was likely to be accepted on so slender a ground of recommendation. It is no unfrequent sport with little minds to play with the sanguine tempers and expectations of young and unexperienced minds: Poor Chatterton had tolerable experience of these prodigal promisers, from the patriotic Beckford to his pretended patron at the Chapter Coffee-house.

The splendid visions of promotion and consequence however soon vanished, and our adventurer found no patrons but the booksellers; and even here he seems not to have escaped the poignant sting of disappointment. Soon after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, "The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the
arts

arts of booksellers ; without this necessary knowledge the greatest genius may starve, and with it the greatest dunce may live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into*." This knowledge, however, instead of conducting to opulence and independence, proved a delusive guide ; and though he boasts of having pieces in the month of June 1770 in the Gospel Magazine, the Town and Country, the Court and City, the London, the Political Register, &c. and that almost the whole Town and Country for the following month was his †, yet it appears, so scanty is the remuneration for those periodical labours, that even these uncommon exertions of industry and genius were insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty ; and he seems to have sunk almost at once from the highest elevation of hope and illusion,

to

* Love and Madness, p. 195.

† Ibid. p. 210.

to the depths of despair. Early in July he removed his lodgings from Shoreditch to Mrs. Angel's, a sack-maker in Brook-street, Holborn. Mr. Walmsley's family affirmed that he assigned no reason for quitting their house. The author of *Love and Madness* attributes the change to the necessity he was under, from the nature of his employments, of frequenting public places *. Is it not probable that he might remove, lest his friends in Shoreditch, who had heard his frequent boasts, and observed his dream of greatness, should be the spectators of his approaching indigence? Pride was the ruling passion of Chatterton, and a too acute sense of shame is ever found to accompany literary pride. But however he might be desirous of preserving appearances to the world, he was sufficiently lowered in his own expectations; and great indeed must have been his

* *Love and Madness*, p. 189.

his humiliation, when we find his towering ambition reduced to the miserable hope of securing the very ineligible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa. To his friend Mr. Barrett he applied in his distress for a recommendation to this unpromising station. Even in this dreary prospect he was not, however, without the consolations of his muse; his fancy delighted itself with the expectation of contemplating the wonders of a country, where "Nature flourishes in her most perfect vigour; where the *purple* aloe, and the scarlet jessamine, diffuse their rich perfumes; where the reeking tygers bask in the sedges, or wanton with their shadows in the stream."*

His resolution was announced in a poem to Miss Bush,† in the style of Cowley, that is, with too much affectation of wit for real feeling.

* See the African Eclogues, Chat. Misc. p. 56—61.

† Chat. Misc. p. 85.

feeling. Probably, indeed, when he composed the African Eclogues, which was just before, he might not be without a distant contemplation of a similar design; and perhaps we are to attribute a part of the exulting expressions, which occur in the letters to his mother and sister, to the kind and laudable intention of making them happy with respect to his prospects in life; since we find him, almost at the very crisis of his distress, sending a number of little unnecessary presents to them and his grandmother, while perhaps he was himself almost in want of the necessities of life.

On the score of incapacity probably, Mr. Barrett refused him the necessary recommendation, and his last hope was blasted*. Of Mrs. Angel, with whom he

H

last

* This circumstance reflects no disgrace, but rather honour upon Mr. B. as he could not possibly foresee the melancholy consequence, and he could not in conscience be the instrument

last resided, no enquiries have afforded any satisfactory intelligence; but there can be little doubt that his death was preceded by extreme indigence. Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook-street, informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed by Mr. Cross to dine or sup with him in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously †. Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house where Mrs. Angel lived, has also afforded ample testimony, both to his poverty and his pride. She says, " that Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had

instrument of committing the lives of a considerable number of persons to one totally inadequate to the charge.

† Warton's Inquiry, p. 107.

had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry*.” In these desperate circumstances, his mind reverted to what (we learn from Mr. Thistlethwaite, and other quarters) he had accustomed himself to regard as a last resource.—“Over his death, for the sake of the world,” says the author of *Love and Madness*, “I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale;—those, to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these, to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves, and, upon no account, to

H 2 harbour

* *Love and Madness*, p. 219.

harbour the most distant idea of, quitting the world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step. Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inquest, swallowed arsenick in water, on the 24th of August 1770, and died in consequence thereof the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying ground of Shoe-lane work-house*." Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper†. What must increase our regret for this hasty and unhappy step, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College in Oxford, went to Bristol in the latter end of August 1770, in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter,

* Love and Madness, p. 221.

† Ibid, p. 222.

latter, if he appeared to deserve assistance—when, alas ! all the intelligence he could procure was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself*.

I have been induced, from the circumstances of the narrative, repeatedly to consider the character of Chatterton in the different stages of life in which I had occasion to contemplate him. Indeed, the character of any man is better understood from a fair and accurate statement of his life and conduct, than from the comments of any critic or biographer whatever. A few general observations, which could not with so much propriety be introduced into the body of the narrative, I shall, however, venture to subjoin; though I flatter myself the reader is not at this time unacquainted with the outline of his moral portrait.

The person of Chatterton, like his genius, was premature; he had a man-

H 3 lines

* Love and Madness, p. 226.

linefs and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though gray, were uncommonly piercing; when he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparked with fire, and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other*. His genius will be most completely estimated from his writings. He had an uncommon ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and uncommon facility in the attainment of it. It was a favourite maxim with him, that "man is equal to any thing, and that every thing might be atchieved by diligence and abstinence †." His imagination,

* Love and Madness, p. 271.

† Ibid. p. 183. If any uncommon character was mentioned in his hearing, "All boy as he was, he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them." Ib.

tion, like Dryden's, was more fertile than correct; and he seems to have erred rather through haste and negligence, than through any deficiency of taste. He was above that puerile affectation which pretends to borrow nothing; he knew that original genius consists in forming new and happy combinations, rather than in searching after thoughts and ideas which never had occurred before; and that the man who never imitated, has seldom acquired a habit of good writing. If those poems, which pass under the name of Rowley, be really the productions of Chatterton, he possessed the strongest marks of a vigorous imagination and a sound judgment, in forming great, consistent, and ingenious plots, and making choice of the most interesting subjects. If Rowley and Chatterton be the same, it will be difficult to say whether he excelled most in the sublime or the satirical; and as a universal genius, he must rank

above Dryden, and perhaps only stand second to Shakespeare. If, on the other hand, we are to judge altogether from those pieces which are confessedly his own, we must undoubtedly assign the preference to those of the satirical class. In most of his serious writings, there is little that indicates their being composed with a full relish; when he is satirical, his soul glows in his composition.

Mr. Catcott affirms that Chatterton understood no language but his mother tongue; the same fact seems to be implied in his own confession, "that he spoke no tongue but his own *;" and it receives decisive confirmation from the testimony of Mr. Smith, in his conversation with Dr. Glynn; yet we find him, even so early as the year 1768, annexing a Latin signature to the "Accounte of the Fryers passing

* Love and Madness, p. 198.

passing the old Bridge," and there are some attempts at inscriptions in old French, in the design which he planned for his own tomb-stone *. He, probably, might have acquired some little knowledge of both these languages; but even if this were the case, there can be no doubt that it was very superficial. When we consider the variety of his engagements while at Bristol, his extensive reading, and the great knowledge he had acquired of the ancient language of his native country, we cannot wonder that he had not time to occupy himself in the study of other languages; and after his arrival in London, he had a new and necessary science to learn, the world; and that he made the most advantageous use of his time is evident from the extensive knowledge of mankind displayed in the different essays, which he produced occasionally for periodical publications.

* Chatterton's Will, in App. to Misc.

cations. The lively and vigorous imagination of Chatterton contributed, doubtless, to animate him with that spirit of enterprize, which led him to form so many impracticable and visionary schemes, for the acquisition of fame and fortune. His ambition was evident from his earliest youth; and perhaps the inequality of his spirits might, in a great measure, depend upon the fairness of his views, or the dissipation of his projects. His melancholy was extreme on some occasions, and, at those times, he constantly argued in favour of suicide. Mr. Catcott left him one evening totally depressed; but he returned the next morning with unusual spirits. He said, "he had sprung a mine," and produced a parchment, containing the *Sprytes*, a poem, now in the possession of Mr. Barrett*.

His

* From the information of Mr. Seward.

His natural melancholy was not corrected by the irreligious principles, which he had so unfortunately imbibed. To these we are certainly to attribute his premature death; and, if he can be proved guilty of the licentiousness which is by some laid to his charge, it is reasonable to believe that a system, which exonerates the mind from the apprehension of future punishment, would not contribute much to restrain the criminal excesses of the passions. Had Chatterton lived, and been fortunate enough to fall into settled and sober habits of life, his excellent understanding would, in all probability, have led him to see the fallacy of those principles, which he had hastily embraced; as it was, the only preservatives of which he was possessed against the contagion of vice, were the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire. But [though] these auxiliaries are not wholly to
be

despised, we have too many instances of their inefficacy in supporting the cause of virtue, to place any confident reliance on them.

Under such circumstances there is little cause for surprize, if the passions of Chatterton should frequently have trespassed the boundaries of reason and moral duty. That he had strong resentments is evident from his great disposition to satire, and particularly from the letter which has been mentioned as written by him to his school-master, soon after the commencement of his apprenticeship. That he was "proud and imperious," is allowed by his sister, and the generality of his acquaintance. He stands charged with a profligate attachment to women; the accusation, however, is stated in a vague and desultory manner, as if from common report, without any direct or decided evidence in support of the opinion. To the regularity

rity of his conduct during his residence in Bristol, some respectable testimonies have been already exhibited. It is, indeed, by no means improbable, that a young man of strong passions, and unprotected by religious principles, might frequently be unprepared to resist the temptations of a licentious metropolis; yet, even after his arrival in London, there are some proofs in his favour, which ought not to be disregarded. During a residence of nine weeks at Mr. Walmfley's, he never staid out beyond the family hours, except one night, when Mrs. Ballance knew that he lodged at the house of a relation*.

Whatever may be the truth of these reports, the list of his virtues still appears to exceed the catalogue of his faults. His temperance was in some respects exemplary. He seldom eat animal food, and never tasted any strong or spirituous liquors :

* Love and Madness, p. 261.

quors: he lived chiefly on a morsel of bread or a tart, with a draught of water. His sister affirms, that he was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason; and that his school-master depended on his veracity on all occasions *: the pride of genius will seldom descend to the most contemptible of vices, falsehood. His high sense of dignity has been already noticed in two most striking instances; but the most amiable feature in his character, was his generosity and attachment to his mother and relations. Every favourite project for his advancement in life was accompanied with promises and encouragement to them; while in London, he continued to send them presents, at a time when he was known himself to be in want: and indeed, the unremitting attention, kindness and respect, which appear in the whole of his conduct towards them, are deserving the imitation of those
der

* Mrs. N's letter, *ibid.*

in more fortunate circumstances, and under the influence of better principles of faith than Chatterton possessed *.

He had a number of friends, and notwithstanding his disposition to satire, he is scarcely known to have had any enemies. By the accounts of all who were acquainted with him, there was something uncommonly insinuating in his manner and conversation. Mr. Cross informed Mr. Warton, that in Chatterton's frequent visits while he resided at Brook-street, he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating †. His extensive, though in many instances, superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit and fluency, must have admirably accomplished him for the pleasures of society. His pride, which perhaps

* It can never be sufficiently lamented, that this amiable propensity was not more uniform in Chatterton. A real love for his relations ought to have arrested the hand of suicide; but when religion is lost, all uniformity of principle is lost. O.

† Warton's Inquiry, 107.

haps should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance, than apt to decline the advances of others*. There is reason however to believe, that the inequality of his spirits, affected greatly his behaviour in company. His fits of absence were frequent and long. "He would often look steadfastly in a person's face without speaking, or seeming to see the person, for a quarter of an hour or more†."

Chatterton had one ruling passion which governed his whole conduct, and that was the desire of literary fame; this passion intruded itself on every occasion, and absorbed his whole attention. Whether he would
have

* "Last week being in the pit of Drury Lane theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman, &c. Letter to his mother, *Love and Madness*, p. 197.

† *Love and Madness*, p. 214.

duced since the days of Shakespear*.” Mr. Croft†, the ingenious author of *Love and Madness*, to whom in the course of this work I have had many obligations, is still more unqualified in his praises. He asserts, that “no such human being, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known.” He adds, in another place, “an army of Macedonian and Swedish mad butchers, indeed, fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being, who, at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions ‡.

Under

* *Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley*, p. 41.

† Editor of an intended new English Dictionary.

‡ *Mohammed*, it is true, with hardly the usual education of his illiterate tribe, unable (as was imagined, and he pretended) even to read or write, *forged* the KORAN; which is to this day the most elegant composition in the Arabic language, and its standard of excellence. Upon the argument of improbability, that a man so illiterate should compose a book so admired, *Mohammed* artfully rested the principal

Under the Heathen mythology, superstition and admiration would have explained all by bringing Apollo upon earth: nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself."

The following parallel also by the same ingenious critic, does equal credit to the ingenuity of its author, and the reputation of Chatterton.

Milton enjoyed every advantage not only of private, but of public, domestic, but of foreign education.	Chatterton wanted every advantage of every possible education.
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Milton

Chatterton

cipal evidence of his *Koran's* divinity. (Sale's *Koran*, P. Discourse, p. 42, 60.) He, who, merely from improbability, denies Chatterton to be the author of Rowley's Poems, must go near to admit God to be the author of the *Koran*. But, before we compare together Chatterton and Mohammed, it should be remembered that Mohammed was *forty* when he commenced prophet. Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance about Mohammed is, that even familiarity could not sink him into contempt; that he contrived to be a hero and a prophet, even to his wives and his *valets de chambre*. Even his fits of the epilepsy he converted into proofs of his divine mission. It is probable, that, if *Mohammed* had been less falacious, and not subject

Milton in his youth received such instructions from teachers and schoolmasters, that, in his age, he was able to become a schoolmaster, and a teacher to others.

Milton's juvenile writings would not have justified a prophecy of *Paradise Lost*: but the author of them flatters himself, by dating his life 15 till he had turned 16.

Milton did not produce *Comus* much earlier than in his 26th year; since it was first presented at Ludlow in 1634, and he was born in 1608. In 1645, when he was 37, *Allegro and Penferoso*, first appeared. In 1655, when he was 47, after *long choosing, and beginning late*, he set himself to turn a strange thing, called a *Mystery*, into an epic poem; which was not completed in less than Chatterton's whole active existence, since the copy was not sold till April,

1667,

Chatterton became his own teacher and his own schoolmaster before other children are subjects for instruction; and never knew any other.

Few, if any, of Milton's juvenile writings would have been owned by Chatterton, at least by Rowley, could he have past for the author of them.

Chatterton, not suffered to be *long choosing*, or to *begin late*, in 17 years and 9 months, reckoning from his cradle to his grave, produced the volume of Rowley's poems, his volume of *Miscellanies*, and many things which are not printed, beside what his indignation tore in pieces the day he spurned at the world, and threw himself on the anger of his Creator.

to the falling sickness, out of thirty equal divisions of the known world, whereof Christianity claims five, and Paganism nineteen, the inhabitants of six would not now believe in the *Koran*.

1667, and then consisted only of 10 books. With all its glorious perfections, Paradise Lost contains puerilities, to which Chatterton was a stranger. In 3 years more, when he was 62, appeared Milton's History of England, Paradise Regained, and Sampson, were published in the same year. Lycidas I had forgotten. It was written in his 29th year. That propriety of character and situation, which Chatterton can seldom have violated, or he would not to this moment deceive such and so many men, Milton seldom preserves in Lycidas. If, in the course of an existence almost four times longer than Chatterton's, this man (*fallen on evil days and evil tongues*, with less truth than Chatterton), who bore no fruit worth gathering till after the age at which Chatterton was withered by the hand of Death—if, I say, this great man produced other writings, he will not quarrel that posterity has forgotten them; if he should, posterity will still perhaps forget them.

Milton's

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What

Milton's manuscripts, preserved at Cambridge, bear testimony to his frequent and commendable correction.

Milton, as Ellwood relates, could never bear to hear *Paradise Lost* preferred before *Paradise Regained*. He is known to have pronounced Dryden to be no poet.

Milton, more from inclination than want of bread, it seems, entered into party disputes, whether a king might be lawfully beheaded, &c. with a fervility and a virulence, and let out his praise to hire, perhaps, with a meanness, at all periods of his life, which the worst enemies of Chatterton cannot prove him to have equalled.

Milton, in affluence (if compared with others beside Chatterton)

What time could Chatterton have found for alteration or correction, when I maintain that any boy who should only have fairly *transcribed*, before his 18th year, all that Chatterton, before his 18th year, invented and composed, would be thought to deserve the reputation of diligence, and the praise of application?

If Chatterton, much earlier in life than Milton was calculated either to be an author or a critick, had not possessed a chaster judgment, he would not still impose on so many criticks and authors.

Chatterton, in order to procure bread for himself, a grandmother, mother and sister, was ready to prove the patriotism of Bute, or of Beckford, in writings, which older men need not blush to own, and in an age when older men did not blush at such a *profession*.

Chatterton, slept to the lips in poverty, entertained,
long

Chatterton) felt on his brows those laurels which others could not see; and was persuaded that, "by labour and intense study, his portion in this life, he might leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."

Paradise Lost produced the author and the widow only 28 pounds. The meaner, more servile, and more versatile abilities of the author produced him indeed enough to be deprived of four thousand pounds by ill-fortune, and to leave fifteen hundred pounds to his family.

Phillips relates of Milton, from his own mouth, that "his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal." Richardson writes, that "his poetical faculty would on a sudden rush upon him with an impetus or æstrum."

Milton, when a man, seldom drank any thing strong: he ate with delicacy and temperance.

long before he had lived 18 years, ideas, hopes, persuasions, (*by labour and intense study, more truly his portion in this life* than Milton's) of living to all eternity in the memory of Fame.

Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett must inform the world whether Rowley's poems and his own together produced Chatterton 28 shillings.

What is said of Chatterton, and of the moon's effect upon him, you have read.

Chatterton, when a boy, hardly ever touched meat, and drank only water: when a child, he would often re-

Milton's

I 4

fuse

use to take any thing but bread and water, even if it did happen that his mother had a hot meal, “ because “ he had a work in hand, “ and he must not make “ himself more stupid than “ God had made him.”

Milton’s historians and grand-daughter admit his moroseness to his children, and that he would not let them learn to write.

Chatterton’s mother, his sister and his letters, can speak best of his heart, and of his wishes that his sister might learn every thing.

To these I shall add the testimony of Mr. Knox :

“ Unfortunate boy ! short and evil were thy days, but thy fame shall be immortal. Hadst thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius—

“ Unfortunate boy ! poorly wast thou accommodated during thy short sojourning among us ;—rudely wast thou treated,—forely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy ; and there are, at last,

last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only meed, thy posthumous glory. Severe too are the censurers of thy morals. In the gloomy moments of despondency, I fear thou hast uttered impious and blasphemous thoughts, which none can defend, and which neither thy youth, nor thy fiery spirit, nor thy situation, can excuse. But let thy more rigid censors reflect, that thou wast literally and strictly but a boy. Let many of thy bitterest enemies reflect what were their own religious principles, and whether they had any, at the age of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. Surely it is a severe and an unjust surmise, that thou wouldest probably have ended thy life as a victim of the laws, if thou hadst not finished it as thou didst; since the very act by which thou durst put an end to thy painful existence, proves that thou thoughtest it better to
die,

die, than to support life by theft or violence.

“ The speculative errors of a boy who wrote from the sudden suggestions of passion or despondency, who is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculations, ought to be consigned to oblivion. But there seems to be a general and inveterate dislike to the boy, exclusively of the poet; a dislike which many will be ready to impute, and, indeed, not without the appearance of reason, to that insolence and envy of the little great, which cannot bear to acknowledge so transcendent and commanding a superiority in the humble child of want and obscurity.

“ Malice, if there was any, may surely now be at rest; for “ Cold he lies in the grave below.” But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when, stung with disappointment,

appointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, poor Chatterton sunk in despair? Alas! ye knew him not then, and now it is to late,—

For now he is dead;
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart.

“ In return for the pleasure I have received from thy poems, I pay thee, poor boy, the trifling tribute of my praise. Thyself thou hast emblazoned; thine own monument thou hast erected: But they whom thou hast delighted, feel a pleasure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction *”.

The

* Knox's Essays, No. 144.

The poetic eulogiums have, however, exceeded, both in number and excellence, the compliments of critical writers; a few remarkably interesting and beautiful, I shall select, with the double view of adorning the work, and gratifying the reader.

A poet, whose superior elegance and classical taste do not appear to have met with all the applause they have deserved, thus speaks of Chatterton :

“ Yet as with streaming eye the forrowing muse,
“ Pale CHATTERTON’S untimely urn bedews ;
“ Her accents shall arraign the partial care,
“ That shielded not her son from cold despair* .

There is a beautiful monody written by Mrs. Cowley, inserted in the last edition of *Love and Madness*.—It is as follows :

O CHATTERTON ! for thee the pensive song I raise,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praise !
Bright Star of Genius !—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name !

Ye

* Pyc’s Progress of Refinement, Part 2.

Ye Muses! who around his natal bed
Triumphant sung, and all your influence shed;
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breast,
And in his dædal numbers shone confest,
Ah! why, in vain, such mighty gifts bestow?
—Why give fresh tortures to the Child of Woe?
Why thus, with barb'rous care, illumine his mind,
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard Poverty! whose cheerless eye
Transforms young Rapture to the pond'rous sigh,
In whose drear' cave no Muse e'er struck the lyre,
Nor Bard e'er madden'd with poetic fire;
Why all thy spells for CHATTERTON combine?
His thought creative, why must thou confine?
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the song of ancient days;
Nor paints in glowing tints from distant skies,
Nor bids wild scen'ry rush upon our eyes——
Check'd in her flight, his rapid Genius cowers,
Drops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, Muses! see your fav'rite son
The prey of want, ere manhood is begun!
The bosom ye have fill'd, with anguish torn——
The mind you cherish'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now Despair her fable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.
Ah, see! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye with caution is reveal'd——
Seize it, Apollo!—seize the liquid snare!
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!
Stay, hapless Youth! refrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!

Oh,

Oh, hold ! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
 More—more than Death the pois'nous juice bestows !
 In vain !—he drinks—and now the searching fires
 Rush through his veins, and writhing he expires !
 No sorrowing friend, no sister, parent, nigh,
 To soothe his pangs, or catch his parting sigh ;
 Alone, unknown, the Muse's darling dies,
 And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies !
 Bright Star of Genius !—torn from life and fame,
 My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name !

Nor has the Muse of Amwell been
 backward in commendation.

And BRISTOL ! why thy scenes explore,
 And why those scenes so soon resign,
 And fail to seek the spot that bore
 That wonderous tuneful Youth of thine,
 The Bard, whose boasted ancient store
 Rose recent from his own exhaustless mine † !

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,
 Though Learning made him not her choice,
 The Muse still placed him at her side,
 And bade him in her smile rejoice—
 Description still his pen supplied,
 Pathos his thought, and Melody his voice !

Conscious and proud of merit high,
 Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear ;

But

† This is at least the Author's opinion, notwithstanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other side of the question. The last line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Mason in his Elegy to a young Nobleman :

“ See from the depths of his exhaustless mine

“ His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws.”

But Fame, regardless, pass'd him by,
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care :
The Sun of Hope forsook his sky ;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare !

Then Poverty, grim spectre, rose,
And horror o'er the prospect threw—
His deep distress too nice to expose ;
Too nice for common aid to sue,
A dire alternative he chose,
And rashly from the painful scene withdrew.

Ah! why for Genius' headstrong rage
Did Virtue's hand no curb prepare ?
What boots, poor youth ! that now thy page
Can boast the public praise to share,
The learn'd in deep research engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair ?

Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd ?
O why not snatch'd his desperate hand ?
His foot on Fate's dread brink not stay'd ?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new SHAKESPEARE or new MILTON paid !

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft insensibly my way,
To where, at midnight's silent hour,
The crescent moon's slow-westering ray
Pours full on REDCLIFF's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of grey.

'Midst Toil and Commerce slumbering round,
Lull'd by the rising tide's hoarse roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view sad-wandering by the shore,

With

With streaming tears, and notes of mournful sound,
Too late their hapless Bard, untimely lost, deplore.

The following lines are uncommonly
animated and poetical :

If changing times suggest the pleasing hope,
That Bards no more with adverse fortune cope ;
That in this alter'd clime, where Arts increase,
And make our polish'd Isle a second Greece ;
That now, if Poesy proclaims her Son,
And challenges the wreath by Fancy won ;
Both Fame and Wealth adopt him as their heir,
And liberal Grandeur makes his life her care ;
From such vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,
And look on CHATTERTON's disastrous end.
Oh, ill-starr'd Youth, whom Nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' splendid height to reign !
O dread example of what pangs await
Young Genius struggling with malignant fate !
What could the Muse, who fir'd thy infant frame
With the rich promise of Poetic fame ;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of Critic pride ;
What cou'd her unavailing cares oppose,
'To save her darling from his desperate foes ;
From pressing Want's calamitous controul,
And Pride, the fever of the ardent soul ?
Ah, see, too conscious of her failing power,
She quits her Nursling in his deathful hour !
In a chill room, within whose wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to Misery's call ;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to sustain
Misfortune's wasted limbs, convuls'd with pain,

On the bare floor, with heaven-directed eyes,
 The hapless Youth in speechless horror lies!
 The pois'nous phial, by distraction drain'd,
 Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd:
 Pale with life-wasting pangs, it's dire effect,
 And stung to madness by the world's neglect,
 He, in abhorrence of the dangerous Art,
 Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
 Tears from his Harp the vain detested wires,
 And in the frenzy of Despair expires*!

Again, with all the honest resentment of
 indignant Genius,

Search the dark scenes where drooping Genius lies,
 And keep from sorriest sights a nation's eyes,
 That, from expiring Want's reproaches free,
 Our generous country ne'er may weep to see
 A future CHATTERTON by poison dead,
 An OTWAY fainting for a little bread†.

To these elegant offerings to the genius
 of Chatterton, it is with peculiar pleasure
 I add a sonnet to expression, from the
 polished and pathetic pen of Miss Helen
 Maria Williams.

Expression, child of soul! I fondly trace
 Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
 The painter's pencil catch thy sacred fire,
 And beauty wakes for thee her touching grace—
 But from this frightened glance thy form avert
 When horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh,
 When frenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
 Or guilt sits heavy on thy lab'ring heart—

K

Nor

* Hayley's Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. iv. l. 211 to 248.

† Ibid, 336 to 342.

Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy bear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him * the Muses lov'd—when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear !
For charm'd with heav'nly song, this bleeding breast,
Mourns the blest power of verse could give despair no
rest.—

Independent of the poems attributed to Rowley, Chatterton has left behind him a variety of pieces, published and unpublished ; the most considerable of the former are to be found in a volume of miscellanies, published in 1778, to which is prefixed a sketch for the late Alderman Beckford's statue, a specimen of Chatterton's abilities in the arts of drawing and design ; and this publication was followed in 1786, by “ a suppliment to the miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton.” The compositions contained in both these volumes are scarcely to be inspected with all the severity of criticism. Considerable allowances ought to be made for the exercises
of

* Chatterton.

of his infantine years, for the incorrect effusions of momentary resentment, for a few lines thrown together in a playful mood to please an illiterate female, or to amuse a school-fellow, and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, constructed for a magazine, and calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence. Of the poetical part of these miscellanies, I have already intimated, that the serious are inferior to the satirical.

In the elegy to the memory of Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Fairford, we, however, meet with some descriptive stanzas, perhaps not unworthy the author of Rowley's poems:

" Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his head,
 " His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
 " His eyes, a dusky light, congealed and dead;
 " His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue.
 " His train a motley'd, sanguine sable cloud,
 " He limps along the russet dreary moor;
 " Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen and loud,
 " Roll the white surges to the sounding shore."

K 2

" Fancy,

“ Fancy, whose various, figure-tinctured vest
“ Was ever changing to a different hue ;
“ Her head, with varied bays and flow’rets drest,
“ Her eyes two spangles of the morning dew.”

“ Now as the mantle of the evening swells,
“ Upon my mind I feel a thick’ning gloom !
“ Ah ! could I charm, by friendship’s potent spells,
“ The soul of Philip’s from the deathly tomb !
“ Then would we wander thro’ the dark’ned vale,
“ In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
“ And borne upon the plumage of the gale,
“ Hymn the creator and exhort the Muse*.”

In a letter to his friend Cary, dated London, July 1, 1770, Chatterton tells him, “ in the last London magazine, and in that which comes out to day, are the only two pieces of mine I have the vanity to call poetry.” These were the two African Eclogues, published in his *Miscellanies*. I am sorry I cannot unite with the author in the commendation of these pieces ; but Chatterton, as well as Milton, seems to have been incapable of estimating rightly the respective merits of his
own

* Chatterton’s *Miscellanies*.

own productions *. They are unconnected and unequal, though it must be confessed, that they contain some excellent lines; the following occur almost at the beginning of the first eclogue, and are animated, expressive and harmonious :

“ High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
 “ Loud on the concave shell the lances rung;
 “ In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
 “ The youths of Banny’s burning sands advance,
 “ Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,
 “ And rides upon the pinions of the wind †.”

Of the correctness of the following simile in the second eclogue, I shall not determine; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination.

“ On Tiber’s banks, close rank’d, a warring train,
 “ Stretch’d to the distant edge of Galca’s plain :
 “ So when arrived at Gaigra’s highest steep,
 “ We view the wide expansion of the deep;
 “ See in the gilding of her wat’ry robe,
 “ The quick declension of the circling globe;

K 3

“ From

* I know some respectable friends, who esteem this instance of bad taste, as a strong presumptive argument against Chatterton being the author of Rowley’s poems.

† Chatterton’s Miscellanies, p. 56.

" From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
 " Blended at once with water and with skies :
 " Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
 " The check of waves, the guardian of the world *."

The satire of Chatterton has more of the luxuriance, fluency, and negligence of Dryden, than of the terseness and refinement of Pope. The following lines are in the style of the former :

" Search nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
 " The fancied character, an honest man.
 " A man of sense not honest by constraint,
 " (For fools are canvass, living but in paint)
 " To Mammon, or to superstition slaves,
 " All orders of mankind are fools or knaves :
 " In the first attribute by none surpass'd,
 " * * * * endeavours to obtain the last †."

The following is an evident imitation of Mr. Pope, even to the cadence of the verse, but it is not equally successful with the last specimen :

" But why must Chatterton selected sit,
 " The butt of every Critic's little wit ?
 " Am I alone for ever in a crime,
 " *Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme ?*

" All

* Chatterton's Miscellanies, p. 56.

† Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Catcott, Append. to Chat. Mis. p. 23.

" All monosyllables a line appears!—
 " Is it not very often so in Shears?
 " See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise,
 " Inraptured with the music of my lays;
 " In all the arts of panegyric grac'd,
 " The cream of modern literary taste*."

In a poem on Happiness, inserted in Love and Madness, are some strokes of satire in a superior style:

" Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
 " And speak of worth, where merit ———
 " Let lazy B—— undistinguish'd snore,
 " Nor lash his generosity to ———,
 " Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
 " His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
 " His active spirit ever in display,
 " His great devotion when he drawls to pray,
 " His fainted soul distinguishably seen,
 " With all the virtues of a modern Dean†."

" Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
 " Is never happy but when taking fees:
 " Blest with a bushy wig and solemn pace,
 " Catcott admires him for a *fossile* face."
 —" Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies,
 " Death and our Doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes,
 " O all ye pow'rs, the guardians of the world!
 " Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?

K 4

" Say

* The Defence, *ibid.* p. 37.

† Love and Madness, p. 155.

“ Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
 “ And kill the mighty where the mighty fail?
 “ Let the red bolus tremble o’er his head,
 “ And with his guardian julep strike him dead *!”

In the volume of his miscellanies are two political pieces, the Confuliad, written at Bristol, and in the highest strain of party scurrility †; and the Prophecy, written apparently a short time after, which is in the best style of Swift’s mi-

nor

* Love and Madness, 156.

† The introduction to this poem is not destitute of merit,
 Of warring senators, and battles dire,
 Of quails uneaten; Muse, awake the lyre.
 Where C—pb—ll’s chimneys overlook the square,
 And N—t—n’s future prospects hang in air;
 Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
 And Caledonian earls in concert scratch;
 A group of heroes, occupied the round,
 Long in the rolls of infamy renown’d,
 Circling the table all in silence sat,
 Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
 Now picking ortolans, and chicken slain,
 To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine*:
 Now storming castles of the newest taste,
 And granting articles to forts of paste:
 Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;
 Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer,

nor pieces, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which in tumultuous times generally takes possession of young and sanguine dispositions*.

Of

* THE PROPHECY.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty's then to know,
How long oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to fight,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peereffes turn'd out o'doors;
Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort,
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by Current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When

Of the prose compositions of Chatterton,
his imitations of Ossian are certainly the
worst: he has not indeed improved upon
an

When Civil-Power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind, that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge, to keep her in;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name;

By

an indifferent model. They are full of
wild imagery and inconsistent metaphor,
with

By Treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Popish priest a pension draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When snug in power, fly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants;
And d——g William's Revolution,
As Justices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim, for the sins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh,

When

with little either of plot or of character to recommend them.

His lighter Effays, such as the adventures of a star, the memoirs of a sad dog,
the

When Stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge, as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then

the hunter of oddities, &c. display considerable knowledge of what is called the town, and demonstrate the keenness of his observation, and his quickness in acquiring any branch of knowledge, or in adapting himself to any situation. We are to remember, however, that he had been long conversant in this species of composition, and that a considerable fund of reading in magazines, reviews, &c. which Mr. War-ton observes “form the *school of the people*,” had prepared him well to exercise the profession of a periodical writer. Antiquities, however, constituted his favorite study, and in them his genius always appears to the greatest advantage; even the most humorous of his pieces (Tony Sel-wood’s

Then is your time to strike the blow,
 And let the *slaves* of Mammon know,
 Britain’s true sons A BRIBE can scorn,
 And die as *free* as they were born.
 VIRTUE again shall take her seat,
 And your redemption stand compleat.

wood's letter *) derives its principal excellence from his knowledge of ancient customs.

In the volume of *Miscellanies* attributed to him, there are some pieces to which his title is not well ascertained. Some with the signature of *Asaphides*, are claimed by one *Lockstone*, a linen-draper, and a particular acquaintance of *Chatterton*; and the story of *Maria Friendless*, which *Chatterton* himself sent to the *Town and Country Magazine*, probably for the sake of obtaining an immediate and necessary supply of money, is almost a literal transcript of the letter of *Misella* in the *Rambler*.

If the reputation of *Chatterton*, however, rested solely on those works, which he acknowledged as his own, it would neither be so extensive as it is, nor probably

* *Chatterton's Miscellanies*, p. 209.

bably so permanent as it is likely to continue. Rowley's poems have deservedly immortalized the name of Chatterton, and the controversy which their publication excited, is the most curious and extraordinary controversy, which, since the days of Bentley has divided the literary world.

I have already noticed the manner in which these poems are said to have been discovered. The account which Chatterton himself gave of the supposed author is nearly as follows :

THOMAS ROWLEY was born at Norton Mal-seward in Somersetshire, and educated at the convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham*. He was of the clerical profession, was confessor to the two Canynge's, Robert and William, about the latter end of the reign of Henry the VIth,

or

* Note prefixed to "Ballade of Charitie." Rowley's poems, p. 203.

or about the beginning of that of Edward IV.; and was at least connected with our lady's church in Bristol *; though he is elsewhere styled the "parish priest of St. John's, in the city of Bristol †." After the death of Mr. Robert Canynge, (who at his brother's desire, bequeathed Rowley 100 marks) he was employed by that brother, Mr. William, to travel through a considerable part of England to collect drawings. Mr. Canynge was so well satisfied with his success, that he rewarded him with a purse of two hundred pounds, and promised him that he should never be in want. He continued afterwards the confidential friend of Canynge. He wrote a variety of poems, many of them addressed to that extraordinary character. He first lived in a house on the hill, and afterwards

* Memoirs of Sir W. Canynge, Chatterton's Miscellanies, p. 122.

† Introduction to the Battle of Hastings, Rowley's poems, p. 21.

afterwards in one by the Tower*; he survived his patron, and died at Westbury, in Gloucestershire †. Such is Chatterton's account; but it is only fair to mention, that the existence of any such person as Rowley, is totally denied by the disputants on one side of the controversy.

There can, however, be no doubt concerning the existence of W. Canynge, the patron of Rowley, since it is attested by such a number of contemporary historians, and his remains lie interred in the church of which he was the founder. He is called by Chatterton, Sir William Canynge. He was the younger son of a citizen of Bristol, and in his youth afforded early prognostics of wisdom and ability. He was of a handsome person, and married for love, without a fortune. Soon after his marriage, his father and

L his

* Chatterton's Miscellanies, p. 127 & 128.

† Rowley's Poems, p. 203.

his eldest brother (who both loved money as much as he despised it) died, and left him large estates in land and money, and his brother John dependent upon him, whom he placed in such an advantageous line of business, that he afterwards became Lord-Mayor of London.

This dawn of prosperity was, however, soon clouded by the death of his wife; to whose memory he afforded the most affectionate testimony, in rejecting the most splendid proposals for a second marriage. Of his native city he was Mayor five times; and in the year 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed for treason, Canynge being then Mayor, pleaded for the criminal in vain. When he was knighted does not appear; but in the year 1467, a second marriage being proposed by the King, between him and one of the Widdeville, (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into holy orders
purposely

purposely to avoid it; and was ordained Acolythe by his friend Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester, the 19th of September. He was afterwards dean of the Collegiate church of Westbury in Wilts; with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college, and died in the year 1474, with the universal character of learning and virtue. Among the proofs of his munificence there still exist an alms-house or hospital, with a chapel, and the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol*. At a great expense he had collected a cabinet of curiosities†; his collection of manuscripts, among which were copies of his own and Rowley's poems, were deposited in a room in Redcliffe church: of the actual or pretended discovery of which I have already treated. Such is Chatterton's history of Canynge, in which, though

L 2 there

* Story of W. Canynge, Rowley's poems, Chatterton's Miscellanies, p. 112 to 122. † Ibid.

† Ibid.

there are some facts, which are amply confirmed, there are also several which are disputed by those who deny the authenticity of Rowley's poems.

These poems, we have already seen, were produced by Chatterton at different times, who asserted that he had copied them from the fragments of those ancient parchments, which his father had procured from the Redcliffe chest; he could never be prevailed upon to produce any originals, except a few fragments, the largest not more than eight inches long, and four and a half wide. The writing on these fragments was at least a tolerable imitation of ancient manuscript, and the parchment or vellum had every mark of age. The only poetical originals which he produced were, the challenge to Lydgate, the song to Ella, and Lydgate's answer, all contained in one parchment; the account of W. Canynge's feast; the epitaph

raph on Robert Canynge, and part of the story of W. Canynge; besides these there are some prose compositions, and a few drawings, still in the hands of Mr. Barrett *.

The poems attributed to Rowley were first collected in an octavo volume, and published by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of Chaucer; a very splendid edition was afterwards published in quarto, by the late Dr. Milles, dean of Exeter, and president of the Society of Antiquaries, with a preliminary dissertation, and notes tending to prove that they were really written by Rowley and others in the 15th century.

The

* A complete list of the original parchments, which were given to Mr. Barret by Chatterton, and which he has now in his hands, was communicated by that gentleman to Dr. Milles, and is as follows:

The Song to Ella, with the challenge to Lydgate and the

L 3

Answer.

The poetical merit of these pieces is considerable. The subjects are interesting, and infinite imagination is displayed in the construction of the plots or fables, in the arrangement

Answer. This poem was sent by Mr. Barret to a friend, and is unfortunately lost.

Canynge's Feast, a Poem.

The first thirty-six lines of the Storie of William Canynge.

The following are Historical Prose Compositions.

1. The Yellow Roll, containing an account of the origin of coinage in England, and of the curiosities in Canynge's cabinet. This also was lent with the song to Ella, by Mr. Barret to a friend, and is lost.
2. The purple Roll, thirteen inches by ten, containing an account of particular Coins, and the second and third Sections of Turgotus's History of Bristol. N. B. The first Section above quoted is also extant in Chatterton's own hand, but the original does not appear.
3. Vita Burtoni, a parchment roll, about eight inches long, and four broad, very closely written; containing an account of Sir Simon de Burton, and his rebuilding Redclift church.
4. Knights Templars Church; a History of its foundation, &c.
5. St. Mary's Church of the Port; a History of it from its foundation, ending with the verses on Robert Canynge.
6. Roll of Bartholomew's Priory, with a List of the Priors.
7. An

arrangement of the incidents, and the delineation of the characters. The beauties of poetry are scattered through them with no sparing hand. The Lyric productions in particular, such as the chorus's in the Tragedies, abound with luxuriant description, most vivid imagery, and striking metaphors. Through the veil of ancient language a happy adaptation of words

7. An account of the Chapel and House of Calendars; a drawing of the chapel, and underneath an explanation of it.
8. Ella's Chapple. No drawing, except to the Kist of Ella, but there is an account of its foundation.
9. St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel. A drawing only.
10. Grey Friars Church. A drawing only.
11. Drawing of three monumental Inscriptions.
12. Ancient Monument and Rudhall: mere delineations.
13. Lesser and Greater St. John's: only a rude delineation.
14. Several Drawings of the Castle of Bristol.
15. Strong Hold of the Castle: a drawing and account of its foundation, by Robert Earl of Gloucester, and Site thereof.
16. Old Wall of Bristol; mere drawings.
17. Carne of Robert Curthoses Mynde in Castle steed: a drawing or figure, with the words *Carne*, &c. underneath. Milles's Rowley, page 438.

words is still apparent, and a style both energetic and expressive. Contrary to almost all the poetical productions of the times, when they are supposed to have been composed, they are in general conspicuous for the harmony and elegance of the verse. Indeed, some passages are inferior in none of the essentials of poetry, to the most finished productions of modern times.

On the other hand, it must not be dissembled that some (and many will think no inconsiderable) part of the charm of these poems may probably result from the Gothic sublimity of the style. Whatever is vulgar in language is lost by time, and a small degree of obscurity in an ancient author gives a latitude to the fancy of the reader, who generally imagines the style to be more forcible and expressive than perhaps it intrinsically is. We gaze with wonder on an antique fabric,

brick ; and when novelty of thought is not to be obtained, the novelty of language to which we are unaccustomed, is frequently accepted as a substitute. Most poets therefore, at least such as have aspired to the sublime, have thrown their dialect at least a century behind the common prose, and colloquial phraseology of their time ; nor can we entertain a doubt, but that even Shakespear and Milton have derived advantages from the antique structure of some of their most admired passages. The facility of composition is also greatly increased where full latitude is permitted in the use of an obsolete dialect ; since an author is indulged in the occasional use of both the old and the modern phraseology, and if the one does not supply him with the word for which he has immediate occasion, the other in all probability will not disappoint him.

That

That the subjects of Rowley's poems are in general interesting and well chosen, cannot, I think, be doubted by the judicious reader, but still it must be confessed, that the detail is occasionally heavy, flat, and insipid. The imagery and metaphors are frequently very common-place, and it is possible to labour through several stanzas without finding any striking beauty, when the attention of the reader is kept alive by the subject alone. Many defects of style, and many passages of rant and bombast are concealed or excused by the appearance of antiquity; and where the harmony of the verse (which indeed is not often the case) is, perhaps, radically deficient, we are inclined to attribute it to a different mode of accenting, or to our ignorance of the ancient pronunciation.

The piece of most conspicuous merit in the collection, is *Ella*, a Tragical Interlude, which is a most complete and well-

well-written tragedy. The plot is both interesting and full of variety, though the dialogue is in some places tedious. The character of Celmonde reminds us of Glenalvon in Douglas, but it is better drawn: His soliloquy is beautiful and characteristic *. The first chorus, or “Mynstrelles Song” in this piece, is a perfect

* C E L M O N D E .

Hope, hallie fuster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from distaunce the enjoyous syghte,
Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket ¹ ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe comcest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ²;
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped ³ atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I mooste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Clemonde yn the place.

Botte

¹ Wrapped closely, covered. ² fastened. ³ astonish'd.

perfect pastoral. It abounds in natural and tender sentiments, and apposite imagery, and the fertility of the author's genius

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.
The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;
Blake ¹ stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothyng does thie myckle gastnefs fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest ² thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,
Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasseyng hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to fleme;
Knyghtes, who este kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblunge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr foules, be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleynes have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, steel mie fable spryte,
For fremde ³ and dolefulle dede.

¹ Naked, ² Scatterest, ³ Strange.

nus is displayed in this little ballad; since short as it is, it contains a complete plot or fable *.

There

* M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr ¹ fwayne;
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre ², I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ³,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;
Here we'lle fyttte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mie grandame faie,
Yonge damoysselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fyttte and harke,
Howe the ouzle ⁴ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree ⁵, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O-

¹ Shepherd. ² deceiver. ³ meadows. ⁴ The black-bird.
⁵ Goldfinch.

There are extant two parts, or rather two
different copies of the Battle of Hastings.

These

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie ¹,
Tellynge lecturnyes ² to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

M A N N E.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daifiés, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche ³.
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraje;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.

Drooried

¹ Loudly. ² lectures. ³ apparell.

These appear to have been higher in the estimation of Chatterton, as well as of Dr. Milles, than most of the other productions

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe;

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle fyr preefte make on of two.
Tempe mee ne to the foule thyng;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll fyr preefte hys songe doethe synge,
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes ¹, thos honde yn honde,
Unto divinistre ² goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Good fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

B O T H E.

¹ At once.

² a divine.

ductions of Rowley. When Chatterton brought the first part to Mr. Barret, being greatly pressed to produce the poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he had written this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that poem, he brought, after some time, to Mr. Barrett, the poem which is marked in Mr. Tyrwhit's and Dr. Milles's editions, as No. 2*.

The first of these poems I cannot help classing among the most inferior of Rowley's. The mere detail of violence and carnage, with nothing to interest curiosity, or engage the more tender passions,

can

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle ¹ lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
 Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate.

¹ A cottage.

* Introd. Account prefixed to Rowley's poems, p. 21.

can be pleasing to few readers. There is not a single episode to enliven the tedious narrative, and but few of the beauties of poetry to relieve the mind from the disgusting subject.

The second part is far superior. There is more of poetical description in it, more of nature, more of character. The imagery is more animated, the incidents more varied. The character of Tancarville is well drawn, and the spirit of candour and humanity which pervades it, is perhaps unparalleled in any writer before the age of Shakespear. The whole episode of Gyrtha is well conducted, and the altercation between him and his brother Harold, is interesting. But the description of morning *, and that of Salisbury plain

* And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes

plain*, would be alone sufficient to rescue the whole poem from oblivion, and to entitle it to a place upon a classic shelf.

The

Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes :
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie :
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

• Where fruytles heathes and meadows cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare their humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Twimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the falsse god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightyng hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastyng their vyctualle round aboute the flame,
’Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

The utmost efforts of the author, however, cannot always impart interest or variety to the dull catalogue of names, which have ceased to be remembered, and the unvaried recital of wounds and deaths. But Homer himself nods when engaged upon a topic so unfavourable to genius.

The Bristowe Tragedy, or the Deathe of Syr Charles Bawdin, has little but its pathetic simplicity to recommend it. There is nothing ingenious in the plot, or striking in the execution; and it only ranks upon a par with a number of tragic ballads, both ancient and modern, in the same style.

The eclogues are to be accounted some of the most perfect specimens among the poems of Rowley. Indeed, I am not acquainted with any pastorals superior to them, either ancient or modern. The first of them bears a remote resemblance to the first eclogue of Virgil;

M 2

and

and contains a beautiful and pathetic picture of the state of England, during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. The thoughts and images are all truly pastoral; and it is impossible to read it, without experiencing those lively, yet melancholy feelings, which a true delineation of nature alone can inspire. I cannot help feeling an irresistible inclination to present the reader with two stanzas, which have ever appeared to me particularly beautiful.

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus ¹ mote ² telle.
 Swote ³ flouretts, mantled meedows; forestes dygne ⁴;
 Gravots ⁵ far-kend ⁶ arounde the Errmiets ⁷ cell;
 The swote ribible ⁸ dynning ⁹ yn the dell;
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie ¹⁰ courte;
 Eke ¹¹ the highe fonge and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte ¹²;
 Impestering ¹³ trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde ¹⁴ the aye ¹⁵ encreasyng dome.

R O-

¹ The Devil. ² might. ³ sweet. ⁴ good, neat, genteel:
⁵ groves, sometimes used for a coppice. ⁶ far-seen. ⁷ Hermit.
⁸ violin. ⁹ sounding. ¹⁰ inn, or public-house. ¹¹ also. ¹² pleasure.
¹³ annoying. ¹⁴ to keep off. ¹⁵ ever, always.

ROBERT E.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees ¹⁶,
 Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges ¹⁷, and embodyde ¹⁸ trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange ¹⁹, far spreedyng to the fyghte,
 Mie cuyen ²⁰ kyne ²¹, mie bullockes stringe ²² yn fyghte.
 Mie gorne ²³ emblaunched ²⁴ with the comfreie ²⁵ plante,
 Mie floure ²⁶ Seyncte Marie shotteyng wyth the lyghte,
 Mie store of all the bleffynges Heaven can grant.
 I amme duresed ²⁷ unto sorrowes blowe,
 Thanten'd ²⁸ to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

¹⁶ Meadows. ¹⁷ grafted trees. ¹⁸ thick, stout. ¹⁹ liberty of pasture given to the Parker. ²⁰ tender. ²¹ cows. ²² strong. ²³ garden. ²⁴ whitened. ²⁵ cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. ²⁶ marygold. ²⁷ hardened. ²⁸ accustomed.

The second eclogue is an eulogium on the actions of Richard I. in the Holyland, which will be read with additional pleasure by those who have seen the short but spirited sketch of these wars in Mr. Gibbon's last volumes. The poem is supposed to be sung by a young shepherd, whose father is absent on the Holy war: and the Epode, or burthen, is happily imagined:

"Sprytes of the blest, and every seyncte ydedde,
 "Pour out your pleasaunce on my fadre's hedde."

M 3

Before

Before he has concluded his song, he is cheered by the sight of the vessel in which his father returns victorious.

The third pastoral is chiefly to be admired for its excellent morality; it is, however, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry.

The last of these pastorals, called *Elinore and Juga*, is one of the finest pathetic tales I have ever read. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers slain in the wars of York and Lancaster, was one of the happiest subjects that could be chosen for a tragic pastoral. Two stanzas of this poem, will, I flatter myself, amply justify this opinion: part of the former has been supposed, by the Anti-Rowleians, to be an imitation of a stanza in Mr. Gray's elegy,

“The breezy call of incense breathing morn, &c.”

E L I N.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette¹ shall wake the morne,
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the lessel² rouze the foxe awaie;
 I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;
 Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche³ glebe will goe,
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture⁴ mie tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie⁵ cloudis do hange upon the leme
 Of leden⁶ Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
 The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
 Of Selyness⁷, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dysstraughte
 Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn
 thoughte.

¹ A small bagpipe. ² in a confined sense, a bush or hedge, though
 sometimes used as a forest. ³ church-yard. ⁴ relate. ⁵ black.
⁶ decreasing. ⁷ happiness.

The ballad of Charity is an imitation
 of the most beautiful and affecting of our
 Saviour's parables, the good Samaritan.—
 The poetical descriptions are truly pic-
 turesque. We feel the horror of the
 dark, cold night; we see "the big drops
 fall," and the "full flocks driving o'er

the plain." "The welkin opens, and the yellow light'ning flies." "The thunder's rattling sound moves slowly on, and swelling, bursts into a violent crash; shakes the high spire," &c. If Chatterton were really the author of this poem, he probably alluded to his own deserted situation, since, it is said, he gave it to the publisher of the Town and Country Magazine, only a month before his death :

"Haste to thie church-glebe house 1 ashrewed 2 manne!
 "Haste to thie kiste 3, thie only dortouse 4 bedde.
 "Cale as the claie, whiche will gre on thie hedde,
 "Is charitie and love aminge 5 highe elves;
 "Knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves."

1 The grave. 2 unfortunate. 3 coffin. 4 a sleeping room. 5 among

The lesser pieces in this collection are not without merit. There is much elegant satire in the two epistles to Canynge prefixed to Ella *; and some strokes of pleasantry in the "Storie of Canynge."

As

* I have selected the first of these epistles as a specimen of the satiric powers of Rowley.

Tys

As a complete specimen of this author's
abilities in Lyric composition, it is only
necessary

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt ¹ herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preefte delyvered alle the lege ² yn rhym ;
Lyche peyncted ³ tyltynge speares to please the fyghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke ⁴ dere ⁵,
Syke dyd their auntyante lee deftlie ⁶ delyghte the eare.
Perchaunce yn Vyrtyues gare ⁷ rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte este ⁸ nowe flyeth to the odher fyde ;
In hallie ⁹ preefte apperes the ribaudes ¹⁰ penne,
Inne lithe ¹¹ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde :
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere ¹² widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lyttel scathe ¹³.
Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore ¹⁴,
Kenns ¹⁵ Latyn att fyrst fyghte from Frenche or Greke,
Pyghethe ¹⁶ hys knowlacheinge ¹⁷ ten yeres or more,
To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyfed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste be latynized.
Vevyan, a moncke, good a requiem ¹⁸ synges ;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde ¹⁹ hys meneynge knowes ;
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as goode yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde,

To

¹ Hid, concealed. ² law. ³ painted. ⁴ much. ⁵ hurt, damage.
⁶ sweetly. ⁷ cause. ⁸ oft. ⁹ holy. ¹⁰ rake, lewd person. ¹¹ hum-
ble. ¹² adder. ¹³ hurt, damage. ¹⁴ learning. ¹⁵ knows. ¹⁶ plucks
or tortures. ¹⁷ knowledge. ¹⁸ a service used over the dead. ¹⁹ pea-
sant.

necessary to cite the incomparable ode or
chorus

To maydens, hufwyfes, and unlored ²⁰ dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merrymment & woe.
Loughe ²¹ loudie dynneth ²² from the dolte ²³ adrames ²⁴;
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes ²⁵ hem foe.
Sommetyne at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped ²⁶ fage ²⁷ somme hard-drayned water brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde ²⁸ hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycrafts theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sence fulle groffynge ²⁹ he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf ³⁰ you neere begonne,

Enowe of odhers; of miefelfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe ³¹ of faultes, be less,
ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue,

Playes made from hallie ³² tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche ³³ droorie mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the fame. Adieu untill anere ³⁴.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

²⁰ Unlearned. ²¹ laugh. ²² sounds. ²³ foolish. ²⁴ churls.
²⁵ knows. ²⁶ laughable. ²⁷ tale, jest. ²⁸ beyond. ²⁹ foolishly.
³⁰ if. ³¹ many. ³² holy. ³³ strange perversion of words. *Droorie*
in its ancient signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁴ another.

chorus in *Goddwyn*, a tragedy, which he has left imperfect.

CHORUS, &c.

When Freedome, dreste yn blodde-steined veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe;

She hearde the voice of deathe;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,

In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ²;

She hearde onflemmed ³ the shrieking voice of woe,

And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled ⁴ speere,

On hie she jeste ⁵ her sheelde,

Her foemen ⁶ all appere,

And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ straught ⁹ ynto the skeyes,

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

Alyche ¹⁰ twaie ¹¹ brendeynge ¹² gronfyres ¹³ rolls hys eyes,

Chastres ¹⁴ with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryfes from the shocke,

Wielding her owne in ayre.

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wyte scillye ¹⁵ wympled ¹⁶ gies ¹⁷ ytte to his crowne,

Hys

¹ Endeavoured. ² freeze. ³ undismayed. ⁴ armed, pointed.
⁵ hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ foes, enemies. ⁷ fly. ⁸ head. ⁹ stretched.
¹⁰ like. ¹¹ two. ¹² flaming. ¹³ meteors. ¹⁴ beats, stamps.
¹⁵ closely. ¹⁶ mantled, covered. ¹⁷ guides.

Hys longe sharpe spere, hys spreddyng sheelde is gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ¹⁸, aris ¹⁹,
Hys feerie heaulme ²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyfte—

* * * * *

¹⁸ Armed. ¹⁹ arose. ²⁰ helmet.

The poems of Rowley had not been long made public before their authenticity underwent a severe scrutiny; and a number of gentlemen conversant in antiquities, declared, that they could not be the productions of the fifteenth century, and openly pronounced them the forgeries of Chatterton. Their authenticity was defended by other persons of no inconsiderable note in the literary world. The controversy soon became voluminous; and the reader will not be inclined to consider it as unimportant, when on one side the names of Walpole, Tyrwhitt, Warton*, Croft,

* I have been well informed that both Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhitt were formerly of sentiments directly opposite to those which they profess in their publications; if the poems therefore be forgeries of Chatterton, these gentlemen were at least among the first on whom he imposed.

Croft, and Malone, are mentioned: and on the other, those of Milles and Bryant; and I think I may venture to add, that of Mr. Matthias, though his candour and modesty, almost exempt him from being considered as a partizan.

I shall endeavour to exhibit a short sketch of the arguments on both sides of the question, and shall leave my readers to form their own conclusions.

The evidence on this subject naturally divides itself into two branches, external and internal: of the former, there is little satisfactory to be obtained; and it must be confessed, that the bulk of the external evidence is rather against that party which denies the authenticity of the poems. There are, however, a few facts on that side of the question which are of too much consequence to be disregarded.

ARGU-

ARGUMENTS AGAINST the AUTHENTICITY of ROWLEY'S POEMS.

External Evidence.

I. The first serious objection which occurs against the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, and these extremely short, the whole not containing more than 124 verses *. Had such a treasure of ancient poetry fallen into the hands of a young and ingenuous person, would he, it is said, have cautiously produced them to the world one by one? Would he not rather have been proud of his good fortune? Would not the communicativeness of youth have induced him to blaze the discovery abroad, and to call every lover of poetry and antiquity, to a participation of the pleasure?

* Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 133.

pleasure? Would not the hope and offers of reward at least have prevented his destroying what, if preserved, would certainly be productive of profit, but the destruction of which could answer no purpose whatever *?

II. The deficiency of proof in favour of Rowley, is strongly aided by the very probable proofs in favour of Chatterton. His abilities were in every respect calculated for such a deception. He had been in the habit of writing verses from his earliest youth, and produced some excellent poetry. He was known to have been conversant with our old English poets and historians, particularly Chaucer. His fondness for heraldry, introduced many books of antiquities to his notice; and
even

* An examination, &c. p. 9. Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 155. See also some excellent remarks to the same purpose, by the late Mr. Badcock, Monthly Review for May, 1782.

even his profession disposed him to these studies, and enabled him with facility to imitate ancient writings. In *the Christmas games*, which are acknowledged to be his own, there is much of that peculiar learning in British antiquities, which was necessary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems; and in his *Essay on Sculpture*, there is much of the same general information with which those compositions abound *. The transport and delight,

* In the supplement to the works of Chatterton, (printed for Becket, 1784,) there is inserted a piece which has been already referred to, called Chatterton's will. This appears to have been written a few days before he left Bristol to go to London; when in consequence, as it should seem, of his being refused a small sum of money by a gentleman, whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, he had taken a resolution of destroying himself the next day. What prevented him from carrying this design at that time into execution does not appear; but the whole writing on this occasion is worth attention, as it throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscriptions, not indeed grammatically, but sufficient to answer the purposes
to

light, which Chatterton always discovered on reading the poems to Mr. Smith, his sister, and his different friends, could not, it is said, have resulted from the mere pleasure of a discovery: it was the secret, but ardent feeling of his own abilities, and the consciousness that the praises which were bestowed upon them were all his own, which filled him with exultation, and

to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing it also appears that he would not allow King David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his psalms, because a *great genius can effect any thing*; that is, *assume any character and mode of writing* he pleases. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems. In that part of the will addressed to Mr. George Catcott, Chatterton mentions Rowley's poems, but in so guarded a manner, that it is not easy to draw any certain information for or against their authenticity; though the parties on both sides have attempted it. The address to Mr. Barrett does no less credit to his own feelings, than to that gentleman's treatment of him; and the apology that follows to the two Mr. Catcotts, for some effusions of his satire upon them, is the best recompence he then had in his power to make to those gentlemen, from whom he had experienced much civility and kindness. O.

and produced those strong emotions, which even his habitual reserve on this subject was unable to conceal *.

III. The declaration of Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, concerning the first part of the Battle of Hastings, which he confessed *he had written himself*, is a presumption against the rest. He was then taken by surprise, but at other times preserved a degree of consistency in his falsehood.

IV. Mr. Ruddall, an intimate acquaintance of Chatterton, declared to Mr. Croft, that he saw him (Chatterton) disguise several pieces of parchment with the appearances of age, and that Chatterton told him, that the parchment which Mr. Ruddall had assisted him in blacking and disguising, was the very parchment he had sent to the printer's, containing

* Monthly Review for March 1782.

taining "the account of the Fryers passing the old bridge *."

V. The

* "TO GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. Hampstead Heath.

"DEAR SIR,

"IT gives me pleasure that LOVE AND MADNESS, which I put together in a few idle hours, as much for the sake of doing justice to poor Chatterton as of blunting the edge of Hackman's shocking example, has so well answered the former purpose.

" ———— Where'er (his bones at rest)

" His spryte to haunte delyghteth best,"

Chatterton must be now not a little gratified when he looks down upon the squabbles he has raised on earth. Every syllable which I have made Hackman relate of him in LOVE AND MADNESS is, I firmly believe, religiously true. Walmsly was my tenant for the house in Shoreditch, where Chatterton lodged with him, at the time he gave me the information contained in my book. Chatterton's letters which I printed, and which are hardly less singular perhaps than Rowley's poems, are confessedly original.

"As I cannot spare time from my profession to enter any further into this dispute, and as you inform me that Mr. Warton is going to publish something, I write this letter, according to your desire, in answer to your's of yesterday, respecting what long since I said to you of Mr. Ruddall; and it is perfectly at Mr. Warton's service. But I must desire he will print it exactly as I send it you. When I have spoken for myself, he may draw his own arguments from my communication.

N 2

"The

V. The Rev. Mr. Catcott, brother to the Mr. Catcott before mentioned, affirmed,

“ The left hand column is an extract from Dean Milles’s quarto edition of Rowley’s, i. e. of Chatterton’s poems, p. 436, 7. The right hand column is my account of the same business. In some material circumstances he certainly errs. It were easy to shew, the Dean has condemned Chatterton, and robbed him of Rowley’s poems upon slighter evidence of less material mistakes,

“ That the Dean should have received *all* his information of this business from Mr. Ruddall, is certainly impossible, because some part of his account of it is certainly untrue. The passages in the Dean’s account, on which I comment, are marked, that they may be printed in Italics.

“ A *singular* circumstance relating to the history of this ceremony (“ of passing the “ old bridge”) *has been communicated to the Publick within these two last years; and candour requires that it should not pass unnoticed here, especially as the character of the relator leaves no room for suspicion. The objectors to the authenticity of these poems may possibly triumph in the discovery of a fact, which contains, in their opinion, a decisive proof that*

Chatterton

The circumstance is singular, and I have always thought so; but it has never yet, I believe, been *communicated to the Publick*; though I certainly meant it should some time or other.

It

firmed, that having had a conversation one evening with Chatterton, he traced the very

Chatterton was the author of this paper, and (as they would infer) of all the poetry which he produced under Rowley's name; but, *when the circumstances are attentively examined*, the reader will probably find, that even this fact tends rather to establish, than to invalidate, the authenticity of the poems.

Mr. John Ruddall, a native and inhabitant of Bristol, and formerly apprentice to Mr. Francis Gresley, an apothecary in that city, was well acquainted with Chatterton, whilst he was apprentice to Mr. Lambert. During that time, Chatterton frequently called upon him at his master's house, and, *soon after he had printed this account of the Bridge in the Bristol paper, told Mr. Ruddall, that he was the author of it; but, it occurring to him afterwards, that he might be called upon to produce the original, he brought*

It is not clear to me, that the advocates for Chatterton have occasion to be apprehensive, *if the circumstances should be attentively examined* even according to the Dean's own shewing. But mine is somewhat different.

very substance of this conversation, in a piece which that indefatigable genius produced sometime after as Rowley's.

VI. Chat-

to him one day a piece of Parchment, about the size of a half Sheet of Fool's - Cap paper; Mr. Ruddall does not think that any thing was written on it when produced by Chatterton, but he saw him write several Words, if not lines, in a Character which Mr. Ruddall did not understand, which he says was totally unlike English, and, as he apprehended, was meant by Chatterton, to imitate or represent the original from which this Account was printed. He cannot determine precisely how much Chatterton wrote in this manner, but says, that the time he spent in that Visit did not exceed three quarters of an hour; the Size of the Parchment, however, (even supposing it to have been filled with writing) will in some measure ascertain the quantity which it contained,

My visit to Bristol of a few days, in order to collect information concerning Chatterton, was on the 23d of July, 1778. At that time I gave something to the Mother and Sister for their voluntary communications to me. After I published LOVE AND MADNESS, I laid a larger plan for their benefit, which I hope still to see carried into execution; and I destined something more to the family of him whose genius I so much respected, though I well knew his family deemed me their enemy for endeavouring to prove him guilty of Forgery. Prevented from going to Bath, and consequently from giving what I had set apart for this purpose, with my own Hands, I gladly seized the liberty allowed me by a friend of Mr. Ruddall to beg this favour of him. On the

VI. Chatterton at first exhibited the Songe to Ella in his own hand-writing; and afterwards in the parchment, which he gave

the 22d of March, 1781, I wrote to Mr. Ruddall, to whom I was then a perfect stranger, making use of his Friend's name, and enclosing a Draught to him or his order for ten pounds, requesting he would give the Money to Chatterton's Mother and Sister. On the 30th of the same Month, Mr. Ruddall called upon me in Lincoln's Inn; appeared, as I imagined, to lean to the side of this question which I have ever thought to be the right; and told me, of his own accord, what certainly agrees no more with the Dean's account, than what I have already related agrees with the Dean's saying that Mr. Ruddall told this, *in 1779, on the prospect of procuring a gratuity of ten Pounds for Chatterton's Mother, from a Gentleman who came to Bris-*

He

N 4.

tol

gave to Mr. Barrett as the original, there were found several variations, which it is supposed

tol in order to collect information concerning the Son's History.

He says also, that *when Chatterton had written on the Parchment, he held it over the Candle, to give it the appearance of antiquity, which changed the Colour of the Ink, and made the Parchment appear black and a little contracted: he never saw him make any similar attempt, nor was the Parchment produced afterwards by Chatterton to him, or (as far as he knows) to any other person. From a perfect knowledge of Chatterton's abilities, he thinks him to have been incapable of writing the Battle of Hastings, or any of those Poems produced by him under the name of Rowley; nor does he remember that Chatterton ever mentioned Rowley's Poems to him, either as original or the contrary; but sometimes (though very rarely) intimated*

If my Memory not only fails me now, but failed me the same day, and has failed me ever since, Mr. Ruddall will correct me. To him I appeal, and by him I must submit to be corrected. But, on the 30th of March, 1781, he told me, AS I THINK, that he assisted Chatterton in disguising SEVERAL pieces of Parchment with the appearances of Age, just before "the Account of passing the Bridge" appeared in Farley's Journal; that, after they had made several experiments, Chatterton said, "this will do, now I will black THE Parchment;" that, whether he told him at the time what THE Parchment was, he could not remember; that he believed he did not see Chatterton black THE Parchment, but that Chatterton told him, after

supposed he had admitted through forgetfulness, or perhaps, as actual corrections, considering

mated that he was possessed of some valuable literary productions. Mr. Ruddall had promised Chatterton not to reveal this Secret, and he scrupulously kept his word till the year 1779; but, ON THE PROSPECT OF PROCURING A GRATUITY OF TEN POUNDS, FOR CHATTERTON'S MOTHER, FROM A GENTLEMAN WHO CAME TO BRISTOL IN ORDER TO COLLECT INFORMATION CONCERNING HER SON'S HISTORY, he thought so material a benefit to the Family would fully justify him for divulging a secret by which no person now living could be a sufferer."

after "the Account of passing the Bridge" had appeared in the News-paper, that THE Parchment which he had blacked and disguised, after their experiments, was what he had sent to the Printer containing the ACCOUNT."

"As this appeared to me the most decisive evidence, I asked Mr. Ruddall's leave to make use of his name about it, which he granted me; and I made a Memorandum of it, the same day, at the distance of a few hours. But it is still possible my Memory might deceive me. In matters more serious than the authenticity of Poems, which are certainly

considering that the parchment was the copy which probably would be resorted to as a standard *.

VII. The

certainly exquisite, whoever wrote them, it is not my way, I hope, to be more positive than I ought.

“ Mr. Ruddall will excuse me if I say, that I cannot possibly allow him, or any one, to determine the authenticity of the Poems, by telling the Dean, or the world, that, “ *from a perfect knowledge of Chatterton’s abilities*, HE “ thinks him to have been incapable of writing the Battle of “ Hastings, or any of those Poems produced by him under “ the name of Rowley.”

“ It appears to me that I cannot possibly, all this time, have been noticing what does not relate to me, because Chatterton’s Sister, when she thanks me in a Letter dated April the 20th, 1781, for what I sent her and her Mother, through Mr. Ruddall, says, that “ the only benefits they “ have reaped from *the labours of her dear Brother*,” are what they have received from me.

“ Convey this to Mr. Warton, if you choose it, with many thanks for the pleasure I have received from his History of English Poetry ; and believe me to be,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your obliged friend,

Lincolns-Inn,
Feb. 5, 1782.

“ HERBERT CROFT, jun.”

* Cursory Observations on Rowley’s poems, p. 44.

VII. The hand-writing of the fragment containing the storie of W. Canynge, is quite different from the hand-writing of that which contains "the accounte of W. Canynges feast;" and neither of them is written in the usual record hand of the age to which they are attributed. Indeed, in the "accounte of W. Canynge's Feaste," the Arabian numerals, (63) are said to be perfectly modern, totally different from the figures used in the fifteenth century, and exactly such as Chatterton himself was accustomed to make*.

VIII. The very existence of any such person as ROWLEY is questioned, and upon apparently good ground. He is not so much as noticed by William of Worcestre, who lived nearly about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent

* See Milles's Rowley, p. 429. Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 135. Monthly Review, by Badcock, for March 1782.

frequent mention of Canynge. “Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied industry, dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity,” has never taken the least notice of such a person*; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliffe church, is also an unaccountable circumstance not easy to be surmounted †.

IX. Objections are even made to the manner in which the poems are said to have been preserved. That title deeds relating to the church or even historical records might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church, is allowed to be sufficiently probable; but that *poems* should have been consigned to a chest

* Walpole's two letters, p. 31.

† Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 119, 121.

chest with six keys, kept in a private room in a church with title deeds and conveyances, and that these keys should be intrusted, not to the heads of a college, or any literary society, but to aldermen and church wardens, is a supposition replete with absurdity; and the improbability is increased, when we consider that these very papers passed through the hands of persons of some literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taste for poetry, and yet without the least discovery of their intrinsic value*.

Internal Evidence.

I. In point of STYLE, COMPOSITION, and SENTIMENT, it is urged by Mr. Warton, and those who adopt the same side of the controversy, that the poems of Rowley are infinitely superior to every other production of the century, which is
said

* See Monthly Review for March 1782.

said to have produced them. Our ancient poets are minute and particular, they do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, but dwell on realities; but the writer of these poems adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of explaining a fact, and employs too frequently the aid of metaphor and personification*. Our ancient bards abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, and even the most ridiculous inconsistencies; but Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, institutions, usages and characters: they contain no violent or gross improprieties†. One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry, is a continued tenor of disparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant descriptions, ornamental images, &c. bear no proportion

* Matthias's Essay on Evid, p. 64

† Warton's Inquiry, p. 21.

proportion to pages of languor, mediocrity, prosaic and uninteresting details; but the poems in question are uniformly supported, and are throughout poetical and animated*. Poetry, like other sciences (say these critics) has its gradual accessions and advancements; and the poems in question possess all that elegance, firmness of contexture, strength and brilliancy, which did not appear in our poetry before the middle of the present century.

II. There appears in these poems none of that LEARNING, which peculiarly marks all the compositions of the fifteenth century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and classical allusions; Ovid and St. Austin are sometimes cited in the same line. A studious ecclesiastic of that period would give us a variety of useless authorities
from

* Ibid. p. 20; Monthly Review, May 1782.

from Aristotle, from Boethius, and from the Fathers : and the whole would be interspersed with allusions to another kind of reading, viz. the old romances ; the round table, with Sir Launcelott, and Sir Tristram, and Charlemagne, would have been constantly cited *. Poems from such an author, would also have occasionally exhibited prolix devotional episodes, mingled with texts of Scripture, and addresses to the Saints and blessed Virgin ; instead of apostrophes to such allegorical divinities as Truth and Content, and others of Pagan original †.

As to the historical allusions which are really found in these poems, it is asserted, that they are only such as might be supplied by books which are easily obtained, such as Hollingshead and Fox, Fuller's church history, Geofry of Monmouth, and
others

* Warton's Inquiry, 21, 97, 99.

† Ibid 98.

others of a similar nature*; and that general reading has been mistaken for profound erudition †.

II/ Some ANACHRONISMS have also been pointed out in the manuscripts of Rowley. Thus the art of *knitting stockings* is alluded to in the Tragedy of Ella ‡; whereas it is a well established fact,

* Matthias's Essay, p. 69. An Examination of Rowley's Poems, p. 24.

† Warton's Inquiry.

‡ As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,
As from the fones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was knyt
tynge,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married !

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as foone as I aske ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefte to mynde spynnyng,
I styll wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde hauled han ne wynnyng.

O

Eche

fact, that the art was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV. Bristol is called a city, though it was not such till long after the death of that monarch. Canynge is said to have possessed a *cabinet* of coins, *drawings*, &c. though these words were not then in use; and *manuscripts* are spoken of as rarities, at a time when there were scarcely any other books: when, in truth, a printed book must have been a much greater curiosity *.

IV. The

Eche monynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann fwythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nede ynge,
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute rede ynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes wae chacynge,
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente shee;
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

* Cursory Observations on Rowley's poems, p. 22—25.

IV. The METRE of the old English poetry, is said to be totally different from that of Rowley. The stanza in which the majority of these poems are written, consists of ten lines, the two first quatrains of which rhyme alternately, and it closes with an alexandrine; no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate or Gower. Spencer extended the old octavo stanza to nine lines, closing with an alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth *. Above all, the extraordinary instance of an English Pindaric in the fifteenth century, is ridiculed by Mr. Warton, which novelty (he says) "was reserved for the capricious ambition of Cowley's muse." That Rowley should ever have seen the original model of this irregular style of composition, is utterly improbable, since

O 2

Pindar

* Matthias's Essay, p. 66.

Pindar was one of the last classics that emerged at the restoration of literature*.

To this head may be referred the extraordinary *smoothness of the verse*, which is utterly unparalleled in any poet for more than a century after the supposed age of Rowley†; the accent or cadence, which is always modern; and the perfection and harmony of the rhyme‡.

V. While the composition, metre, &c. are wholly modern, the LANGUAGE is asserted to be too ancient for the date of the poems. It is not the language of any particular period, but of two entire centuries§. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance||. The author appears to have borrowed all his ancient language, not from the usage of common life,

* Warton's Inquiry, p. 33, 39.

† Cursory Observations, p. 5.

‡ Matthias's Essay, p. 67.

§ Cursory Observations, p. 32.

|| Warton's Inquiry, p. 42.

life, but from Speght, Skinner, and other lexicographers, and to have copied their mistakes *. He has even introduced words which never made a part of the English language, and which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or mistake †.

VI. Notwithstanding this affectation of ancient language, it is added, that the tinsel of MODERN PHRASEOLOGY may in too many instances be detected. Thus such phrases as “ *Puerilitie; before his optics; blameless tongue; the aucthoure of the piece; vessel wreckt upon the tragic sand; the proto-sleyne man,*” &c. could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find also a number of modern formularies and combinations, e. g. “ *Systers in sorrow; poygnant arrowes typp’d with destinie; Oh, Goddes!*

O 3

Now

* Matthias’s Essay, p. 68. Tyrwhitt’s Appendix to Rowley’s Poems, and Vindication passim.

† Ibid.

Now by the Goddes ; Ah, what avaulde ;
Awaie, awaie ! (which is the cant of modern tragedy) Oh, thou, whate'er thie name ;" with a number of compound epithets *, and other almost certain marks of modern composition †.

VIII. To these may be added some passages which appear to be imitations of modern poets. Many of those, which have been cited to convict Chatterton of plagiarism, are, it must be confessed, such obvious thoughts, that they might be adopted by a person who had never seen the modern publications in which they appear ; but such coincidences as the following are palpable :

" O ! for a muse of fire !"

Shakef. Hen. V.

" O forre a spryte al feere !"

Ella, l. 729.

" His beard all white as snow.

" All flaxen was his pole."

Hamlet.

" Black

* Warton's Inquiry, p. 23, 24.

† Cursory Observations, p. 12, 13.

“ Black his cryne as the winter nyghte,
 “ White his rode, as the sommer snowe.” Ella, l. 851.

“ No, no, he is dead,
 “ Gone to his death bed.” Hamlet.

“ Mie love is dedde,
 “ Gone to his deathe-bedde.” Ella, l. 855.

“ Unhoufell’d, unanointed, *unaknell’d*,”
 Hamlet in Pope’s edit.

“ Unburled, undelievre, unefpryte.” Goddwyn, l. 27.

“ Their souls from corpfes *unaknell’d* depart.”
 Bat. of Haft. part 1, l. 288.

“ The grey-goofe wing that was thereon,
 “ In his hearts-blood was wet.” Chevy-Chace.

“ The grey-goofe pynion, that *thereon* was sett,
 “ Eftfoons wyth smokyng *crimson bloud was wett*.”
 Bat. of Haft. part 1, l. 200.

With fuch a force and vehement might
He did his body gore,
 The fpear went thro’ the other fide
 A large-cloth-yard and more. Chevy-Chace.

With thilk a force it did his body gore,
 That in his tender guts it entered,
 In veritie, a full cloth-yard or more. Bat. of Haft*.

“ Clos’d his eyes in endless night.” Gray’s bard.

“ He clos’d his eyne in everlaftyng nyghte.”
 Bat. of Haft. part 2, l. 278 †.

O 4

The

* See Monthly Review.

† See a letter prefixed to Chatterton’s Miscellanies, p. 24.

The advocates of Rowley, are, however, not destitute of arguments in their support; I shall therefore divide the evidence in the same manner as in stating the former, and endeavour to exhibit as fair a summary as possible.

ARGUMENTS TO PROVE THAT THE
POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY,
WERE REALLY WRITTEN BY HIM
AND OTHERS IN THE 15th CENTURY.

External Evidence.

I. The first grand argument which the advocates on this side advance, is the constant and uniform assertion (except in a single instance) of Chatterton himself, who is represented by his sister, and all his intimates, as a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason. He was also most insatiable of fame, and abounded in vanity. He felt himself neglected, and many pas-
sages

sages of his writings are full of invective on this subject. Is it probable, that such a person should barter the fair character of truth, which he loved, for the sake of persisting in falsehood, which he detested? Is it probable, that a person of his consummate vanity, should uniformly give the honour of all his more excellent compositions to another, and only inscribe his name to those which were evidently inferior? But even though a man might be thus careless of his reputation during his life time, under the conviction that he might assume the honour whenever he pleased, would this carelessness continue even at the hour of death? Would he at a moment, when he actually meditated his own destruction; in a paper which he inscribes—"All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday (Evening), in the utmost distress of mind,"—still repeat with the utmost solemnity the same false
assertion

assertion that he had affirmed during the former part of his life? there was at least *no occasion* to introduce the subject at that time, and he might have been silent, if he did not chuse to close his existence with a direct falsehood *. If we consider the joy which he manifested on the discovery of the parchments, the avidity with which he read them, he must be the most complete of dissemblers, if really they contained no such treasure as he pretended. To another very extraordinary circumstance Mr. Catcott has pledged himself, which is, that on his first acquaintance with Chatterton, the latter mentioned by *name* almost all the poems which have since appeared in print, and that at a time, when, if he were the author, one-tenth of them could not be written †.

II. Next

* See Chatterton's will, Appendix to Miscellanies. See also the learned Mr. Bryant's Observations, p. 499, 547.

† Ibid. 548.

II. Next to the asseverations of Chatterton himself, we are bound to pay at least some attention to those of all his friends. His mother accurately remembers the whole transaction concerning the parchments, as I have already stated it. His sister also recollects to have seen the original parchment of the poem on our Lady's Church, and, she thinks, of the Battle of Hastings: she remembers to have heard her brother mention frequently the names of Turgot, and of John Stowe, besides that of Rowley. * Mr. Smith, who was one of the most intimate friends of Chatterton, remembers to have seen manuscripts upon vellum, to the number of a dozen in his possession, many of them ornamented with the heads of kings or of popes, and some of them as broad as the bottom of a large sized chair †. He used

* Milles's Preliminary Dissertation, p. 8.

† Bryant's Observations, p. 528.

used frequently to read to Mr. Smith, sometimes parts, and sometimes whole treatises from these old manuscripts; and Mr. Smith has very often been present while he transcribed them at Mr. Lambert's*. Mr. Capel, a jeweller, at Bristol, assured Mr. Bryant, that he had frequently called upon Chatterton, while at Mr. Lambert's, and had at times found him transcribing ancient manuscripts answering to the former description†. Mr. Thistlethwaite, in the curious letter already quoted, relates, that during the year 1768, "at divers visits, he found Chatterton employed in copying Rowley from what he still considers as undoubted originals‡." Mr. Carey also, another intimate acquaintance, frequently heard Chatterton mention these manuscripts soon after he left Colston's school. Every
one

* Bryant's Observations.

† Ibid, p. 523.

‡ Milles's Rowley, p. 457.

one of these gentlemen, as well as Mr. Clayfield and Mr. Ruddall, declare unequivocally, from an intimate knowledge of Chatterton's learning and abilities, that they believe him incapable of producing the poems of Rowley.

III. That a number of manuscripts were found in Redcliffe church, cannot possibly be doubted after the variety of evidence which has been adduced to that purpose. Perrot, the old Sexton, who succeeded Chatterton's great uncle, took Mr. Shiercliffe, a miniature painter, of Bristol, as early as the year 1749, through Redcliffe church; he shewed him in the North porch a number of parchments, some loose and some tied up, and intimated, "that there were things there, which would one day be better known; and that in proper hands, they might prove a treasure *." Many of the manuscripts

* Bryant's Observations, p. 513.

nuscripts in Mr. Barrett's hands bear all the marks of age, and are "signed by Rowley himself. The characters in each instance appear to be similar; and the hand-writing the same in all *."

IV. The short time which Chatterton had to produce all these poems, is an extraordinary circumstance. It has been already stated, that he continued at Coulston's school from the age of eight till that of fourteen and seven months: that he continued each day in school from seven or eight o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till four or five in the evening, and went to bed at eight. There is also reason to believe, that he
did

Bryant's Observations p. 548. Mr. Barrett, and he only, has it in his power finally to determine the controversy concerning Rowley's poems. Let him produce all the manuscripts which he obtained from Chatterton, and let them be put into the hands of some persons conversant in old writings, who may possibly be able to decide concerning the probable date of the hand-writing. O.

did not discover or begin to copy these poems, or even to apply himself to antiquities, before the age of fifteen. In about the space therefore of two years and a half, he made himself master of the ancient language of this country; he produced more than two volumes of poetry, which are published, and about as many compositions, in prose and verse, as would nearly fill two volumes more. During this time he must have read a considerable variety of books. He was studying medicine, heraldry, and other sciences; he was practicing drawing; he copied a large book of precedents; and Mr. Lambert's business, though not extensive, must have occupied at least some part of his attention. Which, therefore, is the easier supposition, say the advocates for Rowley, that this almost miracle of industry or ability was performed by a boy; or
that

that Chatterton really copied the poems from ancient documents * ?

V. Chat-

* Of these old writings, which he is supposed to have transcribed from obscure and almost illegible manuscripts, (exclusive of his miscellaneous and political writings,) the poetical alone fills 288 octavo pages in Mr. Tywrhitt's edition; and perhaps there are others, with a quantity of prose writings which might fill another such volume. See Milles's edition, p. 438.

These must have been transcribed by him, either in Mr. Lambert's office, or during the few hours he spent at home with his mother in an evening. Neither Mr. Lambert nor his mother or sister, take upon them to say, that they ever saw him this way employed. When not engaged in the immediate business of his profession, he was employed by his master to copy forms and precedents, as well to improve him in the law as to keep him employed. Of these law forms and precedents, Mr. Lambert has in his possession a folio book containing 334 pages, closely written by Chatterton; also 36 pages in another. In the noting book, 36 notarial acts; and in the letter book, 38 letters copied.

Add to all this his *own* acknowledged compositions, filling 240 pages in the printed copy, and perhaps as many more in manuscript not yet published.

The greatest part of these compositions, both under Rowley's name and his own, was written before he went to London, in April 1770, he being then aged 17 years and five months; and of the former, Rowley's pieces, they were almost all exhibited a twelve month earlier, before April 1769.

Now

V. Chatterton is said further to have discovered great marks of ignorance on the manuscripts coming first into his possession. He read the name *Roulie* instead of Rowley, till he was set right by Mr. Barrett*. In the acknowledged writings of Chatterton, there are also palpable mistakes, and marks of ignorance in history, geography, &c.; whereas no such appear in the poems of Rowley†. But what is of still greater consequence, Mr. Bryant has laboured to prove, that in almost innumerable instances, Chatterton did not understand the language of Rowley, but that he has actually

Now the time taken up in preparing the parchment and imitating the old writing, must probably have been greater than the time spent in composing them. If he was in possession of the originals, surely he would not have bestowed all this time and pains in transcribing from originals, which he might have parted with to greater advantage; and if he did transcribe them, why destroy the greatest part of them, and exhibit only scraps and detached lines, for such only appear now to exist? O.

* Remarks on Warton, p. 9.

† Bryant's Observations, p. 477.

tually misinterpreted, and sometimes mis-transcribed him. Thus in "the English metamorphosis," ver. 14.

" Their myghte is *knopped* ynne the froste of fere."

Chatterton having recourse to Chaucer and Skinner, has interpreted to *knop*, to *tie*, or *fasten*; whereas it really means, and the context requires that it should mean, to *nip*. Thus in the Second Battle of Hastings, 548, describing a sacrifice :

" Roastyng their *vy&uualle* round about the flame ;"

which Mr. Tyrwhitt himself has allowed ought to be *vy&times*, and has accordingly cancelled the other word. Thus in Ella, v. 678, we find :

" Theyre throngynge corfes shall *onlyghte* the starres."

The word *onlyghte*, Chatterton has here strangely applied as meaning to *darken* the stars, whereas Mr. Byrant, by recurring to the Saxon, very reasonably supposes *on-lych*

lych to have been the proper word, and the line will then mean to *be like*, or to equal the stars in number. The word *cherisaunei*, which Chatterton has inserted in the “Introductionne to Ella,” never did really exist, and Mr. Bryant shews that the original word was certainly *cherisaunce*: and in the Second Eclogue, Chatterton has explained the word *amenufed*, by *lessened*, or *diminished*; whereas the same able critic shews, that it never had any such meaning, but that it really signifies *accursed* or *abominable*. These and other similar mistakes (of which Mr. Bryant specifies a great number) he asserts, could never have happened, had Chatterton been any more than the mere transcriber of these extraordinary poems*.

VI. With respect to the objection, that Rowley is not mentioned by other writers, it is answered, that there existed so

P 2

little

See Mr. Bryant's Observations, passim.

little communication among mankind at that time, that Leland, who is a very curious writer, never makes the smallest mention of Canynge, Lydgate, or Occleve. That William of Worcestre, does not mention Rowley, because, unless history demands it, writers do not commonly commemorate persons before their death, and Rowley was apparently alive when William of Worcestre was at Bristol. In the register of the Diocese of Wells, however, there are two persons of the name of Thomas Rowley, mentioned as admitted into Holy Orders, one of whom might be the author of the poems*. In answer to the objection, why these manuscripts remained so long unknown to the world, Mr. Bryant says, "We may not be able to account any more for these manuscripts being so long neglected, than for those of Hesychius, Phædrus, and Velleius
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* Mr. Bryant's Obs. p. 535, 543 544.

ius Paterculus having been in the same situation * :” and with respect to the secreting of the originals by Chatterton, it is deemed a sufficient reply, that he might conceive very highly of their value, and therefore did not wish to part with them, or he might be apprehensive that they would be taken from him ; and at last, in his indignation against the world, he probably destroyed all of them that remained at the time when he determined upon putting an end to his existence.

VII. The concessions of the adversaries ought not to pass unnoticed on this occasion. Mr. Warton admits, “ that some poems written by Rowley might have been preserved in Canynge’s chest ; but if there were any, they were so enlarged and improved by Chatterton, as to become entirely new compositions † ;” and in a sub-

P 3 sequent

* Ibid, 499.

† History of English Poetry.

sequent publication, says, "I will not deny that Chatterton might discover parchments of humble prose, containing local memoirs and authentic deeds, illustrating the history of Bristol. He might have discovered biographical diaries, or other notices of the lives of Canynge, Ischam, and Gorges." These concessions at least imply something of a doubt on the mind of the Laureat, concerning the existence of some important manuscripts, and seem of some consideration in the scale of controversy.

Internal Evidence in favour of the authenticity of Rowley's Poems.

I. The internal evidence (which we may call positive) on this side of the question is not very extensive, and the bulk of it consists in negative arguments, or a refutation of the adversaries' objections. The most material proof is derived from
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the ALLUSIONS TO FACTS and CUSTOMS, of which there is not much probability, that Chatterton could have a competent knowledge. Thus, if the “*Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin*” be supposed, as Mr. Tyrwhitt himself thinks probable, to refer to the execution of Sir Baldwin of Fulford, the fact meets confirmation in all its circumstances, from a fragment published by Hearne, and also from a parliamentary roll of the eighth of Edward IV; neither which there is the least probability that Chatterton ever saw*. Thus the names which occur in the *Battle of Hastings*, may almost all be authenticated from the old historians; but they are scattered in such a variety of books, that they could not be extracted without infinite labour, and several of the books were in all probability not accessible by Chatterton.

P 4

To

* Observations on Rowley's poems, p. 14.

To this head we may refer many particulars concerning Canynge, &c. as related by Chatterton, such as his paying 3000 marks to the king, *pro pace sua habenda*, &c. which are confirmed in an extraordinary manner by W. of Worcestre, whose book was not made public till 1778, and which it was therefore impossible Chatterton could see previous to the publication of his memoirs; such is also the time of Canynge's entering into Holy Orders, which is confirmed by the Episcopal register of Worcester; and the anecdote of the steeple of Redcliffe church being burnt down by lightning in 1446. Of a familiar kind is a circumstance in the orthography of the name *Fescampe*, (which is the right orthography,) while Holingshead, the only author accessible to Chatterton, has it *Flischampe*. The name of Robert Consul also, whom Rowley represents as having repaired the castle of Bristol,

Bristol, occurs in Leland, as the proprietor of that Castle*.

II. With regard to the STYLE, COMPOSITION, and SENTIMENT. If the poems appear superior to the efforts of the first scholars at the revival of letters; what are they, when considered as the productions of an uneducated charity boy, not quite seventeen? Those also who think that Chatterton could not reduce his genius to the standard of the age of Rowley, should, perhaps, rather wonder why he could never raise his own avowed productions to an equal degree of excellence†. The poems attributed to Rowley, if his, are as much the work of his infantine years, as his own miscellaneous poems; indeed,

* See Bryant's Observations, p. 314, 326, 343, &c.

† The most essential difference that strikes me between the poems of Rowley and Chatterton is, that the former are always built upon some consistent interesting plot, and are more *uniformly* excellent in the execution; the latter are irregular sallies upon ill-selected or trifling subjects.

indeed, many of the latter were composed some time after most of Rowley's were exhibited to the world; that they should be inferior in every excellence of poetry, is therefore a mystery not easy to be accounted for. Against the general proposition, that poetry like other arts is progressive, and never arrived to perfection in an early age; it has been judiciously urged, that "Genius is peculiar neither to *age* nor country," but that we have an example of one man (Homer), who in the very infancy of all arts, without guide or precursor, "gave to the world a work, which has been the admiration and model of all succeeding poets †." And though it be admitted, that Rowley's poems are pervaded by an uniform strain of excellence and taste, which does not appear in the other works of his age now extant, yet
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* Matthias's Essay, p. 98.

when we compare any composition with another of the same or of any prior age, the difference subsisting, will frequently be found not to depend upon *time*, but upon the situation, genius and judgment of the respective authors †.

III. As to METRE, it is said, that in all languages the modes and measures of verse were originally invented and adopted from accidental circumstances, and agreeably to the taste of different authors; and that very early in the English poetry, a great variety of measures are known to have prevailed; such is the octave stanza, which is not many removes from the usual stanza of Rowley, the seven lined stanza, or Rithm Royal, and that of ten lines used by Chaucer in one of his smaller poems. The argument founded on the smoothness of the verse, is attempted to be overturned by Mr. Bryant,

• Matthias's Essay, p. 72.

Bryant, who has produced extracts from poems still older than the age of Rowley, which are deficient neither in harmony nor cadence *.

IV. The objection founded on the ancient LANGUAGE of Rowley, is answered by supposing that his language was probably provincial †. Several of the words objected to as of Chatterton's coining, have by more profound researches been traced in ancient writers. Many words in Rowley's poems cannot be found in those dictionaries and glossaries, to which Chatterton had access ‡, and Chatterton's mistakes in transcribing and explaining the old language of Rowley, have already been instanced.

V. Many of the pretended IMITATIONS of THE MODERN poets to be found

* Observations, p. 425, &c. 552.

† Ibid, p. 1, to 25.

‡ Matthias's Essay, p. 77.

found in Rowley, are objected to upon good grounds, as being ideas obvious to Rowley or any man; and as to the others, why may we not suppose them, “insertions of Chatterton, either to please his own ear, or to restore some parts which were lost, or in places where the words were difficult to be decyphered*?” This argument acquires great weight, when the temper and genius of Chatterton is considered, and when it is recollected that all parties agree in the probability of many interpolations being made by him; and if this argument be admitted, it will in a great measure account for the modern phraselogy which so frequently occurs in these poems.

In rejoinder to these arguments, a few facts have been stated by those who support

* Matthias's Essay, p. 105.

port the title of Chatterton. 1st. That no writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe church are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inspected, nor any books except two, called "*Liggers cum integra legenda*," which he leaves to be used occasionally in the choir by the two chaplains established by him*. 2d. To account for Chatterton's extensive acquaintance with old books out of the common line of reading, it is alledged that the old library at Bristol was, during his life time, of universal access, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott†. 3d. Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c. as far as it is countenanced by William of Worcestre, (that is, as far as respects his taking orders and paying a fine to the king) may be found in the epitaph on Master Canynge, still remaining to be read by every person, both in

Latin

* Tywrhitt's Vindication, p. 117.

† Warton's Inquiry, p. 111.

Latin and English, in Redcliffe church, which indeed appears to be the authority, that William of Worcestre himself has followed. Chatterton's account also of Redcliffe steeple, is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, published in 1746, by one John Halfpenny, "in which was recounted the ruin of the steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire*." 4th. As to the old vellum or parchment on which Chatterton transcribed his fragments, it is observed, that "at the bottom of each sheet of old deeds, (of which there were many in the Bristol chest) there is usually a blank space of about four or five inches in breadth;" and this exactly agrees with the shape and size of the largest fragment which he has exhibited, viz. Eight and a half inches long, and four and a-half broad †.

* Tywrhitt's Vindication, p. 113, 212.

† Cursory Observations, p. 29.

THUS

THUS I have exhibited as faithfully as I was able, an abstract of the arguments on both sides of this curious literary question. To the examination I sat down with a sceptical mind; nor can I recollect being influenced during the progress of the inquiry in a single instance, by the authority of names, by the force of ridicule, or the partialities of friendship. Some remarks, I believe, I may have added, which are not to be found in other books; in this, however, I am not conscious of having favoured one party more than the other, but esteemed it a part of my duty to state the observations as they rose in my mind from a consideration of the facts. I shall not intrude upon my readers any verdict of my own concerning the issue of the controversy; since my only intention was to enable them, from a view of the arguments, to form their own conclusions; leaving them still open to
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the impression of any additional or more satisfactory evidence that may hereafter arise. I cannot, however, lay aside my pen without one general reflection. It is impossible to peruse the state of this controversy, without smiling at the folly and vanity of posthumous fame. The author of these poems, whoever he was, certainly never flattered himself with the expectation that they would ever excite half the curiosity, or half the admiration which they have excited in the literary world. If they really be the productions of Rowley, one of the first, both in order and in merit of our English poets, is defrauded of more than half his reputation; if they be the works of Chatterton, they neither served to raise him in the opinion of his intimate acquaintance and friends, nor to procure for him the comforts or even the necessaries of life. He has descended to his grave with a dubious cha-

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racter;

rafter; and the only praise which can be accorded him by the warmest of his admirers, is that of an elegant and ingenious impostor.

For the satisfaction of those readers, who may wish to review the whole controversy at large, and for the information of posterity, I subjoin the most accurate list I have been able to procure of all the publications which have appeared on both sides.

A List of the various Publications upon the Subject of ROWLEY'S POEMS, *for* and *against* their *Authenticity*.

EDITIONS OF ROWLEY.

POEMS, supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the Fifteenth Century; the greatest Part now first published from the most authentic Copies, with an engraved Specimen of one of the MS. To which are added, a Preface, an Introductory Account of the several Pieces, and a Glossary. Ed. 8vo. 1777.

N. B. This Edition has been reprinted.

Ditto: with a Commentary, in which the Antiquity of them is considered and defended, by Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter. Ed. 4to. 1782.

THE

THE EIGHTH Section of Mr. Warton's Second Volume of the History of English Poetry, with the Notes to it.

REMARKS on the Eighth Section of Mr. Warton's Second Volume of the History of English Poetry.

Payne, Mews-Gate.

TWO Letters by the Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole; printed at Strawberry-hill.—Reprinted, (by his permission) in the Gentleman's Magazines for April, May, June, July, 1782.

APPENDIX, containing some Observations upon the Language of the Poems attributed to Rowley, tending to prove, that they were written not by any ancient Author, but entirely by Thomas Chatterton. *Payne, Mews-Gate.*

N. B. This Appendix is *now* generally annexed to the 8vo. Edition of Rowley's Poems.

OBSERVATIONS on the Poems attributed to Rowley, tending to prove, that they were really written by Him and other Ancient Authors. To which are added, Remarks on the Appendix of the Editor (of the 8vo. Ed). of Rowley's Poems. *Bathurst, Fleet-Street.*

OBSERVATIONS upon the Poems of Thomas Rowley; in which the Authenticity of those Poems is ascertained. By Jacob Bryant, Esq. *Payne, Mews-Gate, &c.*

CURSORY Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, a Priest in the fifteenth Century: with some Remarks on the Commentaries on these Poems, by the Reverend Dr. Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter, and Jacob Bryant, Esq. *Nichols and Walter, Charing-cross.*

AN ENQUIRY into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, in which, the Arguments of the

Dean of Exeter and Mr. Bryant are examined. By Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and F. S. A. *Dodfley, Pall-Mall.*

STRICTURES upon a Pamphlet entitled, "Curfory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley, a Priest in the Fifteenth Century." With a Postscript on Mr. Thomas Warton's Enquiry into the same Subject. By E. B. Greene, Esq. *Stockdale, Piccadilly.*

A VINDICATION of the APPENDIX to the Poems called Rowley's: In Reply to the Answers of the Dean of Exeter, Jacob Bryant Esq. and a third anonymous Writer; with some further observations upon those Poems, and an Examination of the Evidence which has been produced in Support of their Authenticity. By Thomas Tyrwhitt. *Payne, Mew's-Gate.*

AN ESSAY on the Evidence, External and Internal, relating to the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley and others, in the Fifteenth Century, containing a general View of the whole Controversy. By Thomas James Mathias. *Becket, Pall Mall.*

To which may be added various shorter Compositions on the Subject (too numerous to specify) inserted in the different monthly Magazines.

APPENDIX.

*The following Poem was copied from a manuscript
of CHATTERTON, and the Editor believes has
never before been presented to the Public.*

The ART of PUFFING,

By a BOOKSELLER's JOURNEYMAN.

VERS'D by experience in the subtle art,
The myst'ries of a title I impart :
Teach the young author how to please the town ;
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curl, immortal, never dying name,
A double pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop :
Who can like Pottinger ensure a book ?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke ?
Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again, to drain your purses dry :
Nor yet unrivall'd they ; see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts and hums :
The honorable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do ?

The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like bookfellers, the world's first idol—gain :
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiment tho' trite, divine ;
For this, the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains :
For this was every reader's faith deceiv'd,
And Edmund swore what nobody believ'd :
For this the wits in close disguises fight ;
For this the varying politicians write ;
For this each month new magazines are sold,
With dullness fill'd and transcripts of the old.
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of wit :
Apeing her walk, the same success to find,
The Court and City hobbles far behind :
Sons of Apollo learn, merit's no more
Than a good frontispiece to grace her door ;
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dullness sell ;
Flexney and every bookfeller will buy, —
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

V A M P.

July 22, 1770.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

O F

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

L E T T E R I.

London, April 26, 1770.

Dear Mother,

HERE I am, safe, and in high spirits
—To give you a journal of my tour
would not be unnecessary. After riding
in the basket to Brislington, I mounted
the top of the coach, and rid easy; and
agreeably entertained with the conversa-
tion of a quaker *in dress*, but little so in
personals and behaviour. This laughing
friend, who is a carver, lamented his
having sent his tools to Worcester, as
otherwise he would have accompanied me

to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty fast, I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-ho complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him.—Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time*.

Got

Got into London about five o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodfley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design;—shall soon be settled. — Call upon Mr. Lambert; shew him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home. — Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember.—I remain,

Your dutiful son,

T. Chatterton.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

Shoreditch, London, May 6, 1770.

Dear Mother,

I am surpris'd that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the bookfellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another
bookfeller

bookfeller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol!—Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet.—Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of praise; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a
common

common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers—Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and, with it, the greatest dunce live in splendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant man of war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news from him yet.—I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, yours, &c.

T. Chatterton.

P. S. I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister Thorne, &c.

Sunday morning,

For

For Mr. T. C A R Y.

I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's Magazine. When you have any thing for publication, send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgements. But I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance.

Your friend,

T. C.

Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row.

Mr. H E N R Y K A T O R.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at
the

the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row—shall find a place in some Magazine, or other ; as I am engaged in many.

Your friend,

T. Chatterton.

Mr. WILLIAM SMITH.

When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row, and it shall most certainly appear.

Your friend,

T. C.

Mrs. BAKER.

The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possible Rymfdyk's address.

(Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street.)

Mr. MASON.

Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall

shall appear in some Magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row.

Your friend,

T. Chatterton.

Mr. MAT. MEASE.

Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future.

T. Chatterton.

T E L L —

Mr. Thaire	Mr. Rudhall	Mr. Ward
Mr. Gaster	Mr. Thomas	Mr. Kalo
Mr. A. Broughton	Mr. Carty	Mr. Smith
Mr. J. Broughton	Mr. Hanmor	&c. &c.
Mr. Williams	Mr. Vaughan	

to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

LETTER

L E T T E R I I I .

King's Bench, for the present, May 14, 1770.

Dear Madam,

Don't be surprized at the name of the place. I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly : Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident : His successors in the Freeholder's Magazine, knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury Lane, Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman

man

man in Cheapſide; partner in a muſic ſhop, the greateſt in the city. Hearing I could write, he deſired me to write a few ſongs for him: this I did the ſame night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. Theſe he ſhewed to a Doctor in Muſic, and I am invited to treat with this Doctor, on the footing of a compoſer, for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!*—Beſides the advantage of viſiting theſe expenſive and polite places gratis; my vanity will be fed with the ſight of my name in copper-plate, and my ſiſter will receive a bundle of printed ſongs, the words by her brother. Theſe are not all my acquiſitions: a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I ſpeak no tongue but my own!—But to return once more to a place I am

R

ſickened

sickened to write of, Bristol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed me : now I have that for my labour, I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still, my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it ; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mention. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

I will get some patterns worth your acceptance ; and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition.—My box shall be attended to ; I hope my books are in it—if not, send them ; and particularly Catcott's Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the M.S. Glossary, composed of one small book, annexed to a larger.—My
sister

sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milleners, &c. that I have almost forgot myself.—Carty will think on me: upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly starve by it; but he must have luck indeed, who can live by it.—Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well, as an old acquaintance, to send me her address.—London is not Bristol—We may patrol the town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal.—If she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her: may she be refused, when she shall request! Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lap-

pet says, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bed-fellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married.—But mum—Ask Miss Suky Webb the rest; if she knows, she'll tell ye.—I beg her pardon for revealing the secret; but when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it.—Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody else: I hope she is well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finished his languishing lectures, I hope she will see her amoroso next Sunday.—If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done.—Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened without

my

my consent. I did not give her this assurance when in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her *furious* brother. Inquire, when you can, how Miss Broughton received her billet. Let my sister send me a journal of all the transactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the same name. I promised, before my departure, to write to some hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you. As to Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But

here matters are otherwise; had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works. — In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any persons in Bristol: one, indeed, has obliged me; but, as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation. — My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall: but, as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous. Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius: in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable. — Inform Mr. Rhise that nothing shall be wanting, on my
part,

part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground.—Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford relative to the Trinity-House; but his Grace is dangerously ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the state of health I left her in. I am Miss Webb's humble servant. Thorne shall not be forgot, when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B's not being able to inform me of Mr. Garfed's address, through the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning.

I remain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Monday Evening.

Thomas Chatterton.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmfley's, at Shoreditch—only.)

L E T T E R IV.

Tom's Coffee-house, London, May 30, 1770.

Dear Sister,

There is such a noise of business and politicks in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here, is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress; I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch one indeed), who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches: I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be 50l. per annum.

I shall

I shall have, likewise, no inconsiderable premium; and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage: I will send you two silks this summer; and expect, in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous History of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the coffee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it: but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The Manuscript Glossary, I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5000 l. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating
and

and addressing the King: but it will be a piece of news, to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his Lordship, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his Lordship, to have his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret——But the devil of the matter is, there's no money to be got of this side the question. Interest is of the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and, if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East-India Director, as qualified

fied for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land. I went yesterday to Woolwich, to see Mr. Wensley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleasing sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital and St. Paul's Cathedral are the only structures which could reconcile me to any thing out of the Gothic. Mr. Carty will hear from me soon: multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse.—I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sandford, in the misfortune of Mrs. Carty: my physical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the whim of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when

when the sun is in the summer signs, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the head-ach is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday last, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redclift, to procure a more compleat view of Redclift church? My compliments to Miss Thatcher: if I am in love, I am; though the devil take me, if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt she reveres; "If you had not ploughed with my heifer" (or bulleck rather), "you had not found out my riddle." Humbly thanking Miss

Rumsey

Rumsey for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

Essay-writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author enquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms. Essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

A patriot was my occupation,

It got me a name but no pelf:

Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,

I begg'd for the good of myself.

Fal, lal, &c.

I told

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.

Fal, lal, &c.

—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it. To return to private affairs——Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are hardly worth the carriage——methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother, and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both

both happy; when it is in my power to make them so, they shall be so; and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb, and Miss Thorne; I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,

Thomas Chatterton.

P. S. I am this minute pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a Hackney-coach. — I am quite in love: if my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next.

L E T T E R V.

June 19, 1770.

Dear Sister,

I have an horrid cold — The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night

night (or rather very early Monday morning), I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night: when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favorite bedlamite song. The hum-drum of the voice so struck me, that though I was obliged to listen a long while before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satirized.—

“ I put my hand into a bush: I prick'd
“ my finger to the bone: I saw a ship
“ sailing along: I thought the sweetest
“ flowers to find:” and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray.—I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash; resolved to be satisfied, whether or no it
was

was the identical Miss Hill, *in propria persona*.——But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know), that she was now singing herself asleep. This somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet echo of Miss Hill's, that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it hers —— There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

This part of the letter, for some lines, is not legible.

. the morning) from Marybone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's inns of Court.——There was one similitude it would be injustice

to let slip. A drunken fishman, who sells soufe mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all two-penny ordinaries; as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three halfpence the piece: this itinerant merchant, this moveable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for a while; and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid half a dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep; this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's song of

“ Says Plato, who oy oy oy should man be vain ?”

However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself has a dish of four sauce served up in it; for I have a most horrible wheezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured so cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of risibility.

L E T T E R VI.*

Dear Mother,

I send you in the box—fix cups and saucers with two basons, for my sister—If a china tea pot and cream pot, is in your opinion, necessary, I will send them, but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that the red china, which you are provided with, is more in use—a cargo of patterns, for yourself, with a snuff box, right French and very curious in my opinion.

S 2

Two

* Chatterton had probably changed his lodging a little before he wrote this letter. It is a remarkable passage where he says, he wishes she had sent him up his red pocket book, “as ’tis very material.” “More graver,” in the 13th line, confirms Mr. Bryant’s opinion, p. 481, “that he was not well grounded in the first principles of Grammar.”

Two fans—the silver one, is more graver than the other, which would suit my sister best——But that I leave to you both.

Some British herb snuff, in the box; be careful how you open it—(This I omit lest it injure the other matters)

Some British herb tobacco for my grandmother, some trifles for Thorne. Be assured whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify, that I remember you——

Yours,

July 8, 1770.

T. Chatterton.

N. B.—I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas——

I could have wished, you had sent my red pocket book, as 'tis very material

I bought two very curious twisted pipes for my grandmother; but both breaking; I was afraid to buy others lest they should
break

break in the box; and being loose, injure the china. Have you heard any thing further of the clearance——

Direct for me at Mrs. Angels', Sack-maker, Brooke Street, Holborn.

“Mrs. Chatterton.”

L E T T E R VII.

Dear Sister,

I have sent you some china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold. I went into the shop to buy it: but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw—dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants, my wants; and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sandford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c. &c. &c.

As

As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly: when the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines :

Gospel Magazine,

Town and Country, viz.

Maria Friendless.

False Step.

Hunter of Oddities,

To Miss Bush, &c.

Court and City. London. Political Register, &c. &c.

The Christian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying——I remain,

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 11, 1770.

L E T-

L E T T E R VIII.

I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st of January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns.—Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance:—my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself to go into a comptroller, could have had twenty places before now:—but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon——and more to the purpose.

Yours,

T. C.

20th July, 1770.

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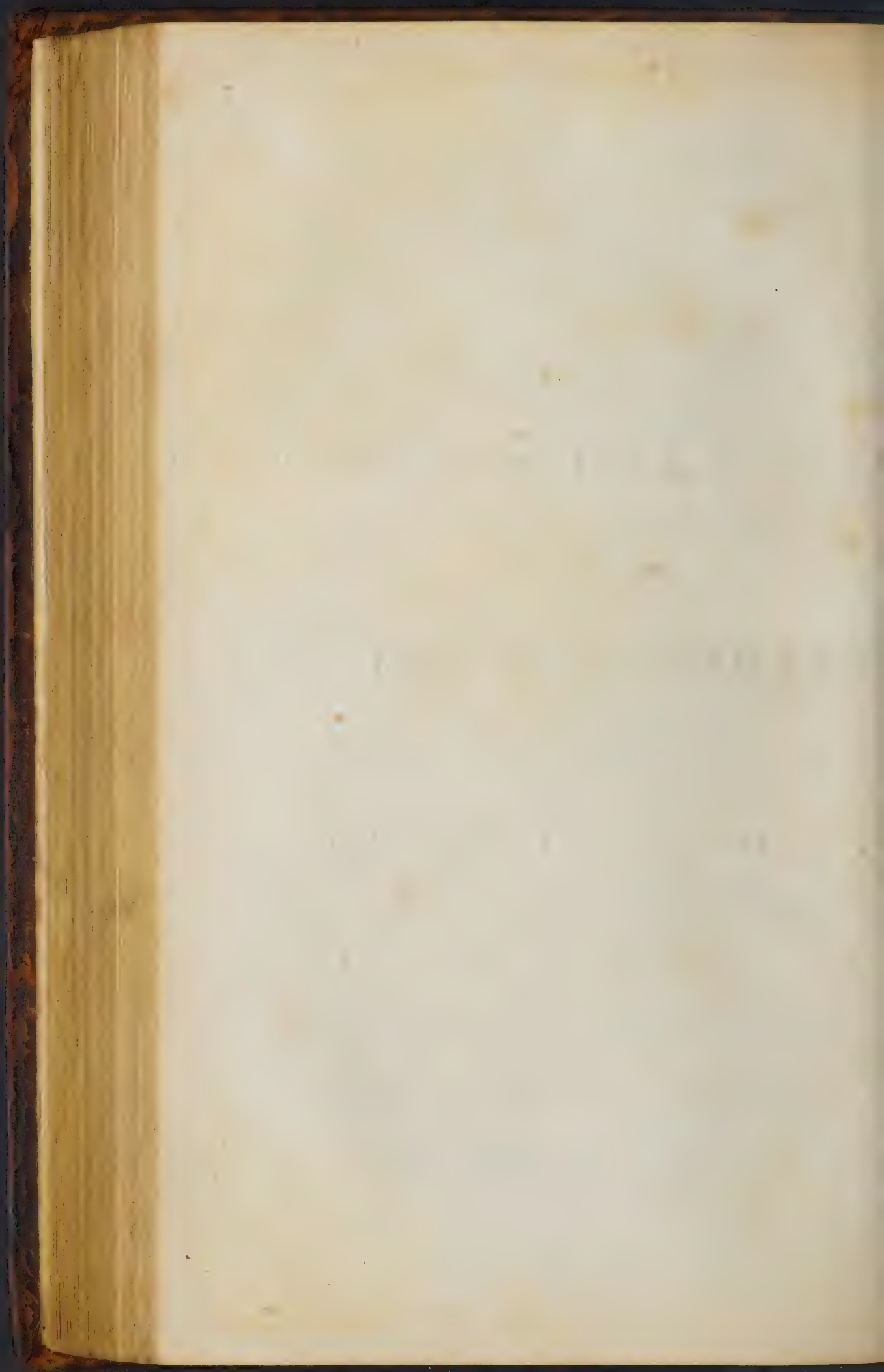
MISCELLANIES

I N

PROSE AND VERSE;

B Y

THOMAS CHATTERTON.





Sketch for the late
ALDERMAN BECKFORD'S STATUE.

See Chatterton's Works Page 142

MISCELLANIES

I N

PROSE AND VERSE;

B Y

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

THE SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE POEMS

PUBLISHED UNDER THE NAMES

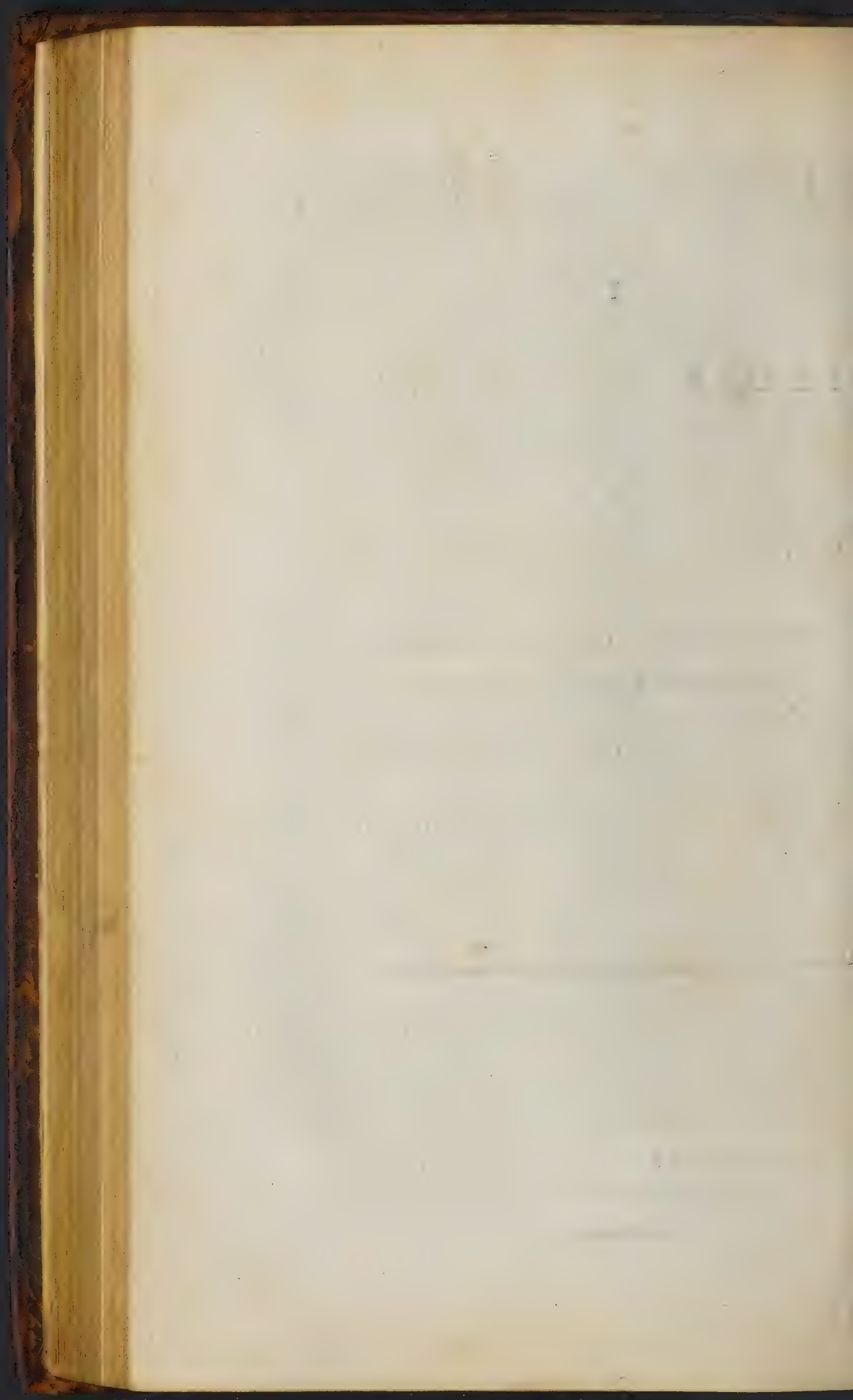
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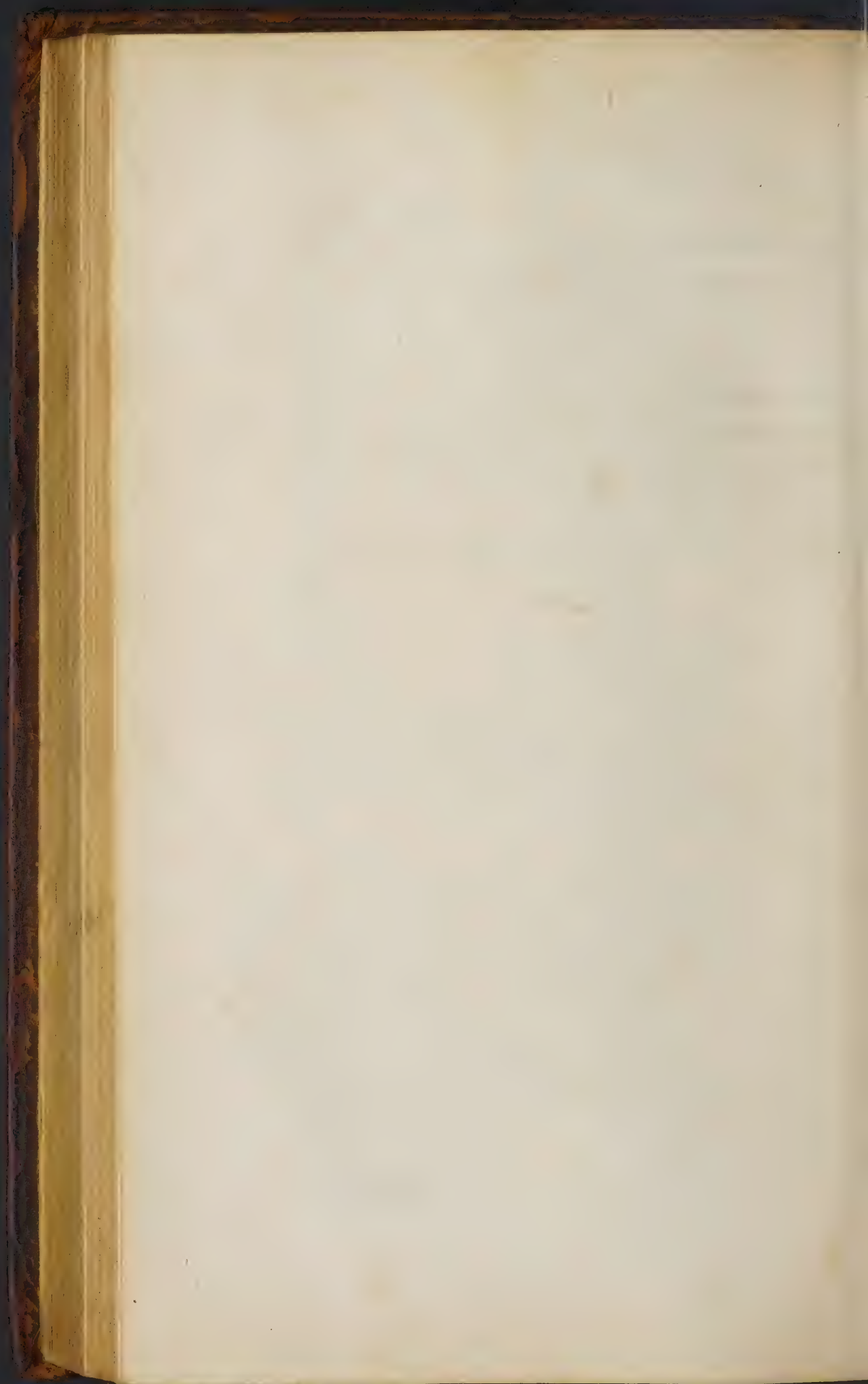
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P R E F A C E.

THE disputes which have taken place in the learned world, respecting those poems which were published some time ago under the names of Rowley and Canning, are still undetermined; notwithstanding all the arguments brought on one side to support their authenticity, and on the other to prove them the forgeries of a young literary adventurer, the question is still brought to no conclusion, and as the partisans of each hypothesis declare themselves unconvinced by the evidences of the other, the matter may be considered as yet involved in doubt and obscurity. The following collection of pieces are liable to none of the objections which are made to the other. They are the genuine and ac-

known productions of Thomas Chatterton; a person whose genius and abilities, exercised at a very early period of life, will no less command the respect of posterity, than they have excited the attention, and divided the sentiments of the ablest judges of the present age.

With respect to Rowley's poems, the prevailing opinion seems to be, that they were actually written by Chatterton: for though the antique manner in which they were clothed, had served greatly to disguise them, yet it could not but be observed that that the smoothness of the versification, and the frequent * traces of imitation of later writers,

* The argument arising from the coincidences which might be pointed out between the supposed ancient poems and later writers, hath not been attended to in the manner it deserves. It would be more decisive

writers, were utterly inconsistent with the idea of their being the productions of the fifteenth century. These circumstances did not escape the observation of many gentlemen at their first appearance; but that forgeries should be attempted by one who had not reached the age of seventeen years, and that these attempts should be conducted with a degree of skill and judgment, which obliged the most intelligent to doubt, and

cifive than any other yet made use of. Let any person compare the parallel passages lately pointed out by a writer in the *St. James's Chronicle*, No. 2671, May 21, 1778, and at the same time advert to the rules laid down by bishop Hurd, for the discovery of imitations, and he will not hesitate to acknowledge, that the writer of Rowley's poems certainly lived in the present century. As this letter will be considered as a curiosity by all who interest themselves concerning the authenticity of those poems, and as it is not readily to be referred to, being printed only in a newspaper, we have subjoined it to the present publication.*†

† See page xxiv.

at the same time almost compelled the most doubtful to assent, seemed to be hardly within the reach of probability; it rather, in the opinion of many, bordered on impossibility.

It hath been presumed, though without duly weighing circumstances, that it would be a wild conjecture to suppose a young, and almost uneducated man, was capable of conducting a complicated fraud, which required applications very different from those which the season of his life, and his means of information seemed to point out, and at the same time such a course of study as is very seldom pursued until a more advanced period. But before this is granted, it should be recollected that he was, as Mr. Warton* observes, *a singular instance of a prematurity*

* Additions to History of Poetry, vol. II.

of abilities, and that he had acquired a store of general information far exceeding his years; that he possessed a comprehension of mind, and activity of understanding, which predominated over his situations in life, and his opportunities of instruction. When these facts are remembered, it will not be considered so very incredible; and the history of the human mind will furnish many examples of a maturity of judgment in persons at as early an age, which will diminish the surprise which must at the first glance impress every person who reflects upon this extraordinary phenomenon. It should be recollected, before we pronounce decisively upon this subject, that there have been instances almost as extraordinary as that we have now under consideration. Dr. Wotton, at the age of six years, acquired a considerable knowledge in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues; and Dr. Johnson

has

has given the life of one * who mastered five languages at the age of nine years. These acquisitions are certainly as wonderful as Chatterton's knowledge of the obsolete language of the 15th and 16th centuries, which he was known to be fond of, and to which he had particularly applied his attention. Nor should the contrivance of such a fraud be deemed beyond the reach of one who possessed such abilities. It is known that a person who was distinguished by the name of Psalmanazar, in the beginning of the present century, fabricated a new language, and actually succeeded in imposing upon some of the most intelligent and inquisitive persons of the times, who were equally as desirous, as able to detect the imposture, had it not been managed with a degree of art which eluded all their vigilance.

* John Phillip Barretier.

It will hardly be denied, that acquisitions like those we have before mentioned are equally surprising with any which Chatterton is supposed to have reached ; unless the invention of new characters for a language, or the difficulties of obtaining an accurate knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, are more easy to overcome than to imitate the manner of writing in the time of Edward the fourth. But instances may be produced of persons whose extent of intelligence hath been as great in subjects more abstruse, and not less out of the common walk, than those to which Chatterton devoted his attention. It will be sufficient to name the celebrated Crichton, and M. Servin, mentioned by Sully, between both whom and our author a resemblance might be discovered, as well in their astonishing abilities, as in those defects which marked the private

I characters

characters of each of these young adventurers.

As the present publication consists of pieces of which not the smallest doubt was ever entertained of their being genuine, it is totally unnecessary here to enter into any argument either to support or invalidate those proofs which have been adduced of the authenticity of the supposed ancient poems; and it is the less incumbent on the present editor, as the public hath lately received entire satisfaction on that head from the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the first collection of this writer's works. It may not however be unnecessary to add a few words, in order to compleat the short account given by that gentleman of so extraordinary a personage, who may be considered as the literary phenomenon of the times, and whose genius, if it had been properly fostered and encouraged, might have carried English literature

ture to as high a pitch as any author in the present century. One can scarce avoid drawing a parallel upon the present occasion, from the similitude of circumstances between our author and the great father of the English stage; the one obliged to cramp and abase his genius to the ideas and taste of a barbarous audience; the other, from necessity, compelled to obey the mandates of the directors of our monthly publications, equally dogmatical, ignorant and insipid.

The former editor hath already set forth the few circumstances, relative to his author, which he possessed in common, with other men. The time of his birth, and death; the names of his parents, his profession, and the confined mode of his education, are all accurately stated. It is to be regretted, that he permitted, the *sang-froid* of the antiquary, to repress, that
b warmth,

warmth, which the excellence of his author might have been expected to excite; surely, that excellence demanded some few words of commendation: it is also to be lamented that he did not enter more minutely into the disposition and circumstances of one whom he could not but respect as an author, however he might dislike his character, as a man: and here it must be confessed, Chatterton appears to us in the most unfavourable point of view. He possessed all the vices and irregularities of youth, and his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities. Although he was of a profession which might be said to accelerate his pursuits in antiquities, yet so averse was he to that profession, that he could never overcome it. One of his first efforts, to emerge from a situation so irksome to him, was an application to a gentleman well known in the republic of letters; which

which unfortunately for the public, and himself, met with a very cold reception; and which the disappointed author always spoke of with a high degree of acrimony, whenever it was mentioned to him.

After his quitting Bristol, he was engaged to assist Mr. Northhook, in a history of London, then publishing in numbers, and, at the same time, was daily writing some piece for the magazines. Every effort appears to have been insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and very soon after he settled in London, his distress became so great, that he meditated a design of going to Senegal. * This intention was never executed. He continued drudging for the booksellers a few months, when at last, oppressed with poverty and disease, in

* See Poem to Miss Bush page 85.

a fit of despair, he put an end to his existence in the month of August 1770, with a dose of poison,

Such was the wretched life, and such the fatal end, of one who, had he not prematurely finished his days, had bidden fair to do the highest honours to English literature. The reader will anticipate every reflection of regret which can be made upon this occasion; and while he sympathizes with the unfortunate, he will lament that one who is allowed to have been, as Mr. Warton expresses it, “a prodigy of genius,” should, by the mere dint of distress, be tempted to rid himself of an insupportable existence. He will feel himself hurt at the idea that no notice should be taken of one who the last mentioned writer pronounces would have proved the first of English poets, had he reached a maturer age; and perhaps

haps he may feel some indignation against the person to whom his first application was made, and by whom he was treated with neglect and contempt. It were to be wished that the public was fully informed of all the circumstances attending that unhappy application; the event of which deprived the world of works which might have contributed to the honour of the nation, as well as the comfort and happiness of their unfortunate author.

It is observed, by the elegant writer before quoted, that some of the verses contained in the following miscellany, which are those written by their author *without any design to deceive, have been judged to be most astonishing productions by the first critic of the present age.* After such a judgment it cannot be mentioned without exciting wonder, that writings which

deserve such a character, should continue undistinguished amidst the trash of monthly compilations. A striking similarity may be observed between them and their author, both having met with a fate very unworthy their merit, equally contemned and despised ; he, living and dying in obscurity ; they, remaining neglected and almost unknown.

That they may hereafter stand a monument of the application and abilities of an unfortunate man, untimely lost to himself and to the public, one who had a slight knowledge of him in his life time, but not enough to be acquainted with his merits, until too late, who considers the neglect which hath been shewn to these his acknowledged works, as an imputation on the taste and curiosity of the age, hath employed a few leisure hours in collecting the following
miscel-

miscellany, which he trusts, after such respectable opinions as are before quoted, will not require either excuse or apology, but on the contrary, will entitle him to the acknowledgments of those readers whose candour will induce them to applaud the marks of genius which may be found herein, and at the same time make every due allowance for those imperfections which haste, or the unhappy circumstances in which many of them were written, would have given the author, had he been living, a title to expect and demand.

Bristol, June 20,
1778.

J. B.

To the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

S I R,

AFTER the opinion which the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton has delivered, concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley, it may be expected that those who maintain a contrary doctrine, should publish some arguments in support of it. For my part I shall rather employ memory than sagacity on this subject, and have no weight to throw into either scale, except the following parallels ; observing at the same time, how extraordinary it is that so many coincidences should be discoverable between Shakespeare, Dryden, &c. and Rowley, whose name was never heard of till within these ten years past.

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse,
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face de-
peyncte. *Eclogue I. p. 5.*

When I shall wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask.

K. Henry IV. part I.

The tournament begynnes ; the hammerrs founde.

Tourn. p. 28.

The armourers accomplishing the knights
With clink of hammers closing rivets up, &c.

K. Henry V.

And teares beganne to flowe.

Syr C. Bawdin, p. 49.

And tears began to flow.

Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke

Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe. *Syr C. Bawdin, p. 56.*

For on the rope that hangs my dear

Depends poor Polly's life.

Beggar's Opera.

Whie art thou all that poyntelle canne bewreene ?

Ælla, p. 76.

Is she not more than painting can exprefs ?

Fair Penitent.

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vysage

sheene.

Ælla, p. 76.

Your noble sprytes

Speke yn youre eyne.

Ibidem. p. 123.

Your spirits shine through you.

Macbeth.

Without

Without wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde. *Ælla, p. 90.*

Lovely woman ! nature made thee
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
Venice Preserv'd.

And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych
woe. *Ælla, p. 93.*

And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Pope's Iliad, book XXI.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes
face. *Ælla, p. 105.*

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
Othello.

Thou fyghtest anente maydens, and ne menne.
Ælla, p. 110.

Philip fought men, but Alexander women.
Lee's Alexander.

Fen-vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere.
Ælla, p. 113.

Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast, &c. *K. Lear.*

Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome !

Ælla, p. 114.

My name be blotted from the book of life !

K. Richard II.

Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge yield yer
breathe.

Ælla, p. 126.

Then plung'd into the stream with deep despair,
And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.

Dryden's Virgil, book XII.

O forr a spryte al feere !

Ælla, p. 128.

O for a muse of fire !

K. Henry V.

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne.

Ælla, p. 130.

And thickening round him rise the hills of dead.

Pope's Iliad.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,

Whyte his rode as the sommer snowe.

Ælla, p. 136.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his pole.

Hamlet.

My

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gone to hys death-bedde. *Ælla, p. 136.*
 No, no, he is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

Brynge me a stede wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte.
Ælla, p. 140.
 Oh, for a horse with wings ! *Cymbeline.*

Yee goddes, how ys a loverres temper formed !
 Sometymes the samme thyng wyll both bane and
 blesse. *Ælla, p. 140.*
 With what unequal tempers are we form'd ;
 Ope day the foul, &c. *Fair Penitent.*

Maie ne thie crofs stone of thie cryme bewree !
 Maie all menne ken thy valoure, fewe thie mynde !
Ælla, p. 159.

Take thy praise with thee to Heaven,
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph.
K. Henry IV. part I.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle my spryte ;
 Mie honnoure, &c.

Mie

Mie hommeur yette somme *drybblet joie* maie fynde.

Ælla, p. 166.

Had it pleas'd Heaven

To try me with affliction:

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience.

Othello.

Unburled, undelievre, unespryte, *Goddwyn, p. 179.*

Unhousel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd.

Hamlet.

To the skyes

The dailie contekes of the londe ascende.

The wyddowe, fahdrelesse and bondemennes cries,

Acheke the mokie aire, and Heaven astende.

Goddwyn, p. 180.

Every day

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike Heaven on the face.

Macbeth.

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyfte.

Goddwyn, p. 195.

——In his right hand

Grasping ten thousand thunders.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book VI.

Their foules from corpses unaknell'd depart.

Battle of Hastings, p. 223.

Pope read *unaknell'd* for *unaneal'd* in

Hamlet.

O, Chryste, it is a grief for me to telle.

Battle of Hastings, p. 210.

O, Chrifte, my very hart doth bleed.

Chevy Chase.

That he the *sleeve unravels* all their fate!

Battle of Hastings, p. 218.

Ravell'd sleeve of care.

Macbeth.

The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett

Estfoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.

Battle of Hastings, p. 219.

The grey-goose wing that was thereon.

In his heart's blood was wet.

Chevy Chase.

His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Battle of Hastings, p. 227.

And the disdainful soul came rushing through the
wound.

Dryden's Virgil, book XII,

While life and dethe strove for the masterrie.

Battle of Hastings, p. 230.

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

Macbeth.

Like

Like cloudes of carnage. *Battle of Hastings* p. 251.

Clouds of Carnage blot the sun. *Gray's Ode.*

He closd his eyne in everlastynge nyghte.

Battle of Hastings, p. 251.

Clos'd his eyes in endless night. *Gray's Ode.*

Ah, what avayld the lyons on his creste !

Battle of Hastings, p. 251.

Ah, what avail his glossy varying dyes,

His purple crest, &c. *Pope's Windsor Forest.*

As *ouphant* faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,

In littel circles daunce upon the greene,

All living creatures flie far from their syghte,

Ne by the *race of destinie* be seen ;

For what he be that *ouphant* faeries stryke,

Their soules will wander, &c.

Battle of Hastings, p. 232.

You moonshine revellers and shades of night,

You *ouphen heirs* of fixed destiny, &c.

——He who speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and couch, no man their works must eye.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Warb. edit.

These

These parallel passages, Mr. Baldwin, occurred to me on casually looking over the poems imputed to Rowley ; but some of your ingenious correspondents, who peruse them with greater attention, may furnish you with conformities continued through many particulars of superior consequence and notoriety.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISCEL.

MISCELLANIES.

The following piece, being the first which is known of Chatterton's productions, we have placed it before the others in this collection, as it will afford some gratification to many readers to compare the earliest effort of his invention with the other works which he afterwards produced.

To the Printer of Farly's Bristol Journal.

October 1, 1768.

The following description of the Fryars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Yours,

DUNELMUS BRISTOLNENSIS.

ON Fridaie was the time fixed for passing the new-brydge. Aboute the time of tollynge the tenth clocke, Master Greggoire Dalbenye
B mounted

mounted on a fergreyne horſe, informed Maſter Mouer all thynges were prepared, when two Beadils want fyrſt ſtreying ſtre. Next came a manne dreſſed up as follows, hoſe of gootſkyne crinepart outwards, doublette & waifcoat, alſo over which a white robe without fleeves, much like an albe but not ſo long, reachinge but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left ſhoulder, rechede alſo to his hands on the right & doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden buckle dangled to his knee, thereby repreſentinge a Saxon earlderman.

In his hands he bare a ſhield, the maiſtre of Gille a Brogton, who painted the ſame, repreſentinge Sainte Warburgh croſſinge the foord; then a mickle ſtrong man in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came fix claryons & fix minſtrels, who ſong the ſong of Sainte Warburgh. Then came Maſter Maier mounted on a white horſe dight with fable trappyns wrought about by the Nunnes of Saint Kenna, with gould and Silver, his hayre braded with ribbons & a chapeiron with the auntient armes of Briſtowe faſtened on his forehead. Maſter Mair bare in his hande a goulden rodde, & a congean ſquire bare in his hande, his helmet waulkinge by the ſyde of the horſe. Then came the earlderman & city broders,
mounted

OVER THE OLD BRIDGE.

3

mounted on fabyell horfes dyght with white trap-pyngs & plumes & scarlet caps & chaperons having thereon fable plumes; after them, the preists & frears, parish mendicant & secular, some fyingge Sainte Warburghs fonge, others foundynge clarions thereto & others some citrialles.

In thilke manner reachynge the brydge the manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst top of a mounde, yreed in the midst of the brydge, than went up the manne with the sheelde, after him the minstrels & clarions; and then the preestes & freeres all in white albes, making a most goodly shewe, the maier & earldermen standinge rounde, they fonge with the found of claryons, the fonge of Sainte Baldwyne, which being done, the manne on the top threw with great myght his anlace into the sea & the clarions founded an auncient charge & forloyne. Then theie song again the song of Sainte Warburge, & proceeded up Xts hill to the crosse, where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, & with found of clarion theye againe went to the brydge & there dined, spendynge the rest of the daye in sports & plaies, the freers of Sainte Augustyne doing the play of

B 2

the

the knights of Brystow meekynge a great fire at
night on Kynslate hill.*

* See the preface to the volume of poems supposed to be
written by Rowley, pag. 6, where Mr. Catcott's account of
this paper is printed.

E T H E L G A R,

A S A X O N P O E M.

TIS not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a fable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood: whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michel-stow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning?—Know, O man! That God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some, are blessings: and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword.—Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand

firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee; thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks; bright as the star of the evening; tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain; soft as the showers of dew, that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar arose, the glory of * Exanceastre: noble were his ancestors, as the palace of the great Kenric; his soul, with the lark, every morning ascended the skies; and sported in the clouds: when stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain, closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray; he sung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions; the stars danced to his song; the rolling years, in various mantles drest, confessed him man. —He saw Egwina of the vale; his soul was astonished, as the Britons who fled before the sword of Kenric; she was tall as the towering elm; stately as a black cloud bursting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and
sweet

* Exeter.

sweet as the morning breeze ; beauteous as the sun ; blushing like the vines of the west ; her soul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar ; her soft soul melted as the flying snow before the sun. The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when Ælgar saw the light ; he was like a young plant upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a cloud ; he felt the strength of his fire ; and, swift as the lightnings of Heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun ; who, stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew ; Ælgar arose from sleep ; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase. As waters swiftly falling down a craggy rock, so raged young Ælgar thro' the wood ; the wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars ; he roared like the voice of the tempest ; hunger made him furious, and and he fled like a falling meteor to the war. Like a thunderbolt tearing the black rock, Ælgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and seizing Ælgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed. —The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and

Egwina wept.—They wept like the rains of the spring ; sorrow sat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death : but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun arose to the highest of his power ; the apple perfumed the gale ; and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky. The flowers grew beneath their feet ; the trees spread out their leaves ; the sun played upon the rolling brook ; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the sun ; the winds roared like the noise of a battle ; the swift hail descended to the ground ; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark brown corners of the sky ; the thunder shook the lofty mountains ; the tall towers nodded to their foundations ; the bending oaks divided the whistling wind ; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Egwina sought the sacred shade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came ; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring ; the lightnings

nings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face : the shades of death swam before her eyes ; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock : the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Main-dip ; the waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the fable sand ; wild as the evening wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapors in the valley of the dead : horror sat upon his brow ; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air ; the black clouds fled from the sky ; the sun gilded the spangling meadows ; the lofty pine stood still ; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind ; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal ; as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beech, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night—Know, O man ! said the member of the blessed, to submit to the will of
 God ;

God; he is terrible as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations ; gentle as the sacred covering of the oak ; secret as the bottom of the great deep ; just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as he is great. The holy vision disappeared as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin ; there he flourishes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

Bristol, March 4, 1769.

D. B.

KEN-

K E N R I C K.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

WHEN winter yelled through the leafless grove ; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the sun ; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain ; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless trees bent with the loads of ice ; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky ; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain ; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in fable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide plain ; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening

ing wolf, drew his sword ; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso ; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds : his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest ; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames ; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaming for prey.

Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy spear ; terrible was his voice, great was his strength ; he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies ; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

Awake, O Eldulph ! Thou that sleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women ; no more pursue the dark-brown wolf ; arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters ; let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle ; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward,

Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea : pursue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along ; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons ; Tenyan bled at his feet ; like the red lightning of heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend ; the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle ; like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain:

The

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins! arise and welcome back the pursuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.

Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him.

Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the willow, sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.

C E R D I C K,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

THE rose-crowned dawn dances on the top
of the lofty hill. Arise, O Cerdick, from
thy mossy bed, for the noise of the chariots is
heard in the valleys.

Ye Saxons, draw the sword, prepare the flying
dart of death : swift as the glancing light meet the
foe upon the brow of the hill, and cast the war-
riors headlong into the roaring stream.

The swords of the Saxons appear on the high
rock, like the lake of death reflecting the beams
of the morning sun.

The Britons begin to ascend the ragged frag-
ments of the shrinking rock : thick as the hail in
the howling storm, driven down the mountain's
side, the son of the tempest ; the chariot, and the
horse roll in confusion to the blood-stained vale.

Sons of war, descend, let the river be swelled
with the smoking streams of life, and the mountain
of the slain ascend to the stars.

They fall beneath the spear of Cerdick.

Sledda is a flame of fire. Kenbert scatters the
never-erring shaft of death. Ælle is a tempest,
a cloud bursting in blood, a winter's wind blasting
the soul: his knees are encircled with life-
warm gore, his white robe is like the morning
sky. Ceaulin's spear is exalted like the star of
the evening; his fallen enemies rise in hills around
him.

The actions of Cerdick astonish the soul; the
foe is melted from the field, and the gods have
lost their sacrifice.

Cerdick leans upon his spear, he sings the praises
of the gods: let the image be filled with the bodies
of the dead, for the foe is swept away like
purple bloom of the grape, no more to be seen.
The sacred flames ascend the clouds, the warriors
dance around it. The evening slowly throws her
dusky vale over the face of the sun.

Cerdick

Cerdick arose in his tent.

Ye sons of war, who shake the silver javelin and the pointed shield, arise from the soft slumbers of the night, assemble to council at the tent of Cerdick.

From the dark-brown spring, from the verdant top of the impending rock, from the flowery vale, and the coppiced heath, the chiefs of the war arose.

Graceful as the flower that overlooks the silver stream, the mighty Cerdick stood among the warriors: attention seals up their lips.

Why will ye sleep, ye Saxons, whilst the hanging mountain of fortune trembles over our heads; Let us gird on the reeking sword, and wrap in flame the town of Doranceastre: strong as the foundation of the earth, swift as the impetuous stream, deadly as the corrupted air, sudden as the whirlwind piercing to the hidden bed of the sea, armed in the red lightnings of the storm, will we come upon the foe. Prepare the sword and shield, and follow the descendant of Woden.

C

As

As when the fable clouds incessantly descend in rivers of rain to the wood-crowned hills, the foundation of the ground is loosened, and the forest gently slides to the valley, such was the appearance of the warriors, moving to the city of Doranceastre: the spears appeared like the stars of the black night, their spreading shields like the evening sky.

Turn your eyes, O ye Saxons, to the distant mountain: on the spreading top a company is seen; they are like the locusts of the East, like a dark-brown cloud expanding in the wind: they come down the hills like the stones of hail; the javelin nods over the helm; death sports in their shadows. They are children of Woden: see the god of battle fans the air, the red sword waves in their banner. Ye sons of battle, wait their approach, let their eyes be feasted with the chaplets of victory.

It is Kenrick! I see the lightning on his shield! his eyes are two stars, his arm is the arrow of death! he drinks the blood of the foe, as the rays of the summer sun drink the softly stealing brook: he moves like the moon, attended by the stars;

stars ; his blood-stained robe flies around him, like the white clouds of the evening, tinged with the red beams of the sinking sun.

See the chaplet hangs on his helm : shade him,
O ye sons of war, with the pointed shield.

Kenrick approaches ; the shields of the brave hang over his head. He speaks ; attention dances on the ear.

Son of Woden, receive a conquering son ; the bodies of the slain rise in mountains ; the ashes of the towns choak up the river ; the roaring stream of Severn is filled with the slaughtered sons of thunder ; the warriors hang upon the cliffs of the red rocks ; the mighty men, like the sacrifice of yesterday, will be seen no more ; the briars shall hide the plain ; the grass dwell in the desolate habitation ; the wolf shall sleep in the palace, and the fox in the temple of the gods ; the sheep shall wander without a shepherd, and the goats be scattered in the high mountains, like the furrows on the bank of the swelling flood ; the enemies are swept away ; the gods are glutted with blood, and peace arises from the solitary grove.

Joy wantons in the eye of Cerdick. By the powers that fend the tempest, the red lightning, and roaring thunder ; by the God of war, whose delight is in blood, and who preys upon the souls of the brave ; by the powers of the great deep, I swear that Kenrick shall sit on my throne, guide the sanguine spear of war, and the glittering sceptre of peace.

Cerdick girds his son with the sword of royalty : The warriors dance around him ; the clanging shields echo to the distant vales ; the fires ascend the skies ; the town of Doranceastre increases the flame, and the great image is red with the blood of the captives : the cries of the burning foe are drowned in the songs of joy ; the ashes of the image are scattered in the air, the bones of the foe are broken to dust.

Great is the valour of Cerdick, great is the strength of Kenrick.

Bristol, *May* 20.

D. B.

GOD-

G O D R E D C R O V A N,

A P O E M.

*Composed by DOPNAL SYRRIC Scheld of Godred
Crovan, King of the Isle of Man.*

ARISE, O son of Harald the Black, for the
son of Syrric sleeps upon the mountain, under
the mossy rock; prepare thy silver lance, shake
the clotted gore of the wolf from thy spreading
shield; Fingal of the brown lake, whose sword
divides the lofty pine, whose spear is ever moist
with the blood of the slain, will assist thy arm.
Cullisin who sleeps on the brow of the mountain,
whose feet are swift as the days of mirth, will
draw forth his troops from the forest. The lions
of the plain, Morvor and Effyr, will swell thy
army, as the falling rain swells the silver brook:
they wait for thy presence, as the brown meadow
for the spring; they will shoot out in blood, and
blossom in victory.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, whose name has put to flight armies, arise.

Godred arose; he met the chiefs on the plain; they sat down, and feasted till the evening: there sat Cochlin with the long spear, whose arm is a thunderbolt: on the banks of the sea he fought an host, and rained blood on the plain of Mervor: brown is his face as the sun-burnt heath; strong his arm as the roaring sea: he shook his black locks like clouds tossed by the winds: he sings the song of joy. Godwin of the rushy plain lay upon the skin of the wolf; his eyes are stars, his blows are lightning. Tatwallin sat by his side, he sung sweet as the birds of spring, he fought like the angry lion.

O Tatwallin! sing the actions of Harold the Swift.

Tatwallin arose from his seat, the horn of mirth graced his right-hand.

Hear, ye sons of blood, whilst the horn of mirth is refreshing your souls, the actions of Harald the Swift.

“The

“ The wolf of Norway beat his anlace on his silver shield; the sons of war assembled around him: Swain of the cleft-hill shook the spear on his left; and Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, on his right, dyed in gore. Fergus of the spreading hills was cased in black armour; his eyes shone with rage, his sword sported with the beams of the sun.

“ Warriors, said the chief of the host, let us assault the foe; swift as the hawk let us fly to the war; strong as the bull, fierce as the wolf, will we rage in the fight: the followers of Harold, the son of Godwin, shall melt away as the summer clouds; they shall fall like the flowers of the field; their souls will fade with the blasting of our valour.

“ Swain prepares for war; he sounds the brazen helmet, his followers lift high the deadly spear.

“ The son of Godwin appears on the bridge, his banner waves in the wind; like a storm he scattered the troops of Swain.

“ Edmund shot the arrows of death.

“ Madded by defeat, Swain plunged into his band: the sword of Edmund sounded on his helmet; their silver shields were heard upon the stream: the sword of Edmund sunk to the heart of the son of Egwin; he bit the bloody sand at his feet.

“ Harald the Black stood on the bridge, he swelled the river with gore: he divides the head of Edmund, as the lightning tears the top of the strong rock: armies melted before him, none can withstand his rage. The son of Godwin views him from the hill of death; he seized the flaming banner, and sounds the silver shield.

“ Girth, Leofric, and Morcar, pillars of the war, fly to his shadow: with a troop of knights, fierce as evening wolves, they beset Harald the Black; like a tempest they rage, like a rock he repels their assault: hills of the slain arise before him, the course of the stream is turned aside.

“ Warriors, said the son of Godwin, though we rage like a tempest, like a rock he repels our assault. Morcar, let one of thy knights descend beneath the bridge, and pierce him through the back with a spear.

“ Selwyn

“Selwyn, swift as a falling meteor, shot beneath the wave; the sharp spear pierces through the back of Harald the Black; he falls like a mountain in an earthquake; his eyes shot fire, and his teeth gnashed with rage: he dies.

“The hopes of Norway are no more; Harold the Swift led his troops to the bridge; they started at the sight of the mighty body, they wept, they fled.

“Thee, Godred, only thee! of all the thousands of the war, prepared thy sword for battle; they dragged thee from the field.

“Great was the sorrow of the sons of Norway.”

Tatwallin ended his song, the chiefs arose from the green plain; they assemble their troops on the banks of Lexy.

Ceormond, with the green spear, martialled his band: he deduced his lineage from Woden, and displayed the shield of Penda. Strong as the tower of Pendragon on the hill, furious as the souls of the unburied warriors; his company were all chiefs.

Upon the high hills he encountered Moryon; like dashing waves, they rushed to the war; their swords rained blood to the valley beneath. Moryon, wild as the winter's wind, raged in the fight; the pointed javelin quivered in his breast, he rolled down the high hill. Son of Woden, great was thy might, by thy hand the two sons of Osmor fell to the valley.

How are thy warriors stretched upon the bank of the Lexy, like willows!

Ealward, of the brown rock, who dyes his anlace in the blood of the wolves of the hill, whose spear, like a star, blasts the souls of the foe; see he sleeps with the chiefs upon the skin of the wolf; the battle is raging in his fancy; he grasps the bloody spear; his enemies fly before him; joy and rage dance on his brow: thus sleeping, he is as the sun slightly covered with a cloud.

Dugnal, who inhabits the isles, whose barks are swifter than the wind, stands on the bank of the stream; his eyes are bent on the spangling wave; his hands press the silver-headed spear; he is a lion in the war, in the council wise as the ancient priests.

Wilver

Wilver stands on the right-hand of Godred; he is a rock, unmoved by the tempest of war.

Lagman is a young oak; he flourishes in the heat of the glory of his fire: the warriors are like the stars of the winter night.

The noise of a multitude is heard from the hills: Godred sets his troops in order for war; they are seen on the brow of the hill. Many are the foes of Godred; great is the courage of his warriors.

Raignald of the isles attends the chiefs of his foes; his arm is strong as the flourishing oak; his wisdom deep as the black lake; his swift ships flew over the waves; he defied to battle the prince of the mountains.

Bladdyn fell by his hand; he burnt the palace of the wood: the horn, embossed with gold, graced his spoils; he returned to his castle over a sea of blood.

Dunhelm bears the banner of the foe; he is the dragon of the mossy plain; he kept the water of the seven springs. Wynfyt, and his warriors, fought
to

to bear away the water in the horn of hospitality. Dunhelm arose from his strong fort; his anlace glittered over his head.

Children of the hills, said the son of Olave, restore the water to the gently-running stream.

The son of Meurig answered not: the anlace of Dunhelm divided his head; his blows fell like the stones of hail, when the loud winds shake the top of the lofty tree; the warriors fled like the clouds of night, at the approach of the sun.

Elgar, from the borders of Northumberland, was among the enemies of Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black: he led his troop down the hill, and began the fight with Ospray: like the raging of the lake of blood, when the loud winds whistle over the sharp cliffs of the rock, was the noise of the battle.

Summerled rose in the fight like the rays of the morning; blood beamed about him; his helmet fell from his head; his eyes were like the lights upon the billows.

Oetha, who fought for Godred, opposed the passage of his rage; his shield was like the rising sun,
his

his spear the tower of Mabyr : the spear of Summerled founded on the shield of Oetha ; he heard the shrill cry of joy, as the broken weapon fell to the ground : his sword fell upon the shoulder of Summerled ; he gnashed his teeth, and died.

Ospray, like a lion, ravages the band of Elgar. Oetha follows behind him, dying his long white robe in blood.

Elgar flies to the son of Vorti ; his spear sounds upon his helmet ; the sword of Oetha divides the shield of Elgar : the Northumbrian warrior retires to his band. Dunhelm drives his long spear through the heart of Oetha ; he falls to the ground. Wilver sets his foot upon his breathless corpse, and buries him beneath the bodies of the foe.

Raignald, with his band, flies to the relief of Dunhelm : the troops of Wilver and Ospray slowly retire. Dunhelm falls by the javelin of an unknown warrior ; so falls the eagle by the arrow of the child.

Raignald rages like the fires of the mountain ; the troops of Dugnal and Ceormond melt before him.

Dugnal

Dugnal lifts high his broad shield against the breast of Raignald ; his sword hangs over his head : the troops of Raignald retire with their chief. Ealward, and the son of Harald the Black, fly to the war : the foe retire before them. Raignald encourages his men : like an eagle he rages in the fight.

The troops of Godred halt ; the bands of Dugnal and Ceormond forsake their leaders.

Godred retires to the bank of the Lexy ; the foe followed behind, but were driven back with shame. On the bank of the Lexy the warriors are scattered like broken oaks.

Godred sounds the silver shield ; the chiefs assemble round his tent.

Let us again to the war, O chiefs, and drive the foe over the mountains.

They prepare for war ; Dugnal leads the wolves of the isle ; with a loud voice they began the fight. Ealward falls by the sword of Raignald. Cullifin scatters the javelins of fate. Fingal rages in the fight, but fell by the sword of Elgar.

Cochlin

Cochlin heard the dying groans of his friend ; his sword pierced the heart of Elgar, he fell upon the body of Fingal.

Morvor and Effyr raged like fons of blood, thousands fell around them. Godwin scattered slaughter through the host of the foe. Tatwallin sweeps down the chief of the battle ; like the noise of torrents rolling down the high mountains, is the noise of the fight ; the feet of the warriors are wet with blood ; the sword of Cochlin is broken, his spear pierces through the foe like lightning through the oak ; the chiefs of Godred fill the field with the bodies of the dead : the night approaches, and victory is undecided : the black clouds bend to the earth, Ragnald and Godred both retire.

The chiefs of Godred assembled at the tent of council : Tatwallin, arose and sung,

“ When the flowers arose in the verdant meadows, when the birds of spring were heard in the grove of Thor, the son of Vieta prepared his knights for war ; strong as the mossy tomb of Urfic were the warriors he had chose for his band ; they issued out to the war. Wecca shook the crooked anlace at their head.

“ Halt,

“ Halt, said the son of Viçta, let the troops stand still: still as the silent wood, when the winds are laid asleep, the Saxons stood on the spreading plain.

“ Sons of blood! Said the immortal Wecca, the foe against whom we must fight are stronger than the whole power of our king; let the son of Henna, with three hundred warriors, be hid in the dark-brown wood; when the enemy faint in the battle, let them spread themselves like the bursting cloud, and rain a shower of blood; the foe will be weakened, astonished, and fly.

“ The warriors held their broad shields over the head of the son of Viçta; they gave him the chaplet of victory, and sang the song of joy.

“ Hennack, with the flower of the war, retired to the dark-brown wood: the sun arose arrayed in garments of blood; Wecca led his men to the battle: like bears they raged in the fight; yet the enemy fled not, neither were they moved: the fight continued till noon; the troops of the son of Viçta fought like the dragons of the mountain, the foe fainted, they were weakened, yet they fled not.

“ The

“The son of Henna drew forth his band to the plain ; like a tempest they fell upon the foe ; they were astonished ; they fled.

“Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, and all the warriors who fight in his cause, let us pursue the same method ; let the mountain of Secafull conceal Dugnall and three hundred chosen warriors from the eyes of Raignald ; when he is spent in the fight, let them issue to the war.”

Godred arose from his throne, he led Tatwallin to a seat at his right-hand.

Dugnall prepares his troop ; sing, O Tatwallin, the actions of Hengist and Horfa.

Tatwallin arose from his seat :

“When the black clouds stooped below the tops of the high hills, when the wolf came forth from the wood, when the branches of the pine perished, when the yews only smiled upon the russet-heath, the sons of Woden led the furious warriors to the bank of the swift stream ; there

D fat

fat the horse of the hill, whose crooked sword
shone like the star of the evening.

“Peada was the banner of the hills : when he
waved his golden torce upon the bodies of the slain,
the hearts of his companions beamed with victory :
he joined the numerous bands of the sons of Wo-
den ; like a swelling stream they enter the borders
of the land of Cuccurcha.

“Locca of the brown valley sounds the shield ;
the king of Urrin hears the sound, he starts from
his seat : assemble the lions of war, for the enemy
are upon the borders.

“Sons of Morven, upon whose shields are seen
the hawk and the serpent, swift as the wind fly to
the warriors of Abon’s stream : sons of war, pre-
pare the spreading shield, the sword of fire, the
spear, the azure banner made sacred by the God.

“Cuccurcha issues to the war, as an enemy’s
wolf to the field.

“Selward, whose face is a summer cloud,
gleaming with the recent lightning of the storms,
shakes the broad anlace.

“Eadgar

“Eadgar and Emmieldred, sons of the mighty Roan, who discomfited Osniron with his steeds of fire, when the god of war, the blood stained Woden, pitched his tent on the bank of the wide lake, are seen in the troop.

“Creadda, whose feet are like those of the horse, lifts high the silver shield.

“On the plain, near the palace of Frica, he encountered with Egward; their swords rained blood, shields echoed to the valley of slaughter.

“These were the warriors of Cuccurcha, the lions of the war.

“Hengist and Horfa met them on the sandy plain; the shafts of death clouded the sun, swift as the ships of Horfa, strong as the arm of Suchullin: Peada ravaged the band of Cuccurcha like a mountain. Eadgar sustained the blow of Hengist; great was the fury of Emmieldred, his spear divided the broad shield, his anlace sunk into the heart: the sword of Anyoni pierced the breast of Cuccurcha, he fell like an oak to the plain.

“Creadda rages in the battle, he is a wild boar of the wood : the anlace of Horfa founds on his round helm, he gnashes his teeth, he churns the smoaking gore, he dies. Locca reclines on his long spear, he is wearied with dealing death among his foes : the anlace of Hengist alights on his back, he falls to the ground.

“The men of Urrin fled to the forest : the lions of war, Hengist and Horfa, throw the spears of flight ; they burn up the souls of the flying foe ; the great image is red with blood ; the flame lights the stars ; the moon comes forth to grace the feast ; the chaplet of victory hangs on the brow of the warriors.”

Tatwallin ended his song,

The morning crept from the mountains, Dugnal with his troops retired to the forest on the mountain of Scoafull.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, prepares for battle. Raignald came down to the plain : long was the fight and bloody.

Godred

Godred Crovan beat his anlace on the shield; the warriors upon the mountain heard the found of the silver shield; swift as the hunted stag they fly to the war, they hear the noise of the battle, the shout of the onset swells in the wind, the loud din of the war increases, as the thunder rolling from afar; they fly down the mountains, where the fragments of the sharp rock are scattered around; they ascend like the vapours, folding up the high hill, upon the borders of Osloch; their helmets sweep the dawn of the morning; the saffron light shines on the broad shield; through the dark dells they cut a passage, through the dells where the beams of the sun are never seen.

On the rushy moor of Rossin they astonish the foe, and join in the war.

There fought Godred Crovan, death sat on his sword, the yelling breath of the dying foe shook his banner; his shield, the stream of Lexy, which surrounds the dark-brown wood, and shines at the noon of day; his anlace dropped blood, and tore through the helmets of the foe like the red lightning of the storm.

Dugnal, chief of the mountain warriors, who drove Rygwallon from his chariot of war, lifted his shield and spear through the heart of Morval; the weapon perforated, he yelled like a wolf of the mountain, he died.

Weolmund, of the white rock, arose in the fight; like the fires of the earth he burnt up the ranks of the foe; his spear a blasted oak, his shield the sea when the winds are still, he appeared a hill, on whose top the winter snow is seen, and the summer sun melts it up: victory sat on his helmet, death on his anlace.

Wilver, who supports the tottering rocks, who flies like the bird of summer over the plain, shakes the crooked sword as he rages upon the hills of the slain, and is red with living gore: the spears of the foe are gathered about him, the sharp javelins found on his shield; he looks around the field, the savage Edwin flies to his aid; like two wolves they rage in the war, their shields are red with blood,

The bear of the north throws his lance: the fur-clad Godard Syrric displays his starry shield, the chiefs

chiefs fall at his feet, he rises on the breast of Rynon, storms of blood surround his sword, blood flows around him.

When the storm rages in the sky, the torrents roll to the plain, the trees of the wood are borne away, the castle falls to the ground, such was the fury of the fight on the moor of Roffin: the chiefs fell, our foes halt, they fly swift as the clouds of winter. Ospray throws the spear of Chaso; swift as their fear he flies to the pursuit; the soul of Godred melted, he rolled the blue banner, wrought with gold, round the crimson stream: his warriors dance around him, they sing the song of Harald the Black; they hail him king; the golden sandal is thrown over his helmet. May the Gods grant this war for empire be his last.

T H E H I R L A S,

*Translated from the ancient British of OWEN
CYFELIOG, Prince of Powys.*

ERE the sun was seen on the brow of the mountain, the clanging shields were heard in the valley: our enemies were apalled at the sound. The red armour of our warriors glittered till the noon of day. The foe fled from the borders; they fell in the chace like stones of hail; they panted like hunted wolves.

Let the Hirlas of Rhys overflow like the waters of the great river.

Where the golden banners declare the valour of Rhys, had the horn of hospitality long been used: it relieved the warriors, who fainted in the chace, and the traveller whose habitation is beyond the white mountains.

Bring here, O cupbearer, the carved Hirlas of mirth, which glows with livid gold: let the sparkling mead flow around it.

Gwggwyn, prince of my table, son of mighty men, thine are the first honours of the Hirlas; small is the gift of gratitude; great were thy services. When thy ancestors stood in the fight, victory stood with them; loud were their voices in the battle, as the hygra of their charge.

Fill the golden Hirlas of mirth; attend to the merits of the warriors, lest they revenge on thee the disgrace of their honour.

See Gryffyd, with his uplifted crimson spear, expects it; he is the bulwark of the borders: sprung from Cynfyll and the dragons of the hill; his name shall ever live in the songs of the bards. As refreshed with the drink of mirth, his attendants fought, furious as the battle of the champions of the valley. Whilst the tomb of Pendragon shall stand on the hill, his fame shall remain in the song.

Fill up the Hirlas to Eadnyfed, who sits like a god upon his broken armour: like a tempest he
fell

fell upon the shields of his foes : near Gyrthyn he
flew an host.

The distant nations heard the noise of the battle
of Maelor ; the found of the shields was heard in
the mountains. Dreadful was the conflict as that
of Bangor, when the warriors were trod to the
ground. The princes fled : Morach beat the earth
with his feet : Morvran fled over the mountain.

Fill up the golden Hirlas. Let the mead be
borne to Sylliw, defender of our coast ; to the lion
of war, the son of Madoc ; fierce as a wolf in the
fight ; soft as the mossy bed in peace.

To the sons of Essyner, bear it next : strong as
two rocks they raged in the fight ; the bravest
champion falls before them ; like storms they
pierce the targets of the foe, sweeping down
the multitude as the loud billows sweep the
sand.

Fill up the badge of honour. To Tudor bear
the golden Hirlas. Now to Moreiddeg, who,
with his brother, assisted our cause : valour set
upon

upon their brows; like wolves they fought for blood. These are my chiefs.

Let the golden Hirlas go round to the feat of Morgan, whose name shall be heard in the songs of our children: the fight of his useless sword blasted my soul.

Fill up the badge of honour, the golden Hirlas. To Gronwys bear it; astonished I saw him stand like a rock on the spreading plain of Giveshun; he sustained the assault of an army. Upon the sandy bank of the sea his attendants did wonders. The chief of the foe was burnt in the fire of his rage, and the gleanings of the sword were lost in the stream.

In the heat of the battle, the son of Gryffyd burst his chains; Menrig again raged in the war. When the sun sat on the hill, we sung the song of victory.

Fill the Hirlas of mirth to all the chiefs of Oweyn, who are the wolves of the mountain. Madoc and Meyler are in soul one; they are our castles. The warriors of the hill stood round their chief,
strong

strong as the spear of Uther, swift in pursuit as the vapours of the night.

Fill the Hirlas with mead. Let us drink to the honour of the warriors, who fell in the war.

Bear it to Daniel, beauteous as the verdure of the forest, savage as the prowling wolf.

O cupbearer! great is thy service, in displaying the merits of the warrior; if thou hast not heard his fame, his spear flies to thy breast, and his followers drink thy blood.

Whilst the lamps of joy are burning, let the Hirlas go round to the warriors who fought at Llydcomb; they fought with the rage of lions; the mead is their due: they defended Cwrys.

Let the Hirlas go round. May the Ruler of all send us liberty and life.

Bristol, Jan. 3, 1770.

D. B.

G O R T H-

G O R T H M U N D,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

THE loud winds whistled through the sacred grove of Thor; far over the plains of Denania, were the cries of the spirits heard. The howl of Hubba's horrid voice swelled upon every blast, and the shrill shriek of the fair Locabara, shot through the midnight-sky.

Gorthmund slept on his couch of purple; the blood of the slain was still on his cruel hand: his helmet was stained with purple, and the banner of his father was no more white. His soul shuddered at the howl of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: he shook like the trembling reed, when the loud tempest rolls the foaming flood over the pointed rocks: pale was his face as the eglantine, which climbs the branches of the flowery bramble. He started from his couch: his black locks stood upright on his head, like the spears which stand round the tent of the warriors, when the silver moon spangles on the tranquil lake.

Why

Why wilt thou torment me, Hubba; it was not by my hand that the sword drank thy blood. Who saw me plunge the dagger to the heart of Locabara? No! Nardin of the forest was far away. Cease, cease, thy shrieks; I cannot bear them. On thy own sword thou hast thy death; and the fair virgin of the hills fell beneath the rage of the mountains. Leave me, leave me: witness Hel,* I knew not Locabara, I forced her not to my embraces; no, I flew her not; she fell by the mountaineers. Leave me, leave me, O soul of Hubba!

Exmundbert, who bore the † silver shield of Gorthmund, flew from his downy couch, swift as the

* *Hela*, or *Hel*, was the idol of the Danes, not, as some authors falsely assert, of the Saxons. He was the god of battle and victory. It is worthy remark, that every pagan deity of the northern nations, had his symbol or type, under which he was worshipped. The type of Hel was a black raven: hence the Danish standard was a raven. The symbol of Woden was a dragon, which was the standard of the Saxons in general, and the arms of Wessex.

† The office of shield-bearer was very ancient and honourable: the leaders of armies had generally three shield-bearers; one

the rumour of a coming host. He struck the golden cup, and the king of the flying warriors awakened from his dream of terror. Exmundbert, is he gone? Strike the silver shield, call up the sons of battle, who sleep on the mossy banks of Frome. But stay, 'tis all a vision; 'tis over and gone as the image of Woden, in the evening of a summer-day. Hence to thy tent, I will sleep again.

Gorthmund doubled his purple robe, and slept again.

Loud as the noise of a broken rock breaking down the caverns of Seoggefwaldscyre*, was the voice of Hubba heard: sharp as the cry of the bird of death at the window of the wounded warrior,

one to bear the shield, painted or engraved with the symbol of the god, and the others were employed to sound the shields of alarm.

* Seoggefwaldscyre, from Seggefswald, where Ethelbald, the ninth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch of England, was slain in an insurrection of his subjects. This poem is certainly older than Alfred's time, and is, among numerous others, a proof that the division of England into shires, was not introduced by that glorious monarch.

when

when the red rays of the morning rise breaking from the east, and the soul of the sick is flying away with the darkness, was the shriek of Locabara. Rise from thy couch, Gorthmund, thou wolf of the evening. When the sun shines in the glory of the day; when the labouring swain dances in the wood-land shade; when the sparkling stars glimmer in the azure of the night, and contentment sleeps under the rustic roof, thou shalt have no rest. Thine are the bitter herbs of affliction; for thee shall the wormwood shed its seed on the blossoms of the blooming flower, and imbitter with its falling leaves the waters of the brook. Rise, Gorthmund, rise, the Saxons are burning thy tents: rise, for the Mercians are assembled together, and thy armies will be slain with the sword, or burnt in the image of * Tewisk. The god of victory shall be red with thy blood, and they shall shout at the sacrifice. Rise, Gorthmund, thy eyes shall be closed in peace no more.

* The pagan Saxons had a most inhuman custom of burning their captives alive in a wicker image of their god Tewisk. Whilst this horrid sacrifice was performing, they shouted and danced round the flames.

The king of the swift warriors started from his couch: he shook like an oak through which the lightnings have cut their rapid way; his eyes rolled like the lights on the Saxons barks, in the tempest of the dark and black night.

Exmundbert flew to his chief: he struck the silver shield. Sueno of the dark lake, and the black haired Lecolwin, caught the lance and the shield, and preste into the royal tent.

Warriors strike the shields of alarm; the Mercians are assembled together, the Saxons are burning our tents: give the cry of war, and issue to the battle: come upon them by the side of the thick wood, near the city of * Reggacester. Lift the banner Reafan; and he is a worshipper of false gods who with-holds his sword from blood. The silver shield resounded to the wood of Sel, and the † great island trembled at the clamorous noise.

* Rowcester, in Derbyshire, a place of great antiquity.

† In the original *Muchilney*. As there were several islands of this name, the particular one here mentioned is Aubions.

Delward of the strong arm, and Ax-bred of the forest of wolves, led the warriors to the thick wood : but quiet was the forest as the tranquil lake, when the winds sleep on the tops of the lofty trees. The inhabitants of Reggacester slept in the strength of their walls. The leaders returned.

There is no enemy near, O king : still as the habitation of the dead, are the kingdoms around us : they have felt the strength of thy arm, and will no more rise up to oppose us. As the grass falls by the hand of the mower, so shall they fall before us, and be no more. The banner Reafan shall be exalted, and the seven gods of the Saxons be trampled in the dust. Let the armies of the north rejoice, let them sacrifice to the gods of war, and bring out the prisoners, for the * feast of blood. The warriors threw down the lance, and the shield, and the axe of battle : the plates of brass dropped from their shoulders ; and they danced to the

* The Danes, not to be behind-hand with the Saxons in acts of barbarity, had also their bloody sacrifices. Their captives were bound to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.

found of the * instrument of sacrifice. Confused as the cry of the fleet dogs when the white bear is pursued over the mountains of the north : confused as the resolutions of terror was the noise of the warriors. They danced till the mantle of midnight ascended from the earth.

The morning shook the dew from her crown of roses, on the yellow locks of the dancers ; and the gleams of light shot through the dark grey sky, like the reeking blood over the shield of steel. See, warriors, a dark cloud sits on the mountain's brow, it will be a tempest at noon, and the heavy rains will fall upon us. Yes, ye † Danes, it will be a tempest, but a tempest of war : it will rain, but in showers of blood. For the dark cloud is

* The word in the original is *Regabibol*, an instrument of music, of which, as I know nothing farther, than that it was used in sacrifices, I have translated as above. *Ribible*, among the Anglo-Saxons, was an instrument not unlike a violin, but played on with the fingers.

† In the original, *Tanmen*, which signifies either Danes or northern men.

the army of ‡ Segowald : he leads the flower of the warriors of Mercia, and on his right hand is the mighty son of battle, the great Sigebert, who leads the warriors of Wesssex.

The dance was ended; and the captives of sacrifice bound to the sacred tree : they panted in the pangs of death.

Sudden from the borders of the wood, was the alarm given : and the silver shield roused the sun from behind the black clouds. The archers of the sacrifice dropped the bow, and caught the lance and the shield. Confusion spread from watch-tower to watch-tower, and the clamour rung to the distant hills.

Gorthmund raged like a wild boar, but he raged in vain : his whole army was disordered, and the cry of war was mixed with the yell of retreat.

‡ A Mercian of this name commanded the army of Offa ; and a nobleman named Sigebert was of great account in the court of Brightick, king of Essex.

Segowald came near with his Mercians on the right-hand: and the great Sigebert led the Saxons round the thick wood.

The Danes rage like the tempest of winter, but the Mercians stand firm as the grove of oaks on the plains of § Ambroisburgh: great is the strength of the swift warriors of the north, but their troops are broken, and out of the order of battle.

The Saxons, with the great Sigebert, have incircled the wood; they rage in the fight like wolves. The Danes are pressed on all sides; they fly like the leaves in autumn before the strong wind.

Gorthmund scorns to fly; he is descended from the son of battle, L'achollan, whose sword put to flight the armies of Moeric, when the sun was covered with a mantle of blood, and darkness descended upon the earth at noon-day. He bears upon his arm the shield of Lofgar, the keeper of the

§ Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, where Alfritha, wife to king Edgar, built a nunnery to atone for the murder of her son-in-law, Edward. In this place, Eleanor, queen to Henry the Third, lived a nun,

castle of Teigne. Lofgar never fled, though the lances of the foe flew about him numerous as the winged ants in summer. Lofgar never fled, though the warriors of the mountains hurled the rocks upon him in the valley, when he fought for the shield of Penda: and should Gorthmund fly, Gorthmund, whose sword was his law, who held justice in his banner?

Segowald fought Gorthmund: he found him singly encountering an army.

Turn to me, son of Lofgar; I am Segowald of the lake hast thou not heard of my fame in battle? When the army of Hengist panted on the dark-brown heath, I cheered them to the war; and the banner of victory waved over my head. Turn thy arms upon me, Gorthmund, I am worthy thy strength.

The son of Lofgar rushed to the son of Alderwold: they fought like the children of destruction on the plain of Marocan. Gorthmund fell. He fell, like the mountain boar beneath the arrow of the hunter.

As the shades of death danced before his eyes, he heard the yell of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: Thou art fallen, thou son of injustice, thou art fallen; thy shield is degraded in the dust; and thy banner will be honoured no more! Thy swift warriors are fled over the plain, as the driving sheep before the wolf. Think, Gorthmund, think on Hubba, the son of Crinewalch of the green hill. Think on Locabara, whom thy sword sent to the regions of death. Remember thy injustice and die.

NARVA AND MORED,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored
 The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
 High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
 Loud on the concave shell the lances rung :
 In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
 The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
 Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
 And rides upon the pinions of the wind :
 Ascends the mountains brow, and measures round
 The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground.
 Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
 Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,
 Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
 And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast.
 Chalma, whose excellence is known from far ;
 From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar,
 The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
 Where Nature in her strongest vigour smiles ;
 Where the blue blossom of the forked thorn,
 Bends with the nectar of the opening morn :
Where

Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees :
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue ;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain ;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise,
Far in the sacred regions of the skies ;
Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic and impure ;
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the splendor of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the wat'ry way ;

Sudden

58 N A R V A A N D M O R E D.

Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
 The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
 Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
 Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
 Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
 Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost ;
 Where the artificer in realms below,
 Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow ;
 From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
 Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
 Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
 In search of gold, thro' every climate run ;
 From burning heat to freezing torments go,
 And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
 Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
 The warriors circle the mysterious tree :
 'Till spent with exercise they spread around
 Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.
 The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
 And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

P R I E S T E S S.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar ;
 Far from the lustre of the morning star ;

Far from the pleasure of the holy morn ;
 Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn :
 Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
 Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
 Dear are their memories to us, and long,
 Long, shall their attributes be known in song.
 Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r
 Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
 Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
 And open all the prisons of the grave.
 Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
 And living but to serve his God alone,
 Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day
 When on the spangling waves the sun-beams play,
 When the Mackaw ascending to the sky,
 Views the bright splendor with a steady eye.
 Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat ;
 Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
 Compleatly beauteous as a summers sun,
 Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
 Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
 Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds ;
 Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed
 Liv'd the still sweeter flow'r, the young Mored ;
 Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell ;
 Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.

As

60 N O R V A A N D M O R E D.

As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and lov'd ! And Narva too forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement there.
Existence was a torment ! O my breast !
Can I find accents to unfold the rest !
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave ;
And falling murmur'd to the pow'rs above,
“ Gods ! Take our lives, unless we live to love.”

Shoreditch, *May 2, 1770.*

C.

THE

THE DEATH OF NICOU,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

ON Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
 In flow meanders down to Gaigra's side;
 And circling all the horrid mountain round,
 Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;
 Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;
 Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell:
 There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,
 It crumbles mountains down and shakes the world.
 Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
 Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;
 Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,
 Break from the cavern and ascend the skies:
 Then lost and conquer'd by superior force,
 Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course.
 On Tiber's banks where scarlet jass'mines bloom,
 And purple aloes shed a rich perfume:
 Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
 The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;
 Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
 And wanton with their shadows in the stream,

62 THE DEATH OF NICOU.

On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,
 Where in the days of old a god appear'd :
 'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
 The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
 He spoke ; as evening thunders bursting near,
 His horrid accents broke upon the ear ;
 Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest !
 This day the sun is rising in the east ;
 The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,
 Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth.
 He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,
 And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
 Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
 Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke :
 And still when Midnight trims her mazy lamp,
 They take their way thro' Tiber's wat'ry swamp.
 On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,
 Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain :
 So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep,
 We view the wide expansion of the deep ;
 See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
 The quick declension of the circling globe ;
 From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
 Blended at once with water and with skies :
 Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
 The check of waves, the guardians of the world.

Strong

THE DEATH OF NICOU. 63

Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers, to the lawn :
When the soft earth at his appearance fled ;
And rising billows play'd around his head :
When a strong tempest rising from the main,
Dash'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong ;
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war,
Who liv'd coeval with the morning star :
Narada was his name ; who cannot tell,
How all the world thro' great Narada fell !
Vichon, the god who rul'd above the skies,
Look'd on Narada, but with envious eyes :
The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,
Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky ;
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernat'ral heat ;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground ;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada still escap'd ; a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.

The

64 THE DEATH OF NICOU.

The waters still ascending fierce and high,
 He tower'd into the chambers of the sky :
 There Vichon sat ; his armour on his bed,
 He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
 Before his feat the heavenly warrior stands,
 The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
 The god astonish'd dropt ; hurl'd from the shore,
 He drop'd to torments, and to rise no more.
 Head-long he falls ; 'tis his own arms compel,
 Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
 From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung ;
 The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young.
 Who led th'embattled archers to the field,
 And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield :
 That shield his glorious father died to gain,
 When the white warriors fled along the plain :
 When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
 Till Nicou came, and swell'd the seas with blood.
 Slow at the end of his robust array,
 The mighty warrior pensive took his way :
 Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
 Once the companion of his youthful breast.
 Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
 Strong, as the tempest of the evening air.
 Infatiate in desire ; fierce as the boar ;
 Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.

Long

THE DEATH OF NICOU. 65

Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy,
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy :
They fought in vain, 'till Vicat, Vichon's son,
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
Saw Nica, sister to the mountain king,
Drest beautiful, with all the flowers of spring :
He saw and scatter'd poison in her eyes ;
From limb to limb, in varied forms he flies ;
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
To every glossy feature of her face.
Roreft was fir'd with passion at the sight,
Friendship and honour, sunk to Vicat's right :
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, fire.
Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And sent to young Roreft the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth : Oh ! Need I tell !
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell :
His breathless army mantled all the plain ;
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart :
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
I, and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd.

Brooke-Street, June 12.

F

ELEGY

E L E G Y,

*To the Memory of Mr. THOMAS PHILLIPS of
Fairford.*

NO more I hail the morning's golden gleam ;
No more the wonders of the view I sing :
Friendship requires a melancholy theme ;
At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,
Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move ;
Or stay the gushing torrents from my eyes ?

Philips, great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would the grateful muse attempt to paint ;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the pow'rs of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect ?
O, lend my pen what animated thine,
To shew thee in thy native glories deckt.

The

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw,
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And ev'ry image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star;
So shone the pleasant rustic daïsied bed;
So seem'd the woodlands less'ning from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
From purple clusters press'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his fallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue:

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the ruffet dreary moor;

Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimprov'd by thee:
Pleasures he has, tho' horridly deform'd:
The silver'd hill, the polish'd lake, we see,
Is by thy genius fix'd, preserv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewel the laurel, now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine:
With thee did ev'ry power of genius dwell:
Thou wert the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude she swept thy string,
And now she soars and now again descends,
And now reclining on the Zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace,

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume :
The rosy vale of harmony and love,
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscl'd Strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet Luxury and Pain,
And did at every chearful feast preside.

Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill ;
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid anxious troubles still.

But see ! The sick'ned glare of day retires,
And the meek ev'ning shades the dusky grey :
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And, like thy life, O Phillips ! dies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this heav'n-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night ;

I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow'd hawthorns bow;
The loud winds whistle thro' the echoing dell;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl swell.

With rustling sound the dusky foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls;
The gurg'ling riv'let to the valley hies,
And lost to sight, in dying murmurs curls,

Now as the mantle of the ev'ning swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! Could I charm, by friendship's potent spells,
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb!

Then would we wander thro' the dark'ned vale,
In converse such as heav'nly spirits use,
And borne upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the muse.

But horror to reflection! Now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain,

When

When doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard the nervous strain.

A mad'ning darkness reigns thro' all the lawn,
Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now, rest my muse, but only rest to weep,
A friend made dear by every sacred tie !
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep,
Phillips is dead, 'tis pleasure then to die !

F E B R U A R Y,

A N E L E G Y.

BEGIN, my muse, the imitative lay,
 Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
 Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
 Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line,
 The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;
 Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
 And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
 And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
 Swift sudden anguish darts thro' alt'ring corns,
 And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
 Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,

Procure

Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm ;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares :

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute,

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen ;

Or

Or fabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects ;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the muses sing ?
Now dropping particles of water fall ;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas ! How joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys ;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bayes.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky.
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar :
Come, February, lift the number high ;
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the fabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th'elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! Put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! The wond'rous loss deplore,
The dregs of Nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;
What four reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

Bristol, Feb. 12.

D.

ELEGY

E L E G Y,

ON W. BECKFORD Esq.

WEEP on, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;
 But hence, ye venal—hence, each titled slave;
 An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,
 And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
 'Twas you, (surrounded by unnumber'd foes)
 Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,
 And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,
 To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
 He came, heav'n fraught with liberty! He came
 And nobly in his coutry's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
 When life's poor lamp more faint, and fainter
 grew;
 As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her power,
 He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd death's arrow with a christian eye,
With firmness only to a christian known ;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom ;
Receiv'd his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right ;
Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his fight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear ;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)

An

An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime;
'Till heaven's own bright, and never dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

E L E G Y.

HASTE, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,
 Spread the black mantle on the shrinking
 plain ;

But, ah ! my torments still survive the light,
 The changing seasons alter not my pain.
 Ye variegated children of the spring ;
 Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew ;
 Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing ;
 Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,
 Fair are your colours ; harsh your love-notes
 thrill,

To me no pleasure Nature now can yield :
 Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
 The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.
 Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams ;
 Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds ;
 Ascend the bright-crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
 To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.
 Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head ;
 Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine ;
 Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread ;
 Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year ;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise ;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear ;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.
Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day :
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers, thro' the valleys stray.
Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride :
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.
Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Thro' the black mantles take your slow-pac'd flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.
Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head,
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

T O M R. H O L L A N D.

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the mufes
find,

To fing thy merit in each varied part ;
When action, eloquence, and eafe combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young fky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree ;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the fpring,
Loud as the farges of the Severn fea.

In terror's ftrain, as clanging armies drear !
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praife,
In pity gentle as the falling tear,
In all fuperior to my feeble lays.

Black angers fudden rife, extatic pain,
Tormenting Jealoufy's felf-cank'ring ftिंग ;
Confuming Envy with her yelling train,
Fraud clofely fhrouded with the turtle's wing.

G

Whatever

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod ;
In thee by art, the dæmon stands confest,
But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue ;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe, we're really distrest,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall ;
By every judge of nature 'tis confest,
No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

Bristol, July 21.

D. B.

O N

MR. ALCOCK, OF BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE nine, awake the chorded shell,
 Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
 In truth-dictated lays :
 On wings of genius take thy flight,
 O muse ! above the Olympic height,
 Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature in all her glory drest,
 Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
 Her zone etherial blue,
 Receives new charms from Alcock's hand ;
 The eye surveys, at his command,
 Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
 And bid the real arrows fly,
 To wound the gazer's mind ;

G 2

So

84 ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL.

So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature shew,
The silver fountains seem to flow ;
The hoary woods to nod ;
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy forming god,

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools,
With Alcock's pencil vie ?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving show'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view :
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.

Bristol, Jan. 29, 1769.

ASAPHIDES.

T O

T O M I S S B - - - S H,
O F B R I S T O L.

BEFORE I seek the dreary shore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along ;
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And tho' a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers ;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground :
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long external dog-star reigns,
And splendor flames around :

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame :
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm :
No more my bosom shall be torne ;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast :
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

D.

CELORIMON.

T H E

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO

MISS M---- R----, OF BRISTOL.

REVOLVING in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly ,
Ah ! think, Maria, (e'er in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away ;)
So youth and beauty die,

Tho' now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow ;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the nine,
Still violates your name :

G 4

Tho'

Tho' tales of passion, meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet when that bloom, and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,
Ag'd, wrinkl'd, and defac'd :
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,
Tho' beyond simile you're fair ;
Free, affable, serene :
Yet still one attribute divine,
Should in your composition shine ;
Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall ;
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require :
How momentary are their chains !
Like you, how unsincere the strains
Of those, who but admire !

Accept

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
 Maria can be true :
No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heav'ns representatives disclose,
 Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
 And meet his gen'rous breast :
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
 Shall read your cares to rest.

D.

THE

T H E
C O P E R N I C A N S Y S T E M.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
 And with creative fire intensely burns ;
 Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme,
 Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam ;
 First Mercury compleats his transient year,
 Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare ;
 Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
 The early harbinger of night and day ;
 More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
 Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns ;
 Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
 Trailing her silver glories through the night :
 On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
 Mark where the sun, our year compleating, shines :
 First the bright Ram his languid ray improves ;
 Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves ;
 The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray ;
 Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way ;
 The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power ;
 The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now

Now the just Ballance weighs his equal force,
 The slimy Serpent swelters in his course ;
 The fabled Archer clouds his languid face ;
 The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race ;
 Now in the Water his faint beams appear,
 And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
 Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
 A strong reflection of primæval rays ;
 Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
 Scarcely enlight'ned with the solar beams ;
 With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
 He tours majestic thro' the spacious height :
 But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
 And five attendant luminaries drags ;
 Investing with a double ring his pace,
 He circles thro' immensity of space.

These are thy wond'rous works, first source of good !
 Now more admir'd in being understood.

Bristol, Dec. 23.

D. B.

THE

THE CONSULIAD,
AN HEROIC POEM.

OF warring senators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten. Muse awake the lyre,
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the square,
And N—t—n's future prospects hang in air ;
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch ;
A group of heroes, occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in silence fat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat ;
Now picking ortolans, and chicken slain,
To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine* :
Now storming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste ;
Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer ;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.

Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell :

She, on the soaring wings of genius fled,
 And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.
 Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,
 And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:
 Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
 Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack:
 Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
 Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock:
 Whose attributes detestable, have long
 Been evident, and infamous in song.
 A toast's demanded: Madoc swift arose.
 Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
 His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,
 His knife with deep incision fought the breast.
 Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
 And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.
 When thus he sputter'd: "All the glasses fill,
 And toast the great Pendragon of the hill:
 Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
 From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
 Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
 You see the mighty monarch in his face:
 Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,
 Demands this proper homage of the board."

Monarchs!

“ Monarchs !” said Twitcher, setting down his beer :

His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer :

“ Monarchs ! Of mole-hills, oyfter-beds, a rock ;

These are the grafters of your royal stock :

My pony Scrub can fires more valiant trace—”

The mangled pigeon thunders on his face ;

His op’ning mouth the melted butter fills,

And dropping from his nose and chin distills,

Furious he started, rage his bosom warms ;

Loud as his lordship’s morning dun he storms.

“ Thou vulgar imitator of the great,

Grown wanton with the excrements of state :

This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends.”

His shadow body to the table bends :

His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,

In these degenerate days, for three a meal :

In antient times, as various writers say,

An alderman or priest, eat three a day.

With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher plies,

His stretching muscles and the mountain flies.

Swift, as a cloud that shadows o’er the plain,

It flew and scatter’d drops of oily rain.

In opposition to extended knives,

On royal Madoc’s spreading chest it drives :

Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,

Prest with the steamy load that ooz’d around.

And

And now confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun, exercis'd in every vice
That opens to a courtiers paradise,
With D—f—n trammel'd, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law :
From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To Fortune thus address'd his private prayer :
“ Goddess of fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-wing'd victory my untry'd fist :
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn ;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet ;
And hanging cutters decorate each street.”
The goddesses smil'd, or rather smooth'd her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown :
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspir'd, he seiz'd a Gallic roll :
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew,
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear and kist the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part :

Grown

Grown hoary in the villanies of state,
 A title made him infamously great.
 A slave to venal slaves ; a tool to tools :
 The representative to knaves and fools.
 But see ! Commercial Bristol's genius fit,
 Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit.
 See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
 In all the branching honours of the head ;
 Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
 With beef and ven'son their attention draws :
 They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address ;
 Say, could their humble gratitude do less ?
 By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies ;
 Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
 Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
 And elevates for furious fight his hands :
 One pointed fist, his shadow'd corps defends
 The other on Balluntun's eyes descends :
 A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
 Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
 Now fir'd with anguish and inflam'd by pride,
 He thunders on his adversary's side :
 With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight ;
 Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
 But Fortune, (or some higher power, or god)
 Oblique extended forth a fable rod :

As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way :
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.

Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Arose ; but deafen'd with a ringing sound,
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows ;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.

Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla fauces on his curls :
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes :
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,
Glow's brighter red, the glory of the spoil.

The fight is gen'ral ; fowl repulses fowl ;
The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of shew,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r to improve his diction fight ;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club ;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub :

H

A rusty

A rusty link of ministerial chain ;
A living glory of the present reign.
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchét round his head :
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung ;
Occur'd, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire :
A double river of congealing blood,
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs tore,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar :
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark.
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seiz'd, and up he springs :
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
For mangling captive carcases ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still ;
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot :
In the fierce Cambrians breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,

Loud

Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, as mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus the glory of a masquerade ;
Whose every action is of trifles made :
At Graft—n's well-stor'd table ever found ;
Like G—n too for every vice renown'd.
G—n to whose immortal sense we owe,
The blood which will from civil discord flow :
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
Flaccus, they outhful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity, saw the dreary fray :
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow
Of talk verbose whose meaning none can know :
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haste,
His foot upon a smoking court-pie plac'd :
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he disdains,
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table, now he stands,
Waves his high powder'd-head and ruffled hands.

H 2

“ Friends !

" Friends ! Let this clang of hostile fury cease,
 Ill it becomes the plenipo's of peace :
 Shall olio's, from internal battle drest,
 Like bullets outward perforate the breast ;
 Shall jav'lin bottles blood ætherial spill ;
 Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill."
 More had he said : when from Doglostock flung,
 A custard pudding trembled on his tongue :
 And, Ah ! Misfortunes seldom come alone,
 Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone ;
 Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs ;
 Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
 The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
 Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd :
 By mortals Alavat in common stil'd ;
 Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child :
 Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
 With crimson blood and vital spirits fraught,
 To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends ;
 Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
 Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
 Back from his harder front the bottle bounds :
 He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
 Repos'd him weary, on his painful crup :
 The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
 Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown :

The

The fanguine tumour swells ; again he falls ;
 On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
 Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
 As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song.
 Tyro, for nerocmancy far renown'd,
 A greater adept than Agrippa found ;
 Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,
 De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd ;
 Another C—rt—t remains in Cl— ;
 In Fl—the—r fifty Jefferies's appear,
 Tyro stood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
 In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.
 Long was the bloody fight ; confusion dire
 Has hid some circumstances from the lyre :
 Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,
 Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd ;
 Who stretching his authoritative hand,
 Loudly thus issu'd forth his dread command.
 “ Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
 In the King's name, let hostile vengeance cease !”
 Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
 The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
 “ What fury, nobles, occupies your breast ;
 What patriots spirits has your minds possess'd.
 Nor honorary gifts, nor pensions, please,
 Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees !

How? Wist you not what ancient sages said,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread,
See this court-pie with twenty-thousand drest;
Be every thought of enmity at rest:
Divide it and be friends again," he said:
The council god return'd; and discord fled.

Bristol, Jan. 4, 1770.

C.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

JOYLESS I seek the solitary shade,
 Where dusky Contemplation veils the scene,
 The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
 Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
 Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
 Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
 We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
 Thro' the wide window (once with mysteries
 dight)
 The distant forest, and the dark'ned wave
 Of the swollen Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
 The azure changes to a fabled blue;
 The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
 And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,
Starts at the rust'ling leaf, and rolls his eyes ;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare ;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale ;
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

Bristol, Nov. 17. 1769.

THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.

I.

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,
 "Times at the worst will surely mend."
 The difficulty's then to know,
 How long oppression's clock can go;
 When Britain's sons may cease to fight,
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
 And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
 Gay peereffes turn'd out o'doors;
 Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to fight,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

III. When

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
 At council-board shall take her place ;
 And lords-commissioners resort,
 To welcome her at Britain's court ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh,

IV.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
 Defended by St. Stephen's pier !
 The entrance safe, by Current led,
 Tiding round G—'s jetty head ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh,

V.

When Civil-Power shall snore at ease,
 While soldiers fire—to keep the peace ;
 When murders sanctuary find,
 And petticoats can Justice blind ;
 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind, that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors shall begin,
Oppression's hedge to keep her in ;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state ;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh !
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX. When

IX.

When Popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name ;
By Treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh,

X.

When Popish priest a pensions draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh,

XI.

When snug in power, fly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants ;
And d—g William's Revolution,
As justices claim execution ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh,

XII. When,

XII.

When foldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride flay innocence ;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to figh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIII.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim, for the fins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins* ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to figh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When Stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount ;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to figh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV. When

XV.

When scrutineers for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends ;
Or judge as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to fight,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer ;
A prince, to purp'led pride unknown !
No favourites disgrace the throne !
Look up, ye Britons ! fight no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

XVII.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out ;
No future contract to fulfil ;
Your tenants holding at your will ;
Raise up your heads ! your right demand !
For your redemption's in your hand.

XVIII. Then

XVIII.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the *slaves* of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons A BRIBE can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
VIRTUE again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand compleat.

FRAGMENT

F R A G M E N T

OF A SERMON

BY THE CELEBRATED ROWLIE.

To the Editor of the Gentleman's MAGAZINE.

S I R

THE late publication of a volume of poems, said to have been written by Thomas Rowlie, in the 15th century, having given rise to some ingenious criticisms respecting their authenticity, I beg leave to send you the following fragment of a sermon by the same author. It was given to me some time since by Mr. George Catcott, whose name has been so often mentioned on the present occasion, and to whose inquisitive disposition, and very commendable zeal, the public is principally indebted for the preservation and appearance of these valuable productions of antiquity. It may be necessary to inform you, that, when Chatterton gave this fragment to his friend, he was utterly (and ever after continued) unacquainted with any language but his mother-tongue; and that

the

the citations of these languages, from two antient authors, have been fully authenticated. The poetical talents of our bard are established by the publication of his poems; but the following fragment of a sermon on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, displays him in the more illustrious character of an orthodox divine. Every circumstance which tends to throw light on the history of Rowlie should be given to the public, and his sentiments on so essential a point of the Christian religion by no means suppressed, notwithstanding they may not have the sanction of an age unhappily overgrown with Arianism and infidelity. Chatterton himself, although he totally disbelieved the subject of the fragment, had, however, the ingenuity to produce it; and I am sorry that the ingenious editors had not thought it (and some others of Rowlie's prose productions in their possession) worthy of being published together with his poetical compositions.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

I have been favoured with the perusal of some prose MSS. now in Mr. Catcot's possession, that prove Rowlie's existence beyond the possibility of a doubt.

I

FRAGMENT.

F R A G M E N T.

Havynge whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr foughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deitie of Holye Spryte. Manne moſte bee ſuppliedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have comunyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe aſſyſte hys flocke ynn theſe wordes, *The Holye Sprytes comunyonn bee wyth the you.* Lette us dhere deſyerr of hymm toe ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and you ynn underſtandyng hys deite: lette us ſaye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adeſto, Sancte Spiritus, & paracleſin tuam expectantibus illabere celitus; ſanctifica templum corporis noſtri, & conſecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paulle ſayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyn bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne prooſe of the perſonne and glorie of the thyrde perſonne. The perſonne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorie, and deitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee proved
from

fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peter, sayethe, of the same essentyall matter as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde moovedd uponn the watters att the creatyonn of the worlde: thys meanethe the Deeitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the foughle of hys decyples; howe coulde heie soe but bie myssyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyn the personallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast keepe yese goode thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges and bie hys obeisaunce dheie mote alleyn bee helde. I maie notte bee doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forsake our evylle waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd foughles. Nete bee a greaterr prooffe of mie ar-

gument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forflaggen hymm, hee agayne rayfedd mann fromm the dufte, ande havethe favedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he rayfedd Chryfte fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, ande hee fchalle deftroie ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the pofeffynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne fayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette fuche dothe the Spryte. Thus fayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. Of the Spryte and hys wurchys :

Γενᾶται Χρῖς & προῖρχει Βαπτίζειται μαρτυρεῖ
Πειραζεται ανατεῖ Δυναμεις ἐπιελεῖ Συμπαράμαρτεῖ
Ανέρχεται.

MEMOIRS OF
SIR WILLIAM CANYNGE

Chiefly collected from ROWLEY'S Poems.

SIR William Canynge, whom Rowley justly styles “a grete and goode man, the favou-ryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the fadre of hys natyve cittie,” was a younger son of a citizen of Bristol. In his youth he gave early dawnings of wisdom and learning;

“As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He’d wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne.”

Story of Mr. William Canynge, p. 283.

He was also of a comely person, but married, it seems, for love, without a fortune. Soon after, however, his father and elder brother, who both loved money as much as he despised it, died, and left him large estates in land and money, with his

brother John * dependent upon him ; on which he founded a chauntry for their souls,

“ And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he Lorde Mayre of Londonne towne was
made,” *Ibid. p. 284.*

in the year 1456. But soon this dawning was overcast by the death of his wife, his second self. Of his native city he was mayor five times ; and beside several other charities, founded an alms-house or hospital (which is yet in being) at Redcliff-hill, and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliff, the finest parish-church in England,

“ The maystrie of a human hande,
The pryde of Brystowe and the Westerne lande.”
On our Ladies Chyrche.

When Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed at Bristol for treason in 1461, 1 Edward IV. Canynge, being then mayor, made great intercession

* Called *Thomas* by Stow, in his list of Mayors,

for him to the King, † who heard him graciously, having been much his friend, though he would not grant his request. When he was knighted does not appear. Rowley has dedicated to him his tragedy of *Ælla*, in two epistles. To that of Godwyn Canynge wrote the prologue, and in it acted the part of King Edward the Confessor. Four poems of his are also printed with Rowley's. In 1467, a second match being proposed by the King between him and a lady of the Wideville (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into orders purposely to avoid it, being ordained acolythe, by his friend Bishop Carpenter ‡ of Worcester, 19th of September, and receiving the higher orders of sub-deacon, deacon, and priest,

† Then Maister Canynge foughte the Kinge,
And felle down onne hys knee;

“ I'm come,” quod he, “ unto your Grace,
To move your clemencye.”

The Deathe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

‡ Rowley, in his dedication of *Ælla*, says,
“ Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
He wyfche you healthe and felinesse (1) for aie.”

(1) Happiness,

12th of March, 1467, the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively. Being then made dean of the collegiate church of Westbury, Wilts, with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college. Soon after his taking orders, he gave, by a deed of trust, dated 20th of October, 1467, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to St. Mary Redcliff church, "*certain jewels* of Sir Theobald Gorges||, Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two monuments were erected to his memory, one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate, the other in those of a priest, cut in white marble. Besides his many other charitable donations, he settled lands to pay 44l. *per annum* to the sheriffs,

|| Sir Theobald Gorges was a Knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's *Itin.* Vol. vii. p. 98.) He was an actor in both Rowley's tragedies, and wrote one of the *Mynstrelles Songes*, in *Ælla*, p. 91, "Rowley, Ifcamm and Tyb. Gorges," are mentioned by Canynge as three of his friends, in his "Accounte of his Feast."

in lieu of toll demanded by them, at the city gates. For an account of the chests deposited by him in Redcliff church, see pp. 272-3.

Sir W. Canynge had also a cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected with very great expence, and Rowley assisted him in making the collection. The greatest part of a large folio was filled with his compositions. This folio, Rowley says. “ was a presente wordie of a grete kynge;” and the loss of it will be sincerely regretted by the friends of literature, as the writings might have thrown some light on the learning of those times. Canynge was also a man of an extensive genius, and a liberal turn of mind, the distinguished patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts. Rowley, it appears by his writings, lived in the greatest intimacy with him, and received very extraordinary marks of his favour and generosity. On all occasions he shews his gratitude to his illustrious friend, takes perpetual delight in dwelling on his many amiable virtues, and constantly manifests an earnest desire of transmitting his fame to posterity. This appears not only in many of his poems, but also in the following prose work, preserved by
Chatterton,

Chatterton, and printed in the Town and-Country Magazine for Nov. 1775, which, as a literary curiosity, our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to see re-published here, with several corrections. For other particulars of this Mæcenas of the Bristol Virgil, they must wait till Mr. Barrett favours the world with his history of that city.

*Some farther Account of this extraordinary Person,
written by Rowley the Priest.*

“ I was fadre confessor to mastres Roberte and mastre William Cannings. Mastre Robert was a man after his fadre’s own harte, greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms deedes ; but master William was mickle courteous, and gave me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces’d master Roberte, and by master William’s desyre bequeathd me one hundred marks ; I went to thank master William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender of myselfe to him.—Fadre quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne, that will need your aide. Master William, said I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you ; not so farr distant, said he : I ken you for a mickle learnd priest ; if you will
leave

leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee,
it shall be mickle to your profits.

“ I gave my hands, and he told mee I must goe
to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together
auncient drawyings, if of anie account, at any
price. Consented I to the same, and purfuant sett
outt he Mundaie following for the minster of our
Ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of
a steeple, contriyd for the belles when runge to
sweaie out of the syde into the ayre, had I thence;
it was done by Syr Symon de Mambrie, who, in
the troublefomme rayne of kyng Stephen, devoted
himselke, and was shorne,

“ Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne,
but I was onley to bargayne for drawyings.—The
next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be
reard, so as in form of a cross, the end standing
in the ground; a long manuscript was annexd.
Master Canning thought no workman culd be found
handie enough to do it.—The tale of the drawers
deserveth relation.—Thomas de Blunderville, a
preefte, although the preefte had no allows, lov'd
a fair mayden, and on her begatt a sonn. Thomas
educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into
the

the warrs, and neer did return for five years.—His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lov'd by Thomas, sonn of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minster, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheless had not seen his sonn for five years, yet kennd him instauntly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him asydde and disclosd to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sistre. Yoynge Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.

“ He drew manie fine drawyings on glafs.

“ The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me; he might have bargaynd 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badilian Y'allianne, who did live in the reign of Kynge Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havynge been tendred fyx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of
Coventrice.

Coventree. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyngs, all the works of mickle cunning—Master William culld the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawyng in Durham church hee did fend me.

“Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatills are more worth then you gave; take this for your paynes: so faying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundreds good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.—The choise drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put up, and somme houses neer the old church erased; it was drawn by Aflema, preefte of St. Cutchburts, and offerd as a drawyng for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.—I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hyll, often repayrings to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did fend me mickle good things.—In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Cannings fend for me to avoid a marrige which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he neer had seen, of the familie of the Winddevilles; the danger
were

were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.—Mr. Cannings instauntly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend, bishop of Worcester, and the Fry-day following was prepaired and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our Ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravyngs withall, that master Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 markes, which made him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

“ I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more then I did think my self did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle. I went to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett my selfe diligently

gentley to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performd and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire, of Ashley, for another.—Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advysd me to tender it to no man, beyng the menn whose name were therein mentiond would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

“But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt too if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn to speake by a figure, would have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to gett away in a safe skin.

“I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Cannings advysd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks to be cured off.—Master William offered me a
cannon's

cannon's place in Westbury-College, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me to stay at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaired since Robert Confull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen: some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house; and brynging my chattles from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gains was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repayring lease for 99 years, he thinking it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

A N T I Q U I T Y

O F

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

IN the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a period sacred to mirth and hospitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious seasons fled with popery, and old English hospitality is long since deceased. Our modern playthings of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of dissipation and joyless festivity, cannot distinguish this season; unless by resting from their laborious pleasures, and (if they can think) find a happy serenity in solitude and reflection, unknown in the tumult of hurricanes.—The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and amusements; wrestling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleasures for men; it is true, the conversation of the hearth-side was the tales of su-

K perdition:

perstition: the fairies, Robin Goodfellow, and hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave Maria, and cross their chins; but the laughable exercises of blindman's buff, riddling, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror. Add to these amusements, the wretched voices of the chanters and sub chanters; howling carols in Latin; the chiming of consecrated bells; the burning consecrated wax candles; curiously representing the Virgin Mary; praying the saint whose monastery stood nearest; the munching consecrated cross-loaves, sold by the monks; all which effectually eradicated the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the foul fiends, and night-mare; sleeping cross-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars, and warriors, and the holy bush and church-yard yew, were certain antidotes against those invisible beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horse, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasurablely

surably horrid; we may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they spoke to the heart.

The great barons and knights usually kept open house during this season, when their villains, or vassals, were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, wassol cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a groat in silver at parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. Sometimes the festival continued, till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his steward, took the deis, or upper seat of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchels.—This kind of liberality, endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that William, earl of Glocester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynsham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the Twelfth-day began the plays for the knights

by the monks ; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.

Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar ; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons, were usually family histories, the monk, who represented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances absurdities were unavoidable ; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gorges, Constance, countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of the monks in performing plays on holidays ; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private ; the plot, generally, the life of some pope, or the founder

founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent: they had a good moral in view, and some of the maumeries abound with wit, which though low now was not so then. Minstrels, jesters, and mummers, was the next class of performers; every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in their hours of dissipation; these Chaucer mentions in the following passages:

Doe comme, he saied, myn mynstrales,
 And jestours for to tellen us tales,
 Anon in mye armyage.
 Of Romaunces yatto been royals,
 Of popes and of cardinals,
 And eke of love longynge.
 Rime of Sir Ihopas.

Of all manere of mynstrales,
 And jestours thatte tellen tales,
 Both of weepyng and of yame,
 And of all thatte longeth unto fame.
 Third Book of Fame.
 D.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

HEREWITH I send you some curious Saxon achievements; an inedited coin of Sexburgeo, wife of Kinewalch, king of the West-Saxons, after whose death she reigned queen; and a Saxon amulet.

As no part of antiquity is so little known as Saxon heraldry, I shall not pretend to be infallible in the following conjectural explanation of the bearings.

a. A shield, amezz; *i. e.* painted irregularly with flowers, fruits, leaves, and insects; the field, argent; charge, proper.

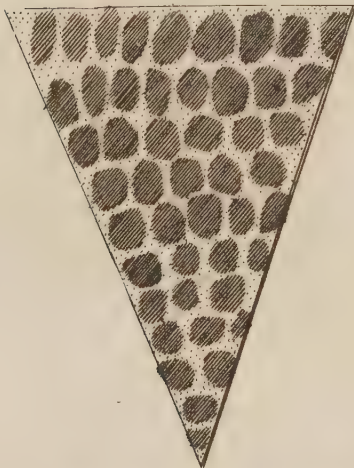
b. A shield, aadod; and were little round cakes of green wheat offered to the asgod or lesser idol of the Saxons; field, or; charge, vert.

c. A shield,

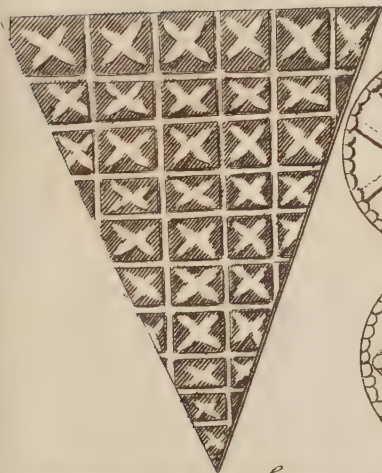
a



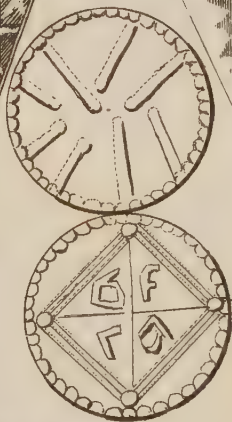
b



c



2



d



e

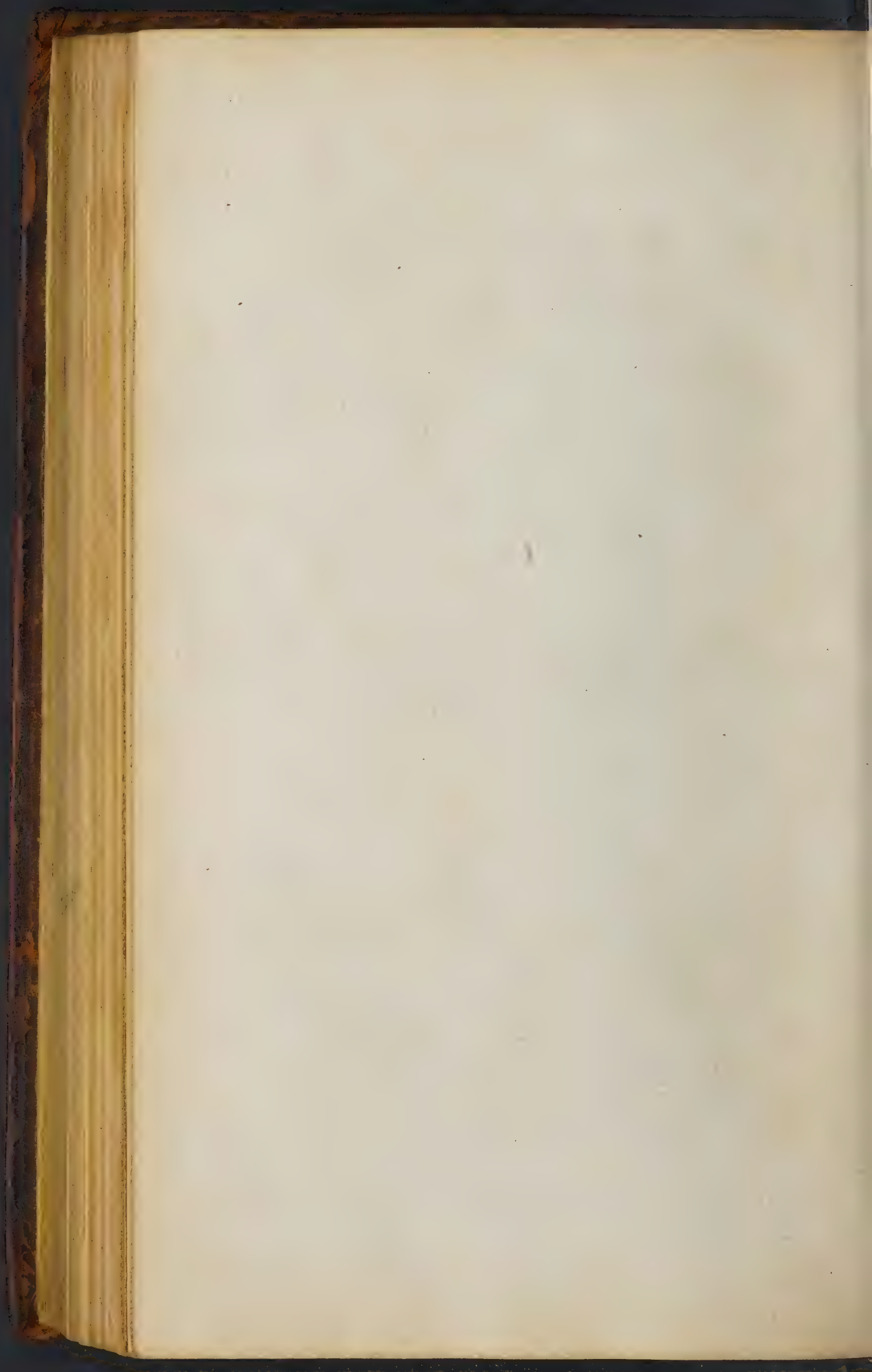


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f





- c. A shield, *apnaten*, carved with crosses, patee ; no settled tincture.
- d. A shield, *þunder-plægð*, reblasted, representing lightning ; an irregular kind of dauncettie, argent and gules.
- e. A shield of Keyna, so called from St. Keyna*, a Saxon virgin, who is falsely said to have turned serpents into stone ; field, vert ; charge, murrey.
- f. A shield *afgodoð*, charged with an afgod, and baso aadod. The afgod was an image like a dragon, as in the cut, placed at the feet of Woden : it was the ancient arms of Wessex, which has been often falsely blazoned, a griffin, sergeant. Camden mentions a procession in some part of England, where was displayed in a banner, a giant and dragon : this he did not know how to account for. Had he looked into the

* Camden makes Keyna a British virgin, which is evidently a mistake.

Saxon mythology, he might have found that the heathen Saxons, in the spring, used to bear in procession, a banner, argent, where was displayed the god Woden, azure : and this a god his usual attendant, gules.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Bristol, May 15 1769,

D: B.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF CHAUCER.

AFTER Chaucer had distributed copies of the tale of Piers Plowman, a Franciscan friar wrote a satiric maumery upon him; which was acted at the monasteries in London, and at Woodstock before the court. Chaucer not a little nettled at the poignancy and popularity of the satire, meeting his antagonist in Fleet-street, beat him with his dagger; for which he was fined two shillings, as appears by a record of the Inner Temple, where Chaucer was a student.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING L O R D J E F F R I E S.

A Few months before the abdication of the da-
stardly tyrant James II. lord chancellor Jef-
fries, of detested memory, went to Arundel, in Suf-
sex, in order to influence an election. He took his
residence at the castle, and went the day fixed for
the election to the town-hall, where Mr. Peckam,
who was then mayor of Arundel, held his court,
Jeffries had the impudence to shew his bloody
face there : the mayor ordered him to withdraw
immediately ; and in case of refusal, threatened to
have him committed. “ You,” said he, “ who
“ ought to be the guardian of our laws, and of our
“ sacred constitution, shall not so audaciously vio-
“ late them. This is my court, and my jurisdic-
“ tion here is above yours.” Jeffries, who was
not willing to perplex still more the king’s affairs,
and to enrage the populace, retired immediately.
The next morning he invited Peckham to break-
fast with him, which he accepted ; but he had the
courage to scorn to take a place, which the mer-
ciless executioner offered him.

Taken from the Records of the Town of Arundel,

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

BEING a little curious in antiquities, I have found that the Saxon heralds had these three tinctures, Heofnas, Weal, and Ocyre. Heofnas, (that is, in Saxon, Heaven) I take to be azure. Weal, (that is, strange or foreign) purpure, tenne, or any other colour brought from foreign countries : and Ocyre may be the same with oker, a yellow fossil, and signifies or.

If any of your ingenious correspondents (whether heralds or antiquaries) do not approve of my conjectures, I should be glad to know their opinion of the above.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Bristol, Feb. 4. 1769.

D. B.

To

*To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE,*

S I R,

As you mention, that Henry II. introduced the drefs called court-mantle, the following copy of a manuscript, written three hundred years ago, by one Rowley, a monk, concerning the said drefs, may not be unacceptable.

BRIGHHIKE * haveinge ymade Seyncte Baldwynnes † chapele ynto a house, Kynge Harrie secundus, in his yinge daies was there taughte. Yn the walle of sayde house, was an ‡ ymagerie of a Saxonne § Ab-thane, || crabbatelie ywroghtenne, with a mantille of estate, whyche yinge Harrie enthoghten to bee ** moke fyner dresse thanne hys. Causeynge the same to be †† quaintiffen yn ‡‡ elenge selke and §§ broderie, thus came courte dresse from a Brystoe ymagerie.

* An Anglo-Saxon earl. † In Bristol. ‡ Statue.
§ Earl. || Elegantlie made. ** Much. †† De-
vised or imitated. ‡‡ Foreign. §§ Embroidery.

And

And in another manuscript, written by Rowley,
it is said,

Richardus * abbatte of Seyncte Augustynes
dyd wear a mantelle of scarlette, frenged with
† bighes, and plated sylver after courte fashyon.

D.

* In 1149.

† Jewels.

ON THE
ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESIGN
OF
SCULPTURE.

Embellished with a Sketch for the Statue ordered to be erected to the Memory of the late William Beckford, Esq. by the Court of Common Council.

EXPLANATION.

Mr. Beckford in his Robes, as Lord Mayor, treading on Tyranny, and supporting Britannia, who, in a recumbent distressed Posture, looks up to him as imploring his Assistance. On an Altar (on which are the Arms of the City of London) the Address, surmounted with the Cap of Liberty, and the City Regalia, the Sword resting on Magna Charta, encircled with Laurel.

SCULPTURE is an art which, by design and solid matter, imitates the palpable objects of nature. It is difficult to ascertain the epocha of its

its origin; it is lost in the most remote antiquity. The arts of imitation in general, as painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. where the first invented. Sculptors began to work upon clay and wax, which are more flexible, and more pliable than wood and stone. They soon made statues of trees which were neither subject to corruption nor worms, as the lemon-tree, the cypress, the palm, the olive, the ebony, and the vine: at last they made use of metals, ivory, and the hardest stones; marble especially became the most precious matter, and the most esteemed for works of sculpture.

The nations amongst which this fine art was in the greatest honour were the Ægyptians; those people, so celebrated by the monuments of their gratitude towards the memory of the kings their benefactors. It was to perpetuate their names, that they erected, in the earliest ages, the two Colossean statues of Mocrus, and the queen his spouse.

The Ægyptian sculptors excelled all others in exactness of proportion; the different parts of a statue were often formed by divers artists; and these parts united made the whole perfect.

The Greek historians boast of the invention of that art in their country, which they attribute to love: however, it is certain that the first essays of sculpture in Greece were very unpolished; but Dedalus, having travelled into Ægypt, improved himself in this art, and formed afterwards pupils who became the admiration of a people whose taste was not yet refined by the elegant statues of Phydias, Myron, Lyfippus, &c.

The Greeks, subdued by the Romans, degenerated insensibly; and the arts vanished with their freedom.

Sculpture was an exotic which never could thrive in victorious Rome; its transient glory was eclipsed by the other arts in the reign of Augustus; it declined under Tiberius, Caius, and Claudius; and re-appeared with an enormous magnitude under Nero.

The Gothic sculpture sprung afterwards from a wild imagination, unassisted by nature.

The epocha of sculpture is the same in France and Italy. The celebrated Michael Angelo worked
ed

ed in Rome under the pontificate of Leo X. whilst John Goujon was admitted at Paris, under the patronage of Francis I.

The English advanced by slow degrees to the perfection of that art, in which they now rival their ancient masters.

The sculptors gave the name of statue to a figure in embossed work, that stands by itself in wood, stone, marble, or metal, of persons conspicuous by their birth, their rank, or their merit.

The ancients often represented figures of men, kings, and even gods, under a species of statues smaller than the natural size.

Those of persons who had distinguished themselves by their superior knowledge, their virtues, or some important services to the commonwealth, were erected at the public expence in statues of human size.

The third species of statues was designed for kings and emperors: they were taller than men
L commonly

commonly are ; and those which personated heroes were larger in proportion.

As for the Colossean statues, they represented gods ; and often kings and emperors, desirous to magnify themselves by these stupendous works, reared at their own expence monuments of their vanity and folly.

An equestrian statue exhibits a man on horseback, as the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross ; the statue of Henry IV. at Paris ; and that of Cosmo de Medicis, at Leghorn.

A Greek statue is naked and antique ; thus called, because the Greeks displayed in that manner the gods, the heroes, and the athletes of the Olympic games.

The Roman statues are all represented with a drapery.

A mausoleum is a pompous funeral monument, decorated with sculpture and architecture, with an epitaph sacred to the memory of some considerable personage. It derives its etymology from the
magnificent

magnificent tomb, which Queen Artemisa caused to be erected for Mausolus, king of Caria, her husband.

Heroes, patriots, and statesmen, are not only entitled to the love and veneration of their contemporaries during their lives, but their virtues and services ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. This vanity of surviving our dust by lasting monuments of national gratitude, has prompted men to the most noble actions, and inspired them with the emulation of being enrolled in the records of time, with those great heroes whose statues and inscriptions they contemplate with a sort of extacy. The tombs of Westminster-abbey fill the mind with that awful reverence, which a magnificent and grateful nation testifies for its benefactors. The portraits of the illustrious warriors who have subdued our inveterate enemies in both hemispheres, exposed to public view in Vauxhall-gardens, create even in a dissipated multitude a kind of admiration greatly superior to that inspired by the enchantment of the place. The spirit and magnanimity of the incorruptible Beckford, so becoming the first magistrate of the metropolis of a powerful empire; his noble and animated speech

to the throne, which was the last public testimony of his unwearied zeal for his country's cause, will be echoed with applause at the sight of his statue by the succeeding generation, to whom he tried to transmit our constitution restored to its pristine purity.

A D V E N T U R E S O F A S T A R.

I Shall omit the minute passages of my life, which happened whilst my members were in a state of separation, and begin my history where I began to see the polite world—in the laceman's shop. My possessor was a substantial man, and of some account among the monied men at Jonathan's. He was accounted a wit at his club at the Robinhood, which was not then altogether as patriotic as it is now ; no Cato being permitted to mount the table, and harangue himself into an asthma. Here I lived in a state of inactivity for above a month, and heard nothing but the usual discourse of trade ; when one day a couple of pretty ladies hurried into the shop, from a coach dignified with a coronet. " Well, Mr. Spangle, we want to take a view of the newest patterns you have. Lord, my dear, and is the wretch really jealous ? " " Quite mad, 'pon honour. Don't you think this pattern very pretty ? Why, he had the impudence to declare, that I

should receive no more visits from the colonel."

"An amazing pretty stomacher! pray what is the price? And I hope you answered him like a woman of quality and spirit." "Certainly my dear."

"Fifty guineas, Mr. Spangle! Well, let me have it, and book it to lord G—r, I will never disgrace my title." "But, my dear Harriot, I have reason to fear his jealousy will veer round to the right object." "Reason to fear! my dear, what an expression is that for a woman of quality! You

have reason to fear nothing but his interrupting your happiness." "And that I defy him to do, Here, Harry, take the trifles. Yours, Mr. Spangle."

And away drove the titular honourables, whom I heard no more of till my exaltation among the quality. The next discourse of any consequence happened between Mr. Spangle and his son. Jack Spangle was as complete a city buck as any who frequent the Park when the sun shines. He spoke an anglicised French very fluently; and murdered an overture upon the violin to admiration. "Jack (said the old gentleman to him one day, when the ungracious spendthrift had made application for t'other bank-bill) these wild courses will never do. I hear you have a mistress; I don't begrudge it, Jack; but why will
you

you pay for confounded dear for her? I make allowances; you are flesh and blood as well as myself; would you had as much prudence as many years have taught me. I protest, when I was a young fellow, I cut as pretty a figure as you with half the expence. I used to take a trip into the country, hire a good handsome wench as my servant, put her into reputable lodgings, and buy every thing necessary for her myself; and by these means fix her my own at an easy rate. Here was the surgeon's bill saved, and my constitution kept whole and sound for matrimony, if ever fate should throw a wife, with ten thousand pounds, in my way. I made every lady a compliment, but seldom accompanied it with any other present than a kiss. Would you, Jack, pursue the same prudent method, you would find the benefit of it; but I am afraid you are resolved to buy experience dear."

Jack heard this admonition with a sheepishness natural enough to the choice spirits of the city, when they are under the rod of correction: but the old gentleman producing a bill at the end of his harangue, Jack's countenance brightened up; he received it, and bowing respectfully, stam-

mered out, "'Tis very true, Sir, as you say, Sir."

After lying in the shop three months and four days, (I always endeavour to be precise in my chronology, as it gives the reader assurance, that the history is really and *bona fide*, true) one of my rays by an accident, began to be a little tarnished: this was a terrible misfortune, as in consequence of it, I was degraded to the glass-case at the door. I now gave way to the most violent emotions of despair, and thought my splendor irretrievable; saw all my hopes of rising in the polite world vanished; and expected never to be relieved, till the day of transmutation, from my disgraceful situation. But fate had kinder days in store for me. The first object that claimed my attention in the street, was the superb chair of Mrs. Spermacety, the wax-chandler's wife. Her chairmen were loaded with silver lace; and the footman who cleared the way, had an enormous bag wig. I expected to have seen it filled with the dignity of a duchess; but how great was my astonishment, when I perceived a short, fat woman, of the same complexion as the sign of the Saracen's Head fastened in it! She was dressed meanly rich, without the shadow of elegance

gance in any thing but her chair, which had formerly belonged to a lady of quality, having purchased it at her decease. Her sneaking pitiful countenance did not discover one grain of generosity or nobility : she appeared an absolute burlesque on the grandeur which surrounded her. The following dialogue between Mr. Spangle and his good friend and neighbour Mr. Pickle let me into her whole history. “ Good morning to you, neighbour Spangle, as the man said ; methinks Mrs. Spermaceti shines to-day.” “ She shines every day, at home and abroad, Mr. Pickle : but there may be reasons for it ; and the grey mare is sometimes the better horse.” This stroke, though in my opinion not very brilliant, brought a horse-laugh on both sides for about ten minutes. “ You are a wit, neighbour, you are a wit ; but they say, as how, that Mrs. Spermaceti was formerly her husband’s cook-maid ; but lies and snow-balls gather in rolling ; pray is there any truth in the matter ? ” “ Between ourselves, there is a great deal of truth in it ; and the first charm that Mr. Spermaceti found in his spouse, was that she dressed ortolans to a miracle.” Another loud laugh of applause echoed to the end of the street. “ And they say, Mr. Spangle, as how, that she lost three thousand

thousand pounds one night at the gaming table to lord what-ye-callum——lord Dillitanti ; is that true ?” “ Very true, upon my word ; for Tom Shamwell, who now lives by his wit, stood behind her chair, to let him into her hand, as they call it.” “ Well, the Lord help us all, it is a sad thing to hae a spending wife, who consumes all the money before we gets it.”

This edifying discourse was terminated by a hearty shake of the hand, and an invitation from both parties to partake of a bottle of wine. I had now remained exposed to public view for about three weeks, and had caught the eye of every staring countryman, who did honour to my fallen brightness, by exclaiming, “ Odzounds ! what a woundy pretty thingamy !” Fortune at last began to smile, and my deliverance from disgrace was effected in the following manner.

Father L’Andridella was at the time of the intended affassination of the king of Portugal treasurer to a principal college of the order of Jesus, in the city of Lisbon. He was the intimate friend and confidant of Malagrida ; and assisted him in composing those ridiculous whimsies which the In-

quisition condemned as heretical. He was also deep in the important secret; and when the conspiracy began to unravel, was happy enough to escape the flames which Malagrida and the other conspirators perished in. The inhumanity with which the innocent families of the only two noble conspirators were treated, is too shocking to be dwelt upon.

Andridella went first to Paris, where he was employed by St. Florentin to bear certain presents to certain ministers in England, on a pacific account: but he demanding more for his trouble than St. Florentin chose to give, he was threatened with being confined for life in the Bastille; which threat would have been actually carried into execution, had he not timely got away to England.

How a certain physician came by his intelligence, shall be known in due time.

Andridella, for reasons best known to himself, shifted his habit, and equipped himself as a pedlar. Being a man of an extensive genius, and great knowledge in chemistry, he prepared several tinctures, for taking spots out of linen, recovering
tarnished

tarnished gold or silver, and other ingenious *minutiae*. In one of his diurnal rotations, he called on Mr. Spangle, and imparted to him the virtues of his box. I was accordingly taken down to bear witness to the excellence of his tincture; and on the touch of his brush moistened by it shone forth with redoubled lustre, which, by a natural sympathy glittered also in the eyes of Mr. Spangle. Andridella was paid generously, and I was once more carefully laid up in the shop; but my stay there was very short; for Mr. Buckram, the tailor, gave me the preference before twenty of my brethren, and fixed me to a magnificent suit of cloaths, which were conveyed to B—n house, for the use of a young d—, just stepped into his estate and title.

The duke of D——e was the nobleman upon whose breast I commanded respect. Paracelsus, and that ingenious astrologic physician, Culpeper, assert, that gold and silver have a magic virtue. The magic of this virtue, commercially considered, is interest; physically, it is chimerical; and metaphysically, it is a fine subtle genius or spirit, as capable of reasoning upon matter, as any deist since Bolingbroke. By the magic of my composition,

sition, I was enabled to look internally into the bosoms which I adorned externally, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with my situation, as his grace's heart was no dishonour to his star. He was young, and had his foibles; the principal of which was a strong passion for gaming. Reason in vain endeavoured to convince him of his error; had he been convinced, his resolution would have been too feeble to bear him through in a reformation. The first time I adorned him, I visited the court; after the levee was over, he was accosted by Lord Rattle, "Ah, D——e, how the devil d'ye do to-day? I was horridly dipp'd last night; thirteen bottles of champagne, demme. Lord Shuffle was bit this morning of three thousand; and has sent to his steward to cut down a whole forest to have a better stock to proceed upon. Pray, have you seen C——d's Letters?" "O horrid! don't mention the stuff; I sicken at the idea. Lady Bab Blouzy has had the vapours these five days by perusing as many lines. Nauseous, 'pon 'onour: I always write my billets in French; a certain preservative against vulgar criticism!" "Gadso, you're right, my lord: but as I always thought writing pedantic and beneath a nobleman, my valet always writes my amorous epistles:
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and a fine fellow he is too ! Trims a sentiment like a bag-wig, and twists a meaning like a curl." I admired his lordships prudence, in making his valet a secretary, as it was more than probable he was better qualified for the office than his honourable master.

In the evening, I accompanied the duke to the gaming-table ; my lustre fickened, and my whole frame trembled, at beholding the knot of rascals and villains, who surrounded him. Some he honoured with a nod ; and others he condescended to enter into a conversation with ; and then with an air of careless indifference, sat down to play, and before he rose, lost above eight thousand pounds. This loss but very little affected him, and he went home with the same composure of mind he brought out with him. The sharpers who shared the booty, were Sir Richard——, lord M——, Jack Hounslow, and father Andredilla, whose ingenuity had raised me to my present exalted station. Sir Richard had a legal claim to his title, but no man could disgrace it with more villanies or meanesses. His humble soul stooped to every thing when interest was in the way, and his tender conscience never gave him any trouble about the matter.

ter. Though lord M——, and this conscientious knight of the post, were continually quarrelling every where else, they always agreed at the gaming-table, in a very capital point, viz. to bubble his grace. His grace was so easy, so superficially learned in the art of gambling, and his antagonists so cunning and deep in the mystery, that B——n-house was more than once on the verge of being sold, to pay these impostors what the world calls debts of honour. Lord M——, who though young, yet enervated with pleasure, had still a hankering desire to be sacrificing on the altar of the Cytherean goddess; and, by the infallibility of a bank-bill, had gained admittance into the chamber of Miss R——rs, the baronet's mistress. His lordship was making his addresses, when Sir Richard made his appearance: as the baronet was a man of prudence, and knew how to make use of an opportunity, he proposed to his lordship, that if he should be permitted to partake of the profits arising from his grace, and an eminent East-India bubble, his lordship should partake in common with the baronet in the charms of Miss R——rs. Lord M—— stretched his gallantry to the utmost, and complied: and it was upon this consideration that the baronet had admittance to
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the gaming table. Jack Hounslow was his lordship's understrapper; he had been an upholsterer, but having squandered his stock, and nothing being left but a pair of pistols, he employed them to the most profitable advantage, by levying contributions on the highway. The frequent executions of his fellow labourers striking a damp upon his spirits, and having now pretty well recruited his pockets, he gave up his hazardous employment and commenced sharper. Lord M—— soon discovered his inventive genius and useful parts, and engaged him in his service.

Sir Kenelm Digby, who so religiously maintained the doctrine of sympathy, would have attributed his lordship's discovery to similar feelings in his own breast. But as many tedious and learned arguments may be brought to maintain it, and to say but little in a case of importance, is worse than nothing at all, and for other good causes and considerations, I shall leave it entirely to the reader.

Father Andredilla having acquired a considerable sum by his tinctures, put himself into a magnificent dress, hired three servants, and assuming the title of marquis de Villa Garcia, completed the

party who were continually preying upon the inexperience of the duke. One morning, lord Rattle came thundering in upon his grace, "O, D——e, I shall die with risibility. Never was such a comical figure, demme; no masquerade face can be half so laughable. There's C——d gone to his trial, with a countenance as dejected as lord B——e's when at Kingston; and lady Harriet G——r, with a face as bronzed and as impudent as a naiad of Covent-Garden." "Pretty work, Rattle, and what d'ye think will be the issue?" "Between you and I, I have a very important secret, and could I confide in your retentive faculties, by the Lord, I have no friend upon earth I would rather reveal it to." "You may depend upon my honour, Jack; did I ever betray your inestimable secrets?" "Why then, D——e, it is absolutely determined, that when a divorce is obtained, C——d shall positively marry lady Harriet: I may confide in your honour now, I hope?" "Undoubtedly," replied his grace, smothering a laugh, "your secrets are of too much importance to be trifled with." Lord Rattle's whispers had generally as much truth, as those of a coffee-house politician, who is happy in the acquaintance of a paragraph-maker.

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I had lived with his grace long enough to see him bubbled out of thirty thousand pounds, and was then consigned, as a customary fee, to his valet, who immediately carried me to Monmouth-street, to take my chance with an army of decayed gentry ; some of whom I had been acquainted with in their days of prosperity. As I had lived my usual time among the great, I submitted to my fate without murmuring. A black velvet coat and waistcoat, my near neighbours, were taken down to give physical dignity to a young fellow who had newly commenced quack-doctor ; and found out a nostrum to cure distempers which never existed. This suit had once adorned a genius of the same profession, whose extraordinary operations in Moor-fields, had made him the envy of all Hatton-Garden. Doctor Bialini, the original wearer, was quite an Esculapius in his way ; he was unacquainted with every principle in surgery ; but having as much courage and impudence, as ignorance, he boldly undertook the most difficult operations. When he happened to divide an artery in the cure of a scratch, it was all very well ; and he had discovered by experience, that diverting the distemper to the nobler parts, was an infalliable cure, for inconsiderable ailments. He couched for the
cataract,

cataract, and where he cured one by chance, he made twenty totally blind, beyond all possibility of recovery. But success did not always attend his adventure ; a young lady of great family applying to him to be eased of a troublesome pain in the head, he gave her such a dose of his cathartic pills, that she expired under their operation. The friends of the deceased accused the doctor of murder, and left it to his choice either to take a dose of his own cathartics, or leave England to return no more. As he knew the merit of his medicaments too well to chuse the first, he returned to Italy, to exercise his honefter occupation of a taylor. His solemn habiliments were now disposed of to his successor in fame, Mr. Perron, who had been educated a cobbler, and on the merit of being twice salivated, advertised to cure a certain distemper in all its extensive branches. The regular surgeons have had no reason to complain of his success ; as he has greatly increased the business of the faculty, by confirming the disease, and ruining the constitution in every patient he undertook to cure. The warehouse I was laid up in was greatly frequented by second-hand gentry, among whom I heard many entertaining discourses, but too foreign from my purpose to be related here.

A servant enquiring for a rich suit with a star, I was accordingly taken down, approved of, and carried off. I wondered what use I was going to be put to, when a meagre tall old man made his appearance. "Well done, my bra' bonny laddie, this is saving the filler, and laying up more for the bairn." These words were uttered by the identical duke of A——, who putting on his prudent finery, stepped into a coach, as antiquated as hospitality, and rattled off to court. The reception he met with from his M——, would have shamed virtue out of countenance: when we see villany and avarice caressed, what shall we say, but that k—s are men. His only merit was in being born a Scot, and distantly related to lord B—. I had examined his breast, and found him nothing but a composition of pride, fraud and avarice. As he was deep in all his favoured countryman's secrets, the affair of the peace was not unknown to him, and he had no inconsiderable share of the booty. Not contented with his share, he revealed the transaction to a certain western physician, binding him by oath, not to discover from whom he had his intelligence; and articling to receive a moiety of whatever should be given the doctor to
stop

stop his mouth, or say nothing at all to the purpose. The whole juggle was transacted entirely to the duke's satisfaction: and he partook so gloriously of the hush-money, that for a moment emerging from his usual avarice, he gave his servants new liveries, and matched one of his horses, having before paired a bay and a black one. The nobility did not receive him so well as his M——; as he was universally looked upon as a scandal to his title, he was shunned by every polite company. Unfortunately, the too retentive memory of a gentleman, discovered his grace's cloaths to have been worn by a more honourable nobleman; and having whispered his discovery to lady Henrietta F—h, as a very great secret; it was known all over the town before the evening, that the duke of A—— had been to court in the duke of D——'s cast-off cloaths. Nothing can express the vexation of the old duke; his pride, which had stooped to his avarice, in the purchase of his prudent bargain, began, though too late, to have the pre-eminence; he ordered his servant to bear me back to Monmouth-street, and desire the frippery-man to refund the money, which he did, after deducting a guinea for the use of his magnificence.

ficence. I was now taken off the coat, and condemned to the melting-pot; but whilst the executioner is preparing my fiery grave, I have time to subscribe myself,

The public's humble servant,

A S T A R.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS there are few monthly productions so universally read as your agreeable Miscellany, I have taken the liberty to beg the insertion of the following short account of my life, in which I shall be as brief as possible; and which, if you think proper to countenance, may be a means to warn others of my sex from falling into the same unhappy snares, which I now fatally experience have been my ruin.

My parents were people of some repute, for my father enjoyed a place under the government of upwards of two hundred pounds a year, besides a small estate in the country, which brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds a year more. As I was their only daughter, they naturally took the best care of my learning that their income would permit, and I was sent early to a boarding school, where I received the rudiments of a polite

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education, and made as great progress in French, music, &c. as could reasonably be expected.

I was in my thirteenth year when my father died of a fever, and as he had been no great economist, and the estate which he enjoyed was to leave our family at his death, my poor mother and I were left without the least resource. Grief for the loss of a tender and affectionate husband, soon put an end to my mother's distress; and I was now the only one left to suffer for the faults of my poor father's imprudence. It happened I had a near relation who was married to a gentleman of fortune, who pitying my situation, took me home with her to be a companion. By the cheerfulness of my disposition, and my universal assiduities to please, I ingratiated myself so much in the favour of my cousin and Mr. M——, and received for it such convincing proofs of their friendship and desire to make me happy, that I soon forgot the loss I had so lately sustained. Mr. and Mrs. M—— were extremely good-natured and affable, and I enjoyed every felicity I could wish for in my dependent state. Unluckily for me, Mrs. M—— was threatened with a consumption, just as I had attained my fifteenth year, which daily increasing,
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in about six months, terminated a life, the loss of which I have now the utmost reason to lament; but not before she had recommended me to the care of Mr. M—— in such terms that none but a wretch abandoned to all manner of villainy could have ever forgot.

I felt every emotion of grief which a heart truly susceptible of gratitude could experience at such a shock; but my concern was soon alleviated by the assurances I received from my surviving benefactor of a continuance of that protection and esteem I had hitherto met with. By his generosity I was rendered sole mistress of his house, and had every indulgence granted which I could expect. As he had no children, he took me frequently with him, for an airing in the chariot, and though I observed his fondness for me, daily increase, I did not suffer the least suspicion to enter my breast. Being of an age in which young women are initiated in company, and as I was to move in a more genteel sphere, than formerly, I was no longer to be supported in my present character, but at a considerable expence, so that he spared no cost to make me appear suitable to that rank in which he placed me.

By this stratagem, which I did not at first understand, he filled me with additional tenderness and gratitude; compelled me to repose on him as my only support; and by my sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it, disposed me to unlimited complaisances. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to attempt the ruin of an orphan, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority had subdued. Shocked at the baseness of his designs, I summoned all the courage which a weak woman could employ, and resented his behaviour with a becoming indignation. But instead of recoiling at the deed, he upbraided me with ingratitude, and mingled his artifices with menaces of total desertion, if I should continue to resist.

I was now completely depressed, and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward cheerfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, and examine by what means I might escape perpetual mortification. The loss of my indulgent parents and kind cousin were
now

now severely felt ; and I only reflected that had I been taught a more useful kind of learning than a boarding-school produces, I might still live secure under the consciousness of an unblemished reputation. Unaccustomed and unexperienced to earn my bread in a menial capacity, I had no hopes left but such as might proceed from his future honour and generosity. I soon found myself cruelly deceived ; no art or cunning was left untried to accomplish his purpose ; the most subtle protestations of protection and maintenance were made use of, and a solemn promise of marriage to silence all my fears.

Oh ! Woman, woman, thy name is frailty !

Young and credulous, I swallowed the glittering bait, and fell an easy victim to the unruly passion of an ungrateful wretch.

But, alas ! When he found the consequences attendant on our crime, which I tremble to relate, he not only refused to fulfil his promise of marriage ; but also abandoned me to all the pangs of recollection, and the frowns of a merciless world.

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Yet villain as he was, he did not turn me out of doors, till he had given me money to support me in those moments of perturbation, which his passion had forced me to suffer; and an untimely birth at length relieved me from the anxieties of a mother, though it left me under the severe pressures of infamy, and the painful prospect of approaching poverty.

Friends and acquaintances have now forsaken me, and I am reduced to the lot of those unhappy beings, from whom many, who melt at the sight of all other misery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to suffer without complaint, and perish without regard; and whom I myself have formerly insulted in the pride of reputation, and security of innocence.

Let others, who read my story, be warned by my example; and however specious the pretence, avoid the consequences. Let them consider that however secure they may think themselves, they will have need of all their fortitude when put to the test. Whatever they may think of me,
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MARIA FRIENDLESS. 173

let them judge as favourably as possible, and as it is out of their power to assist, let them at least pity a wretch destined to suffer for the faults of an ungrateful monster.

I am, Sir,

June 13,
1770.

Your humble servant.

MARIA FRIENDLESS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your Magazine, to lay before the public, scenes of distress of no common kind. Though it can afford me no pleasure to recite the many sufferings of a wretched victim to misfortune; yet, by my errors, others may be convinced that the way of virtue only, is the way to felicity. Born to an elevated rank in life, I was instructed rather to value myself on the blind acquisitions of fortune, and the tinsel of external accomplishments, than on the more solid and commendable qualifications of the mind. My years of infancy were marked by an infant pride; and the mercenary disposition of menial servants did not fail to make the evil increase with my growth.

When I just entered my sixteenth year, I was initiated into all the œconomy of high life. Should the rustic or mercantile reader find fault with the expression *œconomy*, when applicable to high life,
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his ignorance is seen in the censure. Dames of spirit have their mean savings; and a titled lady is as anxiously avaricious in her way, as any plodding citizen whose business and pleasure unite in gain. Most of the estates of our nobility are heavily mortgaged, or lie useless to the owner, till the rent clears the incumbrances; this is all that can be urged in defence of a lady of quality's sharpening upon her servant, and stripping her fille de chambre of all her ready cash, to answer some urgent demand upon her honour; which she protests, by that sacred honour, shall be returned with interest in a few days. But, alas! Among quality, things equally as sacred as honour are abused and trifled with. If there is any real spirit in high life, any generous indifference as to the affairs of this world, which should constitute the sole merit of *noblesse*, it is oftener found in a citizen's wife. However the court may exclaim against the city, there is less mercenary meanness in the dames of Ludgate-Hill, than in a whole masquerade of right honourable dishonourables

But to return to my own story. Happy in the notion of the world, by being born to a title and a large fortune, it is not to be doubted that the
coxcomb

coxcombs of the court were busy to ingratiate themselves in my favour, by genteely letting me know, they thought themselves very pretty fellows; some indeed went so far, as to assure me by the *lard*, and all that, that I was consumedly handsome, still keeping a distant view to the dear subject, self; and never lending a compliment, unless it might be returned to the maker. These shadows of men were my continual torment, being my settled, perhaps, prejudiced aversion.

Another class of lovers deserved rather my friendship, or my pity, than my love, these were men of sense, who, by the malice of their fortune, (or their stars, if you are an astrologer) had never risen in life to what their ambitious ideas aspired to.

As the customs of the world are, by the courtesy of it, allowed to be just, these men imagined every girl of conspicuous accomplishments, whose unexperienced heart they could deceive into love, their lawful prize. Dangerous is that lover who has more sense than virtue: his sense, when perverted, is the greatest evil he can possess. Fools are mere cyphers, they are like the air; when the arrow flies, no traces remain to tell its way; they
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are like the sea, where every single impression is lost in multitudes of impressions. Though I easily defended myself against the egotisms and addresses of the coxcomb, I found it no easy task to ward off the assaults of the man of sense; his batteries are levelled at the heart, and where he has mutual youth to plead in his favour, seldom fails of carrying the day. In the early bloom of life, we are not ourselves; and I confess, had not pride been a more certain guard than virtue, my fortune would have fallen into the hands of the creditors of an unfortunate, but amorous author. However, this was an error of youth; and the passion fled with my experience and the absence of the bard. But, my God! Why did it fly! To make room for one which should torment me for years. Better had it been for me to live poor by the villany of another, than to be rich, great, and miserable by my own villany. But just heavens! I deserve it all.

I was in my nineteenth year, when the personal accomplishments of a young gentleman, of inferior rank and fortune to mine, a Mr. Knowles, first engaged my notice. I cannot say, I conceived a passion instantaneously for him; I was never so

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romantic. I admired his manly figure, his easy air, and affable behaviour. In short, I wished to know him, which was going as far as a woman of prudence, could go upon first sight. I was then universally allowed to be a beauty; and was unhappy enough to engage his attention. If his person pleased, his conversation charmed me; I was now madly in love. A solid judgment, without the least cynical cast; a florid, easy manner of speech, without the least affectation; and a fluent tongue, without any impertinence, all inspired to make me so. From the minute of our conversation, we began an acquaintance, an ill-fated one for me. Mr. Knowles had never spoke of his passion, though his fine eyes expressed unutterable things: we were often together, and I did not think it an unhappy circumstance that no declaration had been made; for that chilling coldness, which, by the custom of the world, necessarily succeeds a declaration, till the matrimonial act is determined, must, to mutual lovers, be a ceremonious torment. In the ensuing spring, Mr. Knowles being in the country, as I was one morning playing on my harpsichord, my father came hastily into the room. "My dear girl," said he, throwing his arm round my waist,

"I am

"I am overjoyed; partake of my transports, and ease one part of them."

I replied, "Whatever gives my father joy, must consequently be welcome to me."

"It is in your power," answered he, "in your power alone, to insure this happiness to me. The earl of ——— has seen you; he likes, he loves you: he has this day offered proposals to me, and will settle more than your own fortune on you."

I was thunder-struck at this intelligence; I could hear no more: I fainted. My father was frightened; he called for help, and soon recovered me. Seeing me revive, he changed his tender solicitude to rage; called me an ungrateful, vile, disobedient wretch, in having engaged my affections to another, which he was sure was the case, without his consent; told me, I should marry his lordship in three days time, or turn out of his doors with nothing but what I could demand. Saying this, he flung out of the room, and left me to consult with Janet, my waiting woman, who was privy to my prepossession in favour of Mr.

Knowles. "Oh, Janet!" I exclaimed, "was ever poor creature so suddenly plunged into the depth of misery!" "Why, to be sure, madam," returned she, "the matter is a little sudden; but as to misery, I have heard your honourable father say, that happiness and misery were both in our own hands. Suppose, madam, this affair had not happened, would you ever have had Mr. Knowles?" "No!" replied I warmly, "No! I would never have stooped below my birth." "Why then, dear madam, if he is out of the question, who could you have better than an earl? It is true, he is old, but then you will have a man of quality, and have all your own fortune settled on you. For my part, I can see no reason to hesitate." Weak as these reasons may appear, it was such cogency of argument that urged me to consent to be countess of ———. Doubting the stability of the resolution, I hastened to put it into execution; and in one fatal minute did what ages of repentance could not undo. My lord was affable and kind; my father transported out of himself; and I was neither miserable nor happy, in a kind of negative existence, which, for want of a better name, we call the vapours, a latitudinary word, which, meaning every thing, means nothing.

Mr.

Mr. Knowles heard of our marriage: he flew on the wings of love. As I was sitting alone in my parlour, amusing myself with fruitless repentance, he burst in upon me, and giving me an inexpressible look, exclaimed, "Oh, my Fanny!" That short sentence, did more, than the bitterest reproach could have done: it threw me into agonies not to be described. At last I gathered strength enough to speak. "Sir, since the laws of the world have bound me to another, to whom my kind regards are due, they cannot now be yours." This I murmured in articulations scarce to be understood: I knew not what I said. He started from his chair, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, "And was there ever a possibility they could be mine!" This reply embarrassed me greatly; I was all confusion and hurry, when my lord entered.

Nothing can paint the distraction of his features; lunacy itself could not be more enraged; he fiercely commanded Mr. Knowles to walk out of the house, without permitting him to speak, and returned to me with the countenance of a fury. "Madam," said he, "could you carry on your vile intrigues no where but in my house! But I

will take care for the future, you shall have no intrigues elsewhere." Saying this, he left me, and never afterwards suffered me to stir out, but with an old woman, who served me in the office of a duenna.

Vexed at this barbarous treatment, I repented it like a woman of quality and spirit. I insisted on the dismissal of my spy, and being left to my own liberty, This his lordship flatly refused, Madening with rage, I made an immediate affignation with Mr. Knowles, exerted my authority, sent back my guard, and flew in my own coach to the place of appointment.

When a woman has taken one false step, 'tis too late to think of receding ; she is necessitated to go on. Jealousy is certainly the effect of love ; yet it is a very troublesome effect, and only tends to make the possessor hated by the object he loves.

My husband's behaviour grew intolerable, and I was determined to leave him. This I did soon after with Mr. Knowles, and we retired to a neighbouring kingdom. Happy in not being disturbed, we thought his lordship sat easy under his
loss ;

loss; when the first intelligence we had of him brought his will. Distracted at the fatal consequence of my resentment, I flew to the house once his, now mine, his generosity having left me all, laying the blame on the disparity of our ages, my prepossession, and his jealousy. Here had I the unhappiness to find my father dying, stabbed to the heart with the news of my flight. O, my God! what an everlasting hell of reflection must attend the guilty.

FRANCES.

M E M O I R S

O F A

S A D - D O G.

*To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

THE man who sits down to write his own history, has no very agreeable task to execute. The chevalier Taylor is the only egotist since Julius Cæsar, who has made tolerable work in drawing the picture of himself. Julius had but two colours to paint with, truth and classic elegance; here the chevalier had the advantage, for he was too great to be confined within the bounds of the first qualification, and has daubed with a thousand materials. The sentimental John Bun- cle should not be forgotten; the man who admires the mountains of the north in his description, will lose all his admiration in the real prospect.

But

But to proceed to my own affairs. I am, Mr. Editor, a Sad Dog, a very Sad Dog; have run through many sad adventures, had many sad escapes from the clutches of baliffs, and at the time of writing this sad relation, am throned in a broken chair within an inch of a thunder-cloud.

I set out in life with a fortune of five thousand pounds, which the old prig, my father, left me, with this memorable piece of advice: "Item, I leave to my youngest son Henry, five thousand pounds, with an old book, formerly his grandmother Bridget's, called, *The Way to save Wealth*, containing a thousand choice receipts in cookery, &c. and I advise that he read two pages of the said book every day before he dines." Very pretty advice! but I had not veneration enough for the parental character to follow it.

When the legacy was paid me, I bid my brother adieu, drank three bottles of claret with Sir Stentor Ranger, who had married my sister, and drove furiously to the metropolis in my own phaeton and four. Honour was the only book which I ever honoured with a perusal; and being pretty well dipped in the theory of gambling, I ventured to
engage

engage with some knights of the post, which were a little better versed in the practical part, and at one sitting lost one fifth of my fortune. This was a terrible stroke to me, and I began, for the first time in my life, to reflect; but a bottle of champagne, and a night at the hotel, drove every troublesome idea out of my head.

Miss Fanny H——t, who by a natural transmigration is transmigrated from a whore into a bagnio-keeper, was then in the bloom of her charms; she was never a first-rate beauty, but always a very favourite toast among the bucks and pretty fellows of the city.

I was one evening strolling the Park, when Miss Fanny had experience enough to perceive that she had nailed my attention. As I was neither acquainted with her character, or situation, I was not a little elated with the condescending glances she honoured me with. Presuming on my conquest, I made her a few compliments, 'squired her out of the Park, and thought myself blest in being permitted to accompany her to her lodgings. I had not enjoyed my tête-à-tête five minutes, before I was astonished at hearing the well-known
thunder

thunder of the voice of Jack N——tt. “ ’Sblood and ’oons, you old harridan, she is mine for a month ; and I would rather lose fifty per cent. than lend her for a single night to the dearest friend upon earth.” To this vociferous exclamation the venerable matron replied : “ Won’t Miss Kitty do for once, or Polly, or Miss Nancy ? ” “ I’ll have no Miss, but Fanny, by G—,” replied Jack, bursting into the parlour upon us. I was now sufficiently in the secret, and not displeased at finding my charmer no vestal. Jack, who had paid fifty pounds for his month, insisted on his right of purchase ; but Miss Fanny thinking me a better pay-master, heroically turned him out of the parlour ; telling him, for his comfort, that he should have his month another time. Miss Fanny pleased me so well, that before I was weary of her I had sunk another thousand ; when, in a fit of reflexion, I bid her adieu, and left her to Jack, and the rest of her monthly keepers.

To make a little digression, I think this method of hiring for a month preferable to the wholesale bargains for life, and of mutual advantage to the keeper and kept, if that form will stand good in law, for a man will find it all rapture and love,
without

without disgust; and in a few months play the the same part over again, with no decay of vigour.

Jack N——tt is now a principal merchant, and rolls about in his coach and four to every public dinner; where his appetite and solidity of judgment, in the edible way, does honour to the city. It is notorious that he is a cuckold, and by more than one method free of his company; but that is no detriment to him in the scale of mercantile merit. The extraordinary bustle he has made in a late political affair, is very little to his advantage; but it must be observed in his defence, that the earl of H——lb——h did him the greatest act of friendship mortal man could do him, viz. invited him to a turtle-feast, and revealed to him a secret in the culinary art, till then utterly unknown to all the world but his lordship and his cook. Some indeed pretended to say, that this secret is nothing more than giving venison an additional flavour, by basting it with a preparation of French cheese and rancid butter; but as I would not presume to give my opinion in a matter of such importance, I shall leave Jack to the pleasure of the table, and proceed in my relation,

On

On this considerable decay of my fortune, I began to consider seriously of my departed father's curious advice ; and in consequence of this consideration, resolved to set up for a fortune-hunter, and retrieve my affairs in the sober track of matrimony. A Miss L—n was the girl I had fixed upon, and accordingly dressed at. She raised my hopes, and gratified my vanity by several significant glances ; and I was so certain of carrying her off in the end, that I cheerfully launched out five hundred pounds in dress and equipage ; which had such an amazing effect, that in three weeks time I had three kisses of her hand, and in the fourth week she took a trip to Scotland with her father's footman. This unexpected stroke created in me an absolute aversion to matrimony, and a resolution not to endeavour to better myself by the hymenial knot.

Soon after this affair I made an acquaintance with the wife of an alderman : I shall conceal his name, as his patriotic behaviour has rendered him respectable in the city. Mrs. ——— was of an amorous complexion : her husband had too much of the citizen to be like her : turtle, venison, and popularity, were the only objects of his attention,

out of the compting-house. 'Though he has never repeated three periods with propriety, except when assisted by the ingenious device of placing the ready-made speech in the crown of his hat ; yet his mercantile genius has often struck upon very lucky hits. He is unrivalled in reckoning the amount of rate per cent. and no stock-broker at Jonathan's can whisper a piece of secret intelligence with half his dexterity. Between you and I and the post, Mr. Editor, the stopping the circulation of bad halfpence, inconsiderable as the coin may appear to some, has brought him in no less than seven thousand pounds, and increased the trade of him and his partners amazingly.

Mrs. — had penetration enough to find out my good qualities ; and you will suppose, that I was not wanting in acknowledging her partiality. We had frequent interviews at the house of a capital milliner in the Strand, and the amour for some time went swimmingly on.

Mrs. — was under no apprehensions of my being fatiated with enjoyment? for generously considering I was but a younger brother, I never sacrificed on the altar of the Cyprean goddess,
 2 without

without receiving a bank-bill worth my acceptance. But, alas ! happiness is of short duration ; or, to speak in the language of the high-founding Ossian, “ Behold ! thou art happy ; but soon, ah ! soon, wilt thou be miserable. Thou art as easy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle ; but soon, ah ! soon, wilt thou be tumbled and tossed by misfortunes, like the stream of the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the cathedral of Canterbury ; but soon wilt thou be deformed like Chinese palace-paling. So the sun rising in the east gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rocks dance, and all nature joins in the song. But see ! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noisy thunders roar ; the rapid lightnings gleam ; the rainy torrents pour, and the dropping swain flies over the mountain : swift as Bickerstaff, the son of song, when the monster Bumbailiano, keeper of the dark and black cave, pursued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men.” O, Ossian ! immortal genius ! what an invocation

vocation could I make now ! but I shall leave it to the abler pen of Mr. Duff, and spin out the thread of my own adventures.

Mrs. ——— having dispatched a billet to me, I flew to her in her own house. The knight, as she thought, was fixed to the table of Sir Tunbelly Grains, knight, citizen, and alderman, who had invited him to dinner on a delicious turtle : a blessing not to be neglected. But, Oh ! grief of griefs ! the knight having forgot his favourite tobacco-box, popped in upon us unexpectedly, and found us too familiarly engaged. Instead of bursting into the rage which might have animated an Italian or Spaniard on the occasion, he shook his head, and pronouncing coolly, “ Very fine, all very fine ! ” he left us, and returned to Sir Tunbelly to finish the turtle. As by his hasty throwing open the door he had exposed us to the view of two of his servants, I was terribly afraid of a prosecution for *crim. con.* for though it was as fashionable then as it is now, I was not very eager to lose the remainder of my fortune fashionably. But the knight considering his reputation would receive a severe stroke, should the affair be made public, contented himself with demanding

manding two thousand pounds for the injury I had done him. As he threatened to prosecute for larger damages, unless I complied, I was obliged to refund more than Mrs. ——'s bounty had bestowed upon me.

The old curmudgeon had heartily provoked me, and I resolved, though at the expence of every shilling I had, to be revenged on him. For this purpose I published the whole affair, and the devil assisting my invention, I struck upon another expedient to gratify my vengeance.

The knight's eldest daughter, Sabina, whom he had by a former wife, was a fine sprightly girl, and wanted nothing but the *bon ton* to render her perfectly accomplished; about eighteen, a remarkable fine complexion, and expressive blue eyes. She was at the time of the unlucky discovery with a relation in Essex: as I had formerly paid a few compliments to her beauty, which I had reason to say, without vanity, were not ill received, I instantly dispatched an epistle to her, the most tender my imagination could dictate. It wrought the effect I designed, and she returned an answer. After a long farce of lying and intriguing on my

O

part,

194

We lived in love and rapture about a month, when her father bid her prepare to marry Mr. Luteftring, the mercer, by the next week. She flew to the usual place of assignation, bathed in tears, with a face expressive of the most violent grief.

I was now almost persuaded to love her in earnest; but I was a Sad Dog to suffer revenge (and when I seriously reflect, a revenge which had no foundation in reason) to get the better of every nobler passion.

“ O! my dear Harry,” exclaimed the beautiful unfortunate, “ let us fly immediately to Scotland, otherwise my father, inhuman man! will oblige me to marry Bob Lutestring next week.”

“ Bob Lutefstring, my dear,” replied I indifferently, “ is a substantial man, and I would not have you disoblige your father on my account.”

I ... " And

“ And is this your advice ! ” returned the heroine, assuming a dignified air : “ be assured, Sir, I shall follow it.” Saying this, she flung from me ; her ideas, I suppose, a little different from those she brought with her.

But I had not yet accomplished my revenge. Steeled in impudence as I am, I blush to write the rest ; but it shall be out. I informed Mr. Lutestring of my intimacy with his future spouse, and advised him not to unite himself to a woman of such principles. I made certain of receiving a challenge, and a string of curses for my information ; but, alas ! I knew not the city. “ Sir,” replied the mercer, “ I thank you for your intelligence, this day received : but your advice is not worth a yard of tape ; you say Sabina has been faulty ; allow it : but will her father give me any thing the less for her fortune on that account ? on the contrary, were not my notions of honour very refined, I might make it a means of raising my price.” I slunk away, astonished at this reply, reflecting how various are the species and refinements of honour.

I was now just on the brink of poverty : I had made a considerable breach in my last five hundred ; and began to shudder at the contempt with which the decay of my fortune threatened me. Relying on his former professions of friendship, I posted down to Sir Stentor Ranger, in hopes he would have assisted me. I found the knight very busy, with Sir Charles Banbury, in tracing the honourable pedigree of an Arabian barb. “Hey, Hal,” exclaimed the knight, with a voice which would have drowned the full chorus of a fox-chace ; “what the devil brought thee here ? I thought thou wert grown a gentleman, and had forgotten us all.” He received me with as much kindness and civility, as his rustic breeding would permit, and invited me to his antiquated hall.

After a noble dinner of venison, when Sir Charles had retired, on cracking the nineteenth bottle, I ventured to open the business. Nothing can express the surprise which distended the knight’s ample countenance. I made no very agreeable comments on his astonishment ; but, thank Heaven ! those comments were as groundless as the Rev. Mr. Bentinck’s on the Bible.

“Zounds,”

“Zounds,” thundered the knight, “five thousand pounds gone already : you have been a Sad Dog, Hal, that I’ll say for thee. But, howsoever, as thou bee’st my nown flesh and blood, d’ye see, I’ll do something for thee. Let me see, let me see : dost understand horse-flesh ?”

I answered “that I was not very deep in the mystery, but I hoped, with a little of his instructions, to be serviceable to him.”

“Adad, thou art in the right, Hal, nobody knows these things better than me. There’s my lord Grosvenor’s filly, Long Dick ; he would have it, that he was got by his own horse, Thunder, when I, by the mere make of his pastern, found ’um out, to be got by Sir George Blunt’s white horse, Duke. Dost know any thing of dogs ? Canst train a pointer, or a hawk, or such like things ?”

“This,” I replied, “I could with safety undertake.”

“Well then, say no more ; no more words to the matter : I’ll do for thee ; thou shalt have one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and so ge’es

thy hand, Hal. A bargain's a bargain ; I scorn to flinch from my word : thou shalt ha'it, odzookers, thou shalt ha'it."

In consequence of this bargain I commenced superintendant of his stables and kennels. I discharged my office much to his satisfaction ; and by dint of application acquiring some knowledge in the mysteries of the turf, I began to be of consequence in the racing world. Sir Stentor's hall was very ancient, and had been in days of yore a family seat of the Mowbrays. It had not undergone any considerable reparation since the Reformation ; when an ancestor of Sir Stentor's, having often had quarrels with a neighbouring abbot, in the sacrilegious pillage, purchased his abbey for less than the one-twentieth of its value ; and robbing it of all its ornaments and painted glass, made the abbey a stable, and turned his dogs into the chapel.

Sir Stentor had many curious visitors, on account of his antient painted glass-windows ; among the rest was the redoubted baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures. This most ingenious gentleman, as a certain advertiser files him,

him, is certainly a good judge of paintings, and has an original, easy manner of writing. That his knowledge in antiquity equals his other accomplishments may be disputed. As Sir Stentor had ever been politically attached to his family, he welcomed the the baron with every demonstration of joy, and ordered the bells of the parish church to be rung. As a further testimony of his joy, he sent for a blind fidler, the Barthelemon of the village, to entertain the baron with a solo during dinner ; and after the desert, Robin Hood's Ramble was melodiously chaunted by the knight's groom and dairy-maid, to the excellent music of a two-stringed violin, and a bag-pipe. A concert by the first masters in Europe could not have pleased the baron so well : he imagined himself carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third.

Should any critic assert, that it is impossible such an imagination could enter the *cerebellum* of the baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety (for the songs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of queen Elizabeth) his assertion shall stand uncontradicted by me, as I know, by woeful expe-

rience, that when an author resolves to think himself in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong.

The baron, after dinner, asked the knight if he had ever discovered in any place about his house an escutcheon argent, on a fesse gules ; three garbs, or ; between as many shields, fable, cheveronny of the first ?

To this learned interrogatory the knight answered with a stare of astonishment, and “ Anon, Sir, what d’ye talk of ? I don’t understand such outlandish lingo, not I, for my part.”

Otranto finding it impossible to enter into a conversation suitable to his hobby-horse, begged leave to visit the kennel, desiring the knight to permit the huntsman to go with him, lest the dogs might not be over civil to a stranger.

“ Odzookers,” cried Sir Stentor, “ are you afraid of the dogs ? I’ll go with you myself, man.”

The

The baron found many things worthy his notice in the ruined chapel ; but the knight was so full of the praises of his harriers, that the antiquary had not opportunity to form one conjecture. After looking round the chapel for some moveable piece of age, on which he might employ his speculative talents, to the eternal honour of his judgment, he pitched upon a stone which had no antiquity at all ; and, transported with his fancied prize, placed it upon his head, and bore it triumphantly to his chamber, desiring the knight to give him no disturbance the next day, as he intended to devote it to the service of futurity.

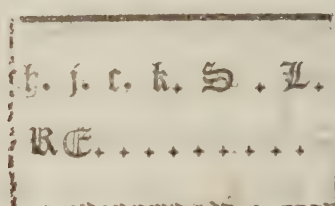
This important piece of stone had by the huntsman been sacrilegiously stolen from the neighbouring church-yard, and employed with others to stop up a breach in the kennel, through which the adventurous Jowler had squeezed his lank carcase.

Nothing can escape the clutches of curiosity. The letters being ill cut, had an appearance of something Gothic ; and the baron was so far gone in this Quixotism of literature, that at the first glance he determined them to be of the third Runic alphabet of Wormius.

The

The original inscription was : James Hicks lieth here, with Hester his wife,

The broken stone is here represented,



The baron having turned over Camden, Dugdale, Leyland, and Wever, at last determined it to be, *Hic jacet corpus Kenelmæ Sancto Legero. Requiescat, &c. &c.* What confirmed him in the above reading, and made it impossible for him to be mistaken, was, that a great man of the name of Sancto Legero, had been buried in the county about five hundred years ago.

Elated with the happy discovery, the Baron had an elegant engraving of the curiosity executed, and presented it to the society of antiquaries, who look upon it as one of the most important discoveries which have been made since the great Dr. Trefoil found out, that the word *kine* came from the Saxon *cowine*.

When

When this miracle of literature left the village, the bells were again rung, and the baron was wrapped in Elysium on the success of his visit.

I had served Sir Stentor above two years, when, by a lucky hit, Sir Charles Banbury and myself took the whole field in, and cleared above twenty thousand pounds; eight thousand of which fell to my share.

I was now once more established in the world, and redeemed from the dependance which had mortified my pride. As I was seldom ungrateful, I repaid Sir Stentor's kindness, by revealing to him the whole *arcana* of the turf; which he has improved to so much advantage, that he has added five hundred *per annum* to his paternal estate, by his successes at Newmarket.

In prosperity I never gave ear to the sage whispers of Prudence; her cool advice was never felt, but in the winter of adversity. I was flush, and resolved to go over to Paris, and glitter in all the splendor of an Englishman. This rapid resolution was as rapidly executed, and in less than ten days
after

after my success I found myself at the city of noise and frippery.

I had too much spirit to murmur at the expence, but I often wished for something more substantial, than *soup* or *fricasée*: after living at the gigantic table of Sir Stentor, and feasting on roast beef and venison, I found it difficult to swallow liquids and shadows. But every other consideration was soon drowned in that of a young marchioness, who never met my eyes without telling them such a tale of love, that it was impossible not to understand it.

I directed my valet La Fosse, to make every possible enquiry after her; he brought me intelligence that she was the widow of a marquis, and of a very noble family. This was sufficient: I instantly dispatched a messenger of love to her: and 'ere another moon had gilded up her horns, married her. But I had cause to repent my expedition; she was indeed the widow of a marquis, but one of the poorest of that title in France; his debts were great, and his widow instead of discharging them, had contracted more, her noble family not being able to support her.

I was

I was soon roused from my dream of happiness, and thrown into prison ; my fortune was insufficient to procure my liberty, and there I should have perished, had not an old rich farmer-general taken my wife under his protection, paid her debts, generously set me free, and presented me with a bill of two hundred pounds, on condition I returned to England. I did not chuse to reject his offer, and with that sort of pseudo-repentance, which generally waits on us when we are grown wise too late, took my leave of France and prosperity.

Immediately on my return to England, I waited on Sir Stentor ; but the knight knowing my genius in horse-flesh, was not willing to put me in a condition of rivalling him upon the turf,

“ Zounds, Hal, whoy thou spendest every thing : no, no, I duont want a top game-keeper now. Here, I’ll gi’ thee this bill of one hundred pounds, and my bay gelding Jockey : go and see ’un, he is as fine a beast as any I have in hand.”

I thought it not prudent to refuse the knight’s offer ; and making the best of a bad bargain, accepted

cepted Jockey, and the bill, and made the best of my way to London.

Here, after a long deliberation, I resolved to turn stock-jobber: and the first time I visited Jonathan's, by propagating a report that Jamaica was taken by the Spaniards, increased my small sum to two thousand pounds. I was now in raptures, and saw once again the visions of good fortune swimming before my sight. I still continued improving my principal, when an account from Trieste reduced me to seven hundred; and in a few days after, another account from the same unfortunate place, utterly ruined me, and I waddled a lame duck out of the alley.

What could I now do? As to mechanic business I was utterly a stranger to it, and my soul disdained the livery of a slave. I had distracted myself with reflection, till the last bill of ten pounds was mutilated, when I thought of setting up for an author.

As I did not doubt my invention, and had vanity enough for the character, I sat down to invoke the muses. The first fruits of my pen, were
a po-

a political essay and a piece of poetry: the first I carried to a patriotic bookseller, who is, in his own opinion, of much consequence to the cause of liberty; and the poetry was left with another of the same tribe, who made bold to make it a means of puffing his Magazine, but refused any gratuity. Mr. Britannicus, at first imagining the piece was not to be paid for, was lavish of his praises, and I might depend upon it, it should do honour to his flaming patriotic paper; but when he was told that I expected some recompence, he assumed an air of criticism, and begged my pardon; he did not know that circumstance, and really he did not think it good language, or sound reasoning.

I was not discouraged by the objections and criticisms of the bookselling tribe; and as I know the art of Curlism, pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, the late prosecution against the booksellers having frightened them all out of their patriotism, I am necessitated either to write for the entertainment of the public, or in defence of the ministry. As I have some little remains of conscience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing, of either
fide

side of the question, is of little service to the entertainment or instruction of the reader. Abuse and scurrillity are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of those authors, who deem every man in place a rascal, and every man out of place a patriot.

Permit this then to appear in your universally admired Magazine; it may give some entertainment to your reader, and a dinner to

Your humble servant,

HARRY WILDFIRE.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

LEST your Hunter of Oddities should meet with me, and cook up my singularity as a dish of diversion for the town, I trouble you with a description of myself. Have you ever seen a portait by Holbein, or the figure of an old fellow in ancient tapestry? I am a laughable counterpart to either of these curiosities. I am heir to no inconsiderable estate, which has but one incumbrance on it; a plaguy, long-lived, surly dog of a father.

If I am not mistaken the Roman-catholics make longevity one of the peculiar gifts of heaven. I confess I am so irreligious as to wish heaven had been less sparing of its gifts to my honoured papa. You will say I am an ungracious child, perhaps; but when you have got to the end of my epistle, you will excuse me. If absurdities and follies are the general attendants of age, I cannot see with what justice grey-hairs command veneration.

P

My

My father has as well furnished a wardrobe as any knight in the shire ; but not an individual garment in it which has been made since the Revolution.

My father dresses in the uniform of a courtier in the reign of James I. his hat is like a strawberry-basket, with the handle thrust under his chin : this piece of ornament belonged to Robert Carey, who, as he was a great man in his time, and nearly related to our family, must not be out of remembrance. He wears also an enormous ruff, once the property of Sir Venison Goosepye, lord-mayor of London, who, though of a younger branch of the family, established it on a more respectable footing than before, by doubling its rent-roll. Gratitude obliges my sire to wear this ruff, though as full of holes as a lawyer's conscience. A slashed doublet, with slit sleeves, and a long cloak, envelopes his trunk ; and a monstrous pair of trunk-hose, square shoes, and large shoe-roses, conclude his bundle of ridiculous habiliments. Could I persuade him to be contented with making himself laughed at, I should be happy in entertaining my friends with the oddity of his appearance ; but when I consider that mine is equally

as laughable, I sicken at the sight of his antiquated garb. I am almost ashamed to describe myself; but in hopes that he must soon set out on his journey to the other world, I make a virtue of necessity, and comply. He absolutely threatens to disinherit me, if I grumble at dressing for the memory of the departed; and an estate of six-thousand *per annum*, is not to be lost for the sake of a full-trimmed suit, and a gold button. My hair is dressed in a very peculiar and risible manner; it is cut close on the middle of the head, and twisted like a horse's mane on each side: this my papa avers was the most polite fashion in the reign of queen Elizabeth, as appears by the portrait of his great uncle, Sir Henry Dainty. This Sir Henry was the greatest beau of his time, and is thought by a learned antiquary to be the identical person for whom Shakespeare drew the character of Ost-rick in Hamlet. My hat is not quite so comical as my fire's; it inclines more to the shape of a close-stool-pan, pardon the simile, you will find it in another author, it is too delicate to be my own. This ornament of the head once graced the *caput* of the profound Dr. Technicus, who had an universal nostrum which enabled him to ride in his chair; and what do you think this nostrum was?

Nothing but a cataplasm of masticated bread and butter. My ruff is perfectly yellow : but as it belonged to the reverend Dr. Drouzy, my father makes it a point of conscience to oblige me to wear it. I have a large jutting coat and wide breeches, the very tip of the mode in the days of Henry VII. mottled stocking, red and green, and shoes with monstrous pikes complete my ornamentals.

This, Mr. Printer, is a perfect representation of my externals. Do be so obliging as to give the old fellow a hint in your Magazine, that he acts very ridiculously. He has already felt the bad effects of his antiquated wardrobe. My sister was as laughable as myself; she wore a hood of unconscionable thick velvet, which projected on each side of her face, like a horse's blinds; her ruff was enormous, and betwixt that and her head-gear there was nothing but the tip of her nose to be seen: her stays reached down to her knees, her stockings were yellow, and her shoes square-toed. All these ornaments had in the days of their prosperity, glittered on Alice Sevenoke, a maid of honour to queen Mary, who was famous for making custards, and giving eel-pies an excellent relish. My sister Biddy's gown was as heavy as
a modern

a modern novel : upon a moderate computation it had above three pounds of silver, in its embroidery: the colours indeed were faded, but that defect was made up in the length of the train, which afforded the cat a five minutes play while Miss Biddy was turning the corner.

A female must necessarily be worse qualified to bear this purgatory than a man ; and she having fifteen thousand pounds, which an old aunt had left her to be paid at her marriage, whipped off to Scotland, at the age of sixteen, with a young fellow in the army. Would I could make my escape too, from the tyranny of this taylor of antiquity ! I am sensible no character at Cornelys's could make so ridiculous an appearance as I do.

Oh, dear Mr. Ham, if you have any bowels of compassion, address a line or two to the old prig : shew him how barbarous it is to deprive a young fellow of all the pleasures of life, to indulge an unaccountable whim : push the matter home to him ; and, if you succeed, you shall ever have the prayers of

Your humble servant,

TONY SELWOOD.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

N U M B E R I.

S I R,

I Think Addison says, in defining a complete fine gentleman, that even dress should be attended to ; and, indeed, it has so great an influence in most situations of this life, that a person who is entirely negligent of it will find himself either overlooked or despised in the usual intercourse of society.

There are, indeed, some singular characters, who pique themselves upon an utter contempt for dress ; but to the shame of men of letters be it said, that these are generally pedants, or such as value themselves upon an affected absence from the trivial pursuits of this world.

Dick Flighty, is a man of a very different cast from these : dress he considers as the ultimate end of existence ; and he would be miserable for a
year

year if lord M——, or captain G——, was to have a new fashioned *cut*, from Paris before him. He was the first who introduced the Tambour waistcoat: he rode post from that metropolis, with six horses, to be here in time. This he considered as a very capital stroke in establishing his fashionable character; and which he looked upon as indispensable, when Sir James G—— appeared in a silver silk flowered embroidery, before he had received intelligence of the invention. His disgrace upon this occasion was inexpressible; and had he not retrieved himself in the violet birds eye velvet, on the ensuing birth-day, the consequence might have been fatal.

Dick is possessed of about four thousand a year, which he lays out, in his opinion, to the best advantage. He neither games nor drinks, which considering the licentiousness of the age, is something extraordinary; but then he keeps as elegant an equipage as any man in town, which he constantly uses; besides this, he has a fine pack of hounds, though he never hunts, four race-horses, though he never sports; and keeps three mistresses, whom he never visits.

To be ingenuous, Dick may be fairly classed as the sovereign of *petit maitres*, the prince of fops, and the representative-general of coxcombs: nevertheless, Dick, is an arrant sloven. Whilst he is driving from one end of the town to the other, in search of the most celebrated embroiderer, to give him directions concerning a new invented sprig, his *chapeau de bras*, which he wears on his head, would be a disgrace to a hair dresser; and the back of his coat is more greasy than a butcher's; but then this is the *ton*. Dick holds it as an invariable maxim, that a clean coat and a good hat, in an undress, would be a disgrace to a gentleman, and bring him upon a level with a *bourgeois*.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

St. James's Coffee-House, May 10.

N U M B E R II.

S I R,

FINDING you gave place to my Odd Man in your last, I have sent you another to hand up in the group ; and as I shall let you have one every month, we shall by the end of the year complete our collection.

Dick Slender is now about his forty-fifth year, six feet high, without any incumbrance of flesh. He is one of those people who faunter about town and call themselves gentlemen, because they have nothing to do, and are incapable of doing any thing.

Dick, upon the death of his father, became possessed of three thousand pounds in the funds ; he was destined to the bar, and had been brought up in the Temple ; but finding in himself very little disposition for the Statutes at Large, or Coke upon Littleton, he shut up his folios, and resolved to be the man of pleasure.

He

He soon discovered, however, that the interest of his money, at three per cent. would not support him in the line of life he had chalked out ; and, therefore, sunk the capital in the purchase of an annuity, and caring for neither man, woman, or child, eats, drinks, and dresses up to one hundred and eighty pounds per annum.

Dick is always the first night at a new play in the pit ; and though he never read Aristotle, or understands a syllable of Horace, he is one of the greatest critics of the age. He has learnt a few set-phrases at the Bedford : these he utters promiscuously upon all such occasions, and he blends them in so curious a manner that they will do for any performance of every degree of merit. He, nevertheless, has, frequently, a crowd about him at the coffee-house ; and his decisions, indecisive as they be, are considered as the opinion of the town.

His success in gallantry is not less conspicuous than his judgment in criticism ; if a number of letters constantly addressed to him in a female, hand, often sealed with a coronet, can authenticate his intrigues, or prove that half the women of
fashion

fashion in England are enamoured with him. But unfortunately he lately quarrelled with his washer-woman upon the loss of some silk stockings, and she has revealed a secret that has banished him from George's for these three weeks. She was the amanuensis, the corresponding ladies, and the deliverer of all these letters to the parties who brought them to this coffee-house ; and she is resolved to keep the seal, with the coronet, for her trouble. This she has revealed to several of her customers in the Temple, at the same time declaring, that notwithstanding the many intrigues she had carried on with Dick Slender, and though she had often been alone with him in private, he had never once offered a rude thing to her : yet Jenny is but two and twenty, has a very wanton eye, and a good complexion.

To illustrate Dick's character still farther, he is a politician ; he has read all Junius's letters, and can make out every dash ; he is a member of the Bill of Rights : harangues at the Smyrna upon the Middlesex election ; and proposes questions at the Robin-hood upon the legality of incapacitation. It is true, that all his political reading has been confined to the Public and the Gazetteer ; but no
man

man understands the real *nature of our constitution ; the essence of our rights and liberties ; the limits of the prerogative ; the extent of parliamentary privileges ; the nature of our foreign connections, or the balance of power*, better, or more profoundly, than DICK SLENDER——by *intuition !*

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

NUM-

NUMBER III.

S I R,

THIS metropolis abounds with so many oddities, that I am sometimes at a loss to hit upon one for the month. I have now in my collection about three dozen, that will do either for winter or summer : their peculiarities are of such a nature, and they are such complete originals, they never can be unseasonably hung up to public view. But a truce with preface, or else, perhaps, you will think me worthy a place in my own collection.

Eolus is as variable in his temper as the thirty-two points of the compass ; but it must be acknowledged that a coach has to him all the magnetic qualities of the load-stone, especially when the wind is in his chops. But why confine his character in so small a compass ? Eolus is every body, and every thing at times : he eats like Quin, drinks with Rigby, intrigues with a Cumb—d, and fights with every man that never existed. He is a buckram hero, and, if I might be allowed a taylor's pun,

pun, you may twist him to what you please. It is time, however, to bring forth our hero, and let him speak for himself.

Enter Eolus.

Eolus. Here, cook—at four precisely—let the venison be done to a turn; and as to the turbot, let it weigh exactly three pounds, not an ounce more or less.

Cook. Yes, Sir, you may depend upon your directions being punctually followed——Nobody, I think, hits your honour's taste so well as me——I study it day and night.

Eolus. Yes, Jack, I must acknowledge you do make me eat a pound more since you came to the house, than ever I did before. I shall just take a turn in a hack round the new buildings, Grosvenor-square, and Marybone, by way of a whet, and be here precisely at four.

So short a dialogue, dear Ham, cannot certainly disgust your readers; but, perhaps, they may be curious to know how many he has to dine with him?

him? Just as many as a certain r—l lover found, when he awoke and met with nobody but himself.

Eolus seems to have followed Quin's rule, which I shall exemplify. Said lady T—sh—d (I mean the modest lady T—sh—d) to Quin: "I wonder, Mr. Quin, that you do not marry, take a house, and keep an equipage." "Why lookye, my lady, I like the sweets of matrimony without the bitters—I always carry my wife, my coach, and my cook in my pocket, and when they displease me, jolt me into a passion, or spoil my appetite, I turn them off."

Quin was so pregnant of good things, that the very mention of him, engenders a number; but I shall take up your reader's time with the relation of only one more, which he said to the same lady, upon a somewhat similar occasion. "Pray, Mr. Quin," said she, "did you ever make love?" "No, my lady," replied Sir John Brute, "I always buy it ready made."

So much for Quin; now once more for Eolus: he is about five feet nothing; as round as a hog-head, owing to his eating immoderately; rides in a hack all the morning to create an appetite; rides
the

in the same vehicle all the afternoon to promote digestion. He has seven hundred a year, of which he does not save a farthing, which he disposes of chiefly to hackney-coachmen and vintners. The ladies, however, ingross some part of his purse, as well as his person; but he is an œconomist in love, at least with regard to property, which he transfers to them very sparingly.

If after this any one should think Eolus the mere puff of imagination, he may be seen alive every day at four, not a hundred yards from Warwick-court, Holborn.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

NUMBER

NUMBER IV.

S I R,

LOUNGING the other day at Slaughter's coffee-house, I made acquaintance with a person, who has turned out a proper candidate to be enrolled in your list of oddities.

He had been reading the Gazetteer for about twenty minutes, in the course of which he had taken as many pinches of snuff, when he started all at once, and giving a fling to the paper, overturned a dish of scalding coffee upon a gentleman's white silk stockings, crying, "Zounds, there he is again—how he stinks!" then rising up without paying any attention to the mischief he had done, or making the least apology to the gentleman whose legs he had scalded, he walked three or four times up and down the room shaking his arm and fingers, crying out, "Keep off, keep off."

I did not know what to conclude from his behaviour; but as I was the nearest to him during his exclamation, and this perambulation, I thought it

Q

necessary

necessary to ask him whether he proposed insulting me—to which he made no reply, but muttered “The devil opened my curtains last night, and he has been after me all day.” Then shaking his hand more violently than ever, “there you are off at last.” After this curious soliloquy, he began to grow a little calm, seated himself upon another of the benches, and ordered a pint of milk. He then pulled out of his pocket several old pamphlets, and read them very attentively, but not without ejaculating now and thee, “Off, you villain, off,” and shaking his hand and arm very violently.

I enquired at the bar, who this extraordinary person was, and whether he was out of his mind; when I was informed, that he was Mr. Ha—w—y, brother to the commissioner of that name; that he had frequented the house several years, and that he was a very inoffensive, good-natured man.

Having received this intelligence, I resolved to have a little conversation with him, when I found him very rational upon every subject, except the devil: but the slightest hint about that infernal being, made him shake his hand and arm, and cry out, “Off—off.”

It

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES. 227

It would be doing this gentleman a great piece of service, if any of your ingenious correspondents could hit upon some probable scheme of exorcising this same devil out of poor Ha—w—y, who would then in every respect be an agreeable and worthy member of society.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Slaughter's Coffee-house,

June 15.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH I have much reason to think myself qualified for society, I am, to my great mortification, confined in a boarding-school; however, I am not debarred the pleasure of reading. I know all the real names of your *tête à tête*; and am very well skilled in decyphering an asterism or dash. I have perused every novel published by Lowndes or Noble; and could, upon occasion, compile a secret history, as pathetic and moving as any other female author. There is no modern play which I have not read; from the bright fallies of Foote, to the dull dialogue of Cumberland. You see I am a judge of theatrical merit: my knowledge of the drama, is hereditary; for my cousin Ben, who understands heraldry, can prove himself (and consequently me) to be descended from Ben Jonson's grandmother's sister. So much for internal merit. The young fox-hunters in the neighbourhood swear I am a woundy pretty maid! The politer sort protest before gad, I am

an angel ; and Madame Gouvernante, tells me, I am very fair, very elegant, and every way accomplished. You will excuse this description of myself, as it is a true, though trite observation, that few readers regard any history 'till they are minutely acquainted with the author : my intention in writing, was to ask your advice. Now you must know Mr. Ham, that I have ten thousand pounds, at my own disposal ; a qualification, which may, in your opinion, exceed all the others I value myself upon. My father, who is a plodding sort of a man, and upon Bristol exchange, (or rather in the street) has the character of a rich merchant, who knows how to live in the world, designs to marry me to Bob Barter, the hopeful son of his good friend Hezekiah Barter. Bob is, in the polite language of Bristol, a devil of a buck. You may see him in the morning, sitting under a shed on the key, registering the weight of sugars, and in the evening shining at a ball. He overturns a basket of oysters, or beats a dog, with a better grace than any youthful notary of Bacchus, in that elegant city : the cream of politeness. As Madame Gouvernante knows my father's intentions, she very readily permits his intrusions, and takes every opportunity to leave

us together. The wretch has never read further than the Gazette, or tables of interest; so that it is impossible to receive a compliment worth accepting from him. He seems to look upon me as already married, and treats me with a suitable indifference. Upon the exit of the Gouvernante, he claps on his hat, takes a turn round the room, very politely exposes his backside to the fire, and remarks it is very cold, or something of equal importance. I never regard the wretch; but if I am reading, consider myself as alone, and read on. Pray, Mr. Hamilton, is such a contemptible being, to be treated with more respect? Having told you, I do not like this uncivilized Bristolian, you may imagine a *tendresse* for some other has made his faults more conspicuous. You will not be far from the truth. A young author who has read more than, Magliabechi, and wrote more love-letters than Ovid, is continually invoking the nine to describe me; but he never pays a compliment to my person, without a concomitant one to my understanding. Though I have ten thousand pounds, he never mentions marriage; and when it is forced into his discourse, rails at it most religiously: but he intrigues like a Jesuit, to be made happy with a *tête à tête* conversation,

sation, or a walk in the wood; but, thank my stars! I have always courageously denied. He has sentiment in his common conversation; and is reported to have ruined three young ladies of fortune. Pray, Mr. Hamilton, what am I to do in this case? Nothing can be more disagreeable than this boarding-school: If I am obliged to marry that insignificant wretch, Bob Barter, will the forced ceremony oblige me to hate my literary lover? Your advice will oblige

Yours, &c.

ASTREA BROKAGE.

Bristol, Jan. 3, 1770.

A S O N G.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

AS Spring, now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green
plain,

Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love,

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas, are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not controul,
In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This

This passion celestial, by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame,
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle, enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

London, May 4, 1770.

C.

To

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

I Was some time since in company with a party who piqued themselves upon being men of wit and genius : one of them, however was nothing more than a pretender, who after many ineffectual attempts, at length set the table on a roar, by a most execrable pun ; he joined in the laugh, and fancied he had now been very successful, when a gentleman turning to lord Ch——d, asked his lordship what was his opinion of punning in general ? To which his lordship replied, “ I conceive punning has a doublefold advantage in company, for a very good pun makes one laugh, and a very bad one makes one laugh still more, as was the case just now ; but,” said he, “ an indifferent pun, is the most indifferent of all indifferent things ; having neither salt enough to make one smile, or stupidity enough to excite the risible muscles at the author ; and may therefore be stiled the dregs of wit, the sediment of humour, and the *caput mortuum* of common sense.”

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

And humble servant,

Berkley-square, June 16, 1770.

T. B.

THE

T H E

UNFORTUNATE FATHERS.

MR. Sladon, a merchant of Bristol, by industry and diligent application to business, acquired a considerable fortune. As he was an enemy to noise and pomp, he neither set up his carriage, nor endeavoured to make a splendid appearance; his only care centered in Maria, his beautiful daughter: he spared no costs to complete her education; her genius requited his labour; no instructions were lost on her, and she excelled in every qualification, which dignify her sex. At the age of seventeen she was universally allowed to be a beauty. The reader will excuse the writer from giving a description of her person; let him cull from the volumes of poets and painters, all his imagination counts beautiful, and throw into it an inexpressible softness, and he has Maria.

Mr. Hinckley, whose father was closely connected in trade with Mr. Sladon, struck with the
uncommon

uncommon lustre of Maria's person and mind, intreated his father, to permit him to pay his addresses to her. "George," said the priest of Mammon, "I commend your choice, Miss Sladon is a very good œconomist, and will have little less than a plumb to her fortune : go, and prosper." Young Hinckley assured his father he had not the least mercenary view. "Away," replied the old man "when you have been as often upon 'Change as me, you'll know better."

Young Hinckley had no cause to complain of his reception ; Maria had never viewed him with eyes of indifference. Mr. Sladon rejoiced at the proposed alliance ; all was unity and love, and before the expiration of two months, George acquainted his father, that he intended to request Mr. Sladon to fix the day ; but was thunderstruck with his command, that he should not go such lengths till he had further orders from him.

Mr. Sladon, who was himself above deceit, never suspected it in another ; his generous frankness laid him open to the vile arts of old Hinckley : after being connected together, the space of a year, he broke, and ruined him.

Maria

THE UNFORTUNATE FATHERS. 237

Maria had by this time conceived the most tender passion for young Hinckley : it was allowable, as she had always considered him as her future husband. No words can describe Hinckley's excess of love. Imagine what an effect this stroke must have upon both. Nothing but imagination can paint it.

Mr. Sladon was only affected for his daughter : his noble soul rose superior to this revolution ; he triumphed in poverty, over the wealthy wretch who caused his misfortunes. Old Hinckley, whose fortune was increased, not diminished by this infamous action, perceived with chagrin, his son's madness for Maria ; he endeavoured to divert his attention to objects more rich, and therefore, in his opinion, more deserving : but he laboured in vain ; nothing could abate his love. Mr. Sladon saw his passion ; he pitied him : but could not think of uniting his daughter to a man, whose superiority of circumstances, was derived from his own ruin.

Old Hinckley, finding all remonstrances useless, by some mercenary agents, persuaded Mr. Sladon that young Hinckley was privy to, and assisting in his ruin. The circumstances made it plausible ;

he

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he believed it, and forbade him his house. Maria would have credited it of any other man ; in this case it was dubious : her love for him was partial ; but as she had looked upon the father formerly in the best light, she doubted whether she might not be deceived in the son. She was in this wavering opinion, when the only servant Mr. Sladon had, brought her a letter from young Hinckley : she knew the hand, she eagerly caught it ; she recollected, and dropped it on the ground : after a long struggle between duty and love, she sent it back unopened. When a person of good sense and strong natural parts, has not the happiness of a religious education, he is generally a Deist or Socinian. This was the case with young Hinckley ; his father endeavouring to qualify him for commerce, neglected Christianity : to the most refined notions of honour and morality, he united an absolute contempt for religion ; his passions were violent, but as he was continually on his guard, they seldom appeared. When he heard that Maria had returned his letter, he raved to the utmost extravagance of madness ; then appearing calm, he sat down, and writing a letter, sealed it and left it on the table. Having done this, he went into his chamber, and immediately shot himself.

Old

THE UNFORTUNATE FATHERS. 239

Old Hinckley hearing the explosion, ran from his computer, and ascending the stairs, saw his son extended breathless. He fainted, and continued in that condition, till his servants, occasionally coming in, recovered him.

The letter, which was directed to his father, contained what follows.

“ I shall not accuse your conduct, for you are my father ; I shall only endeavour to vindicate the action I am about to perpetrate. This will be easily done. There is a principle in man (a shadow of the Divinity) which constitutes him the image of God ; you may call it conscience, grace, inspiration, the spirit, or whatever name your education gives it. If a man acts according to this regulator, he is right : if contrary to it, he is wrong. It is an approved truth, that this principle varies in every rational being. As I can reconcile suicide to this principle, with me it is consequently no crime. Suicide is sometimes a noble insanity of the soul : and often the result of a mature and deliberate approbation of the soul. If ever a crime it is only so to society ; there indeed it always appears an irrational emotion : but when
our

our being becomes dissocial, when we neither assist, or are assisted by society, we do not injure it by laying down our load of life. It may seem a paradoxical assertion, that we cannot do wrong to ourselves; but it is certain we have power over our own existence. Such is my opinion, and I have made use of such power.

GEORGE HINCLEY."

This seeming philosophy was lost on old Hinckley; he was really affected with the loss of his son, and did not survive him three months.

Maria! the beautiful Maria, had a still shorter date. She heard the fatal news; and expired within a week.—Mr. Sladon loved his daughter too well to live without her; he completed the tragedy, and sunk to the grave, resigned and contented amidst the chastisements of Providence.

ELEGY

E L E G Y,

TO THE MEMORY

OF MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON,
L A T E O F B R I S T O L.

HOW shall my pen make known the sad event,
How tell the loss, O, earth, by thee sustain'd;
In what expressions give the tidings vent,
Of which the thought, my soul, so oft has pain'd ?

Why wilt thou, torturing reflection, mad
Each fond idea of the blessings past ;
Blessings which only to the anguish add ;
O, did their pleasing efficacy last !

Think of his tender op'ning unfledg'd years,
Brought to a final crisis 'ere mature :
As Fate had grudg'd the wonders Nature rears,
Bright genius in oblivion to immure.

Weep, Nature, weep, the mighty loss bewail,
The wonder of our drooping isle is dead ;
O, could but tears or plaintive sighs avail,
By night and day would I bedew my bed.

R

O, give

O, give his mem'ry reverential due,
His worth a tributary tear demands :
Still hold his many virtues in your view,
Then must a free-will offering 'scape your hands,

Had but his tender budding genius thriv'd,
Still blooming on, spite of the frosty blast;
Till ripen'd into manhood still surviv'd,
The fruits full ripe—how rich the sweet repast!

'Ere vital utterance could scarce transpire,
His infant lips evinc'd a manly soul ;
Predicting that heroic mental fire,
Which reign'd supreme within the mighty whole,

Friendship cemented by the slightest ties,
Full hardly brooks the intervening cause
That separates the friend we lightly prize,
Bursting the bonds of friendship's sacred laws.

Then how can I but feel the dire effect,
Where infancy began the social tie,
Which still increas'd, void of the least defect,
As each revolving year did multiply.

Tho'

Tho' great the loss to me—Heav'n knows how great!

Were it but individually known,
I would not vainly thus repine at fate,
But providential justice ever own.

O, that's not all—my country feels the stroke,

The public good was ever in his view,
His pen his lofty sentiments bespoke,
Nor fear'd he virtuous freedom to pursue.

Yes, Liberty! thy fair, thy upright cause,

He dar'd defend, spite of despotic force,
To crush his much-lov'd country's wholesome laws,
Its noble constitution's only source.

Ye muses, leave your florid airy smiles,

And thou, mercurial Euphrosyne,
Forget thy wanton cranks and am'rous wiles,
To sympathize with sad Melpomene.

Your pride is fallen—your chief, your great support,

Lies mould'ring to his own primæval dust:
To you, while living, ever was his court,
Dead, in return, let not his mem'ry rust.

What ease within his sweet'ned numbers flow'd,
What symmetry each well-penn'd line evinc'd;
Such just connection on each verse bestow'd
Ev'n envy, of his worth, must stand convinc'd.

His lofty numbers how sublimely great!
Lifting the ravish'd sense to heights supreme,
Again with fancy painted woes elate,
He shews the passions of the tragic theme.

Sharp visag'd Satire own'd him as her lord,
Exclusive of her hand-maid in her train,
Ill-nature, curst attendant of the board
Of those who stigmatise mankind for gain.

Not so with him—he paints each reigning vice
In strongest colours of their genuine hue!
Sweet'ning the bitter draught with fav'ry spice,
The moral picture relishing the view.

O, could my pen but catch his livid fire,
Hear thou my invocation, mighty dead!
My infant muse with life mature inspire,
Thy shade may dictate, tho' the substance's fled.

Antiquity, bewail his cruel fate,
He paid thy hoary head the rev'rence due ;
Thy valu'd acts reviving out of date,
Recalling ages past to present view.

To truths long dead, he gave a second birth,
Rescuing from oblivion occult stores :
Treasures within the bowels of the earth,
Unheeded by the vulgar mind—explores.

Most strange ! ideas of so vast extent
Could e'er within his tender mind reside,
No art or science but some influence lent,
His intellectual parts to make more wide.

Why, Fancy, wilt thou paint him to my eyes,
Why form the fond idea in my mind ;
O, couldst thou but some plastic means devise,
The substance with the shadow still to find.

Bristol, Oct. 1770.

T. C.

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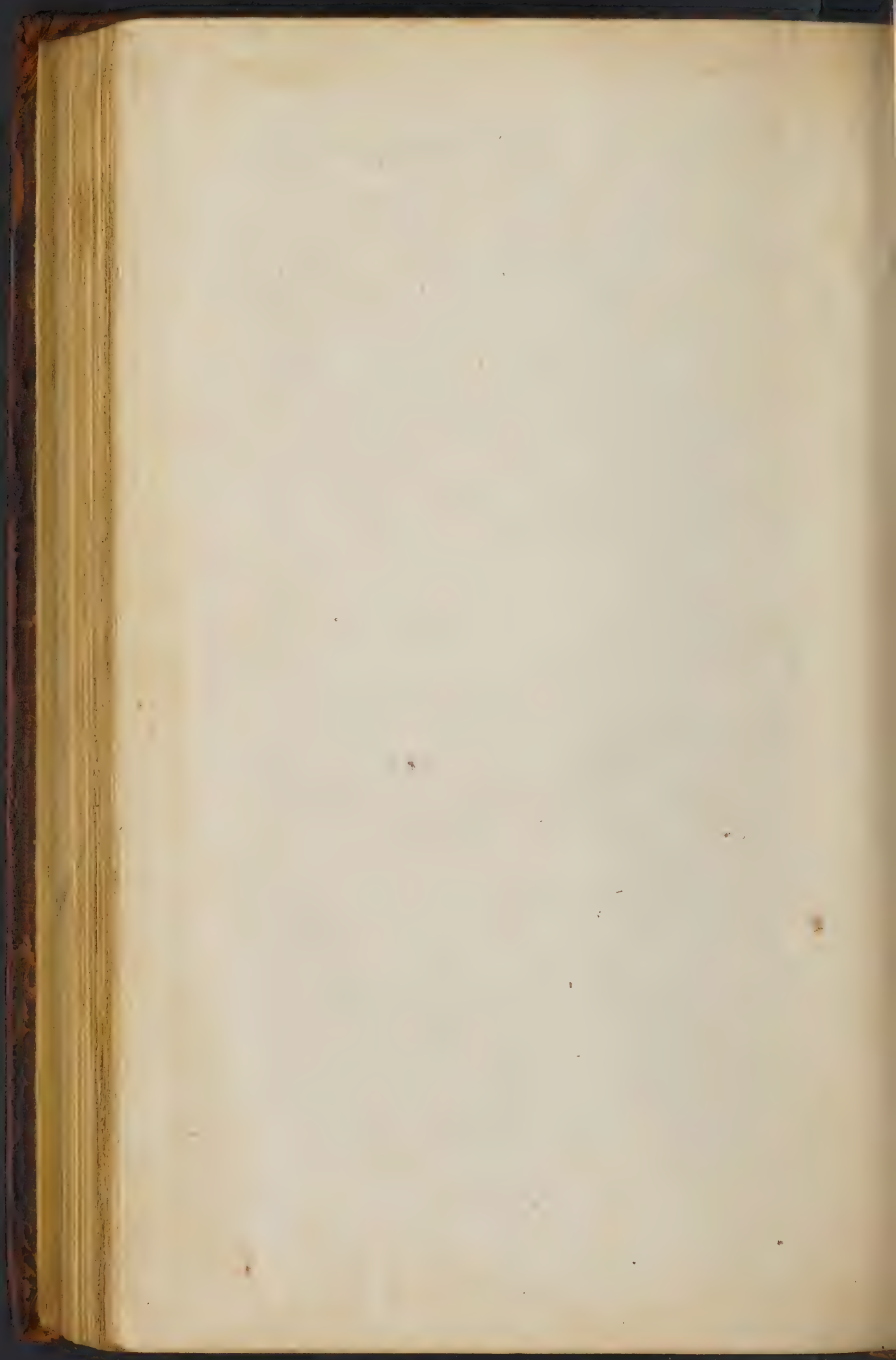
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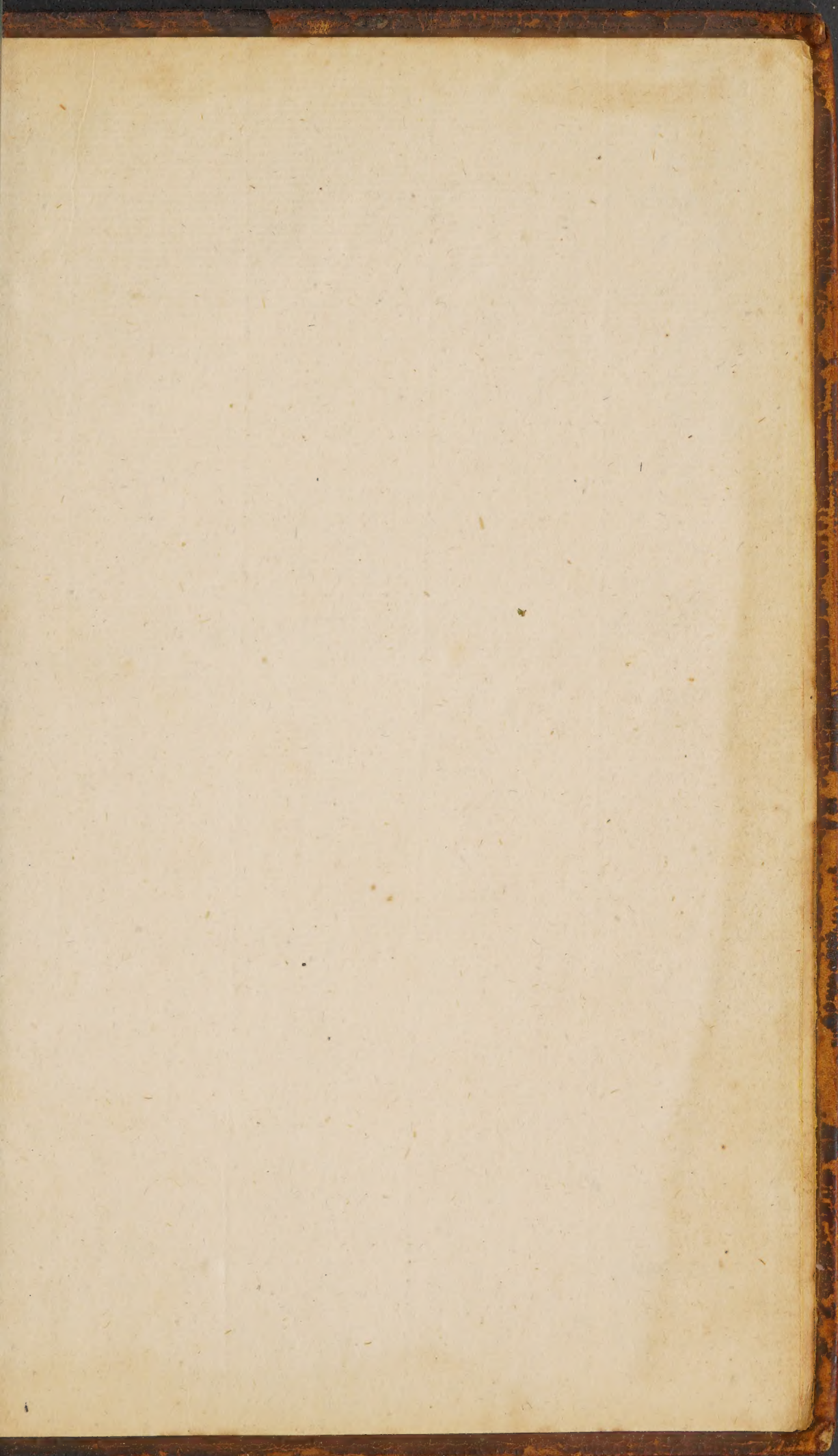
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